

**THE TEXT IS FLY
WITHIN THE BOOK
ONLY**

CHAMBERS'S
CYCLOPÆDIA
OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE

A HISTORY, CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL, OF BRITISH
AND AMERICAN AUTHORS, WITH SPECIMENS
OF THEIR WRITINGS,

ORIGINALLY EDITED BY ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D.

THIRD EDITION,

REVISED BY ROBERT CARRUTHERS, LL.D.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

NEW YORK:
AMERICAN BOOK EXCHANGE,
55 BEEKMAN STREET.

1879.

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CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SEVENTH PERIOD.

—(1780—1830.)—

REIGNS OF GEORGE III. AND GEORGE IV.

(Continued.)

HECTOR MACNEILL.

HECTOR MACNEILL (1746–1818) was brought up to a mercantile life, but was unsuccessful in most of his business affairs. In 1789, he published a legendary poem, 'The Harp,' and in 1795, his moral tale, 'Scotland's Skaith, or the History o' Will and Jean.' The object of this production was to depict the evil effects of intemperance. A happy rural pair are reduced to ruin, descending by gradual steps till the husband is obliged to enlist as a soldier, and the wife to beg with her children through the country. The situation of the little ale-house, where Will begins his unlucky potations, is finely described.

In a howm, whose bonny burnie
Whimpering rowed its crystal flood,
Near the road where travellers turn aye,
Neat and beild, a cot-house stood:

White the wa's, wi' roof new theekit,
Window broads just painted red;
Lowne 'mang trees and braes it reekit,
Hafins seen and hafins hid.

Up the gavel-end, thick spreadin',
Crap the clasping ivy green,
Back ower, firs the high craigs cleadin',
Raised a' round a cosy screen.

Down below, a flowery meadow
Joined the burnie's rambling line;
Here it was that Howe the widow
That same day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its
Bottom, Will first marvelling sees
'Porter, Ale, and British Spirits,'
Painted bright between twa trees.

'Godsake, Tam! here's walth fordrinking!
Wha can this new-comer be?'
'Hout,' quo' Tam, 'there's drouth in
thinking—
Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see.'

The rustic friends have a jolly meeting, and do not separate till 'tween twa and three' next morning. A weekly club is set up at

Maggy Howe's, a newspaper is procured, and poor Will, the hero of the tale, becomes a pot-house politician, and soon goes to ruin. His wife also takes to drinking.

Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace?
Wha in neebouring town or farm?
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
Deadly strength was in his arm.

When he first saw Jeanie Miller,
Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?
Thousands had mair braws and siller,
But war only half sae fair?

See them *now*!—how changed wi' drink-
ing!
A' their youthfu' beauty gane!
Davered, doited, daized, and blinking—
Worn to perfect skin and bane!

In the cauld month o' November—
Claise and cash and credit out—
Cowering ower a dymg ember,
Wi' ilk face as white 's a clout!

Bond and bill and debts a' stoppit,
Ilka sheaf selt on the bent;
Cattle, beds, and blankets roupit,
Now to pay the laird his rent.

No anither night to lodge here—
No a friend their cause to plead!
He 's ta'en on to be a sodger,
She wi' weans to beg her bread!

The little domestic drama is happily wound up: Jeanie obtains a cottage and protection from the Duchess of Buccleuch; and Will, after losing a leg in battle, returns, 'placed on Chelsea's bounty,' and finds his wife and family.

Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin',
Sometimes helpit, Will gat forth;
On a cart, or in a wagon,
Hirpling aye towards the north.

Tired ae e'ening, stepping hooly,
Pondering on his thravard fate,
In the bonny month o' July,
Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Saft the southland breeze was blawing,
Sweetly sugheid the green aik wood;
Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,
Strack the ear wi' thundering thud:

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleating;
Linties chirped on ilka tree;
Frae the west, the sun, near setting,
Flamed on Roslin's tower sae hie.

Roslin's towers and braes sae bonny!
Craig and water, woods and glen!
Roslin's banks, unpeered by ony,
Save the Muses' Hawthornden!

Ilka sound and charm delighting,
Will—though hardly fit to gang—
Wandered on through scenes inviting,
Listening to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,
On a fragrant strawberry steep,
Esk's sweet stream to rest composing,
Wearied nature drapt asleep.

'Soldier, rise!—the dews o' e'ening
Gathering, fa' wi' deadly skaith!
Wounded soldier! if complaining,
Sleep na here, and catch your death.' . . .

Silent stapt he on, poor fellow!
Listening to his guide before,
Ower green knowe and flowery hollow,
Till they reach the cot-house door.

Laigh it was, yet sweet and humble;
Decked wi' honeysuckle round;
Clear below, Esk's waters rumble,
Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

Melville's towers, sae white and stately,
Dim by gloaming glint to view;
Through Lasswade's dark woods keek
sweetly
Skies sae red, and lift sae blue.

Entering now, in transport mingle
Mother fond and happy wean,
Smiling round a canty ingle,
Bleezing on a clean hearthstane.

'Soldier, welcome! come, be cheery—
Here ye se rest and tak' your bed—
Faint, wae's me! ye seem, and weary,
Pale's your cheek sae lately red!

'Changed I am,' sighed Willie till her;
Changed, nae doubt, as changed can be!
Yet, alas! does Jennie Miller
Nought o' Willie Gairlace see?

Hae ye marked the dew's o' morning Glittering in the sunny ray, Quickly fa', when, without warning, Rough blasts came and shook the spray?	Then see Jean, wi' colour deeing, Senseless drap at Willie's feet. After three lang years' affliction— A' their waes now hushed to rest—
Hae ye seen the bird, fast fleeing, Drap, when pierced by death mair fleet?	Lean ance mair, in fond affection, Clasps her Willie to her breast.

The simple truth and pathos of descriptions like these appealed to the heart, and soon rendered Macneill's poem universally popular in Scotland. Its moral tendency was also a strong recommendation, and the same causes still operate in procuring readers for the tale, especially in that class best fitted to appreciate its rural beauties and homely pictures, and to receive benefit from the lessons it inculcates. Macneill wrote several Scottish lyrics, and published a descriptive poem, entitled 'The Links of Forth, or a parting Peep at the Carse of Stirling;' and some prose tales, in which he laments the effect of modern change and improvement. The latter years of the poet were spent in comparative comfort in Edinburgh.

Mary of Castle-Cary.

'Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing,
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming,
Sought she the burnie where flowers the haw-tree?
Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white,
Dark is the blue of her soft rolling ee;
Red, red are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?'

'I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
But I met my bonny thing late in the gloaming,
Down by the burnie where flowers the haw-tree:
Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
Dark was the blue of her soft rolling ee;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—
Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.'

'It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature;
She never loved ony till ance she lo'ed me.
Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
Aft has she sat when a bairn on my knee:
Fair as your face is, were 't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee.'

'It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
It was then your true love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.'
Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flashed the fire frae his red rolling ee:
'Ye're rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning
Defend ye, fause traitor; fu' loudly ye lie.'

'Away wi' beguiling,' cried the youth, smiling—
Off went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,

The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark roll... ee.
 'Is it my wee thing, is it my ain thing,
 Is it my true love here that I see?'
 'O Jamie, forgie me; your heart 's constant to me;
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.'

JOHN MAYNE.

JOHN MAYNE, author of the 'Siller Gun, Glasgow,' and other poems, was a native of Dumfries—born in the year 1761—and died in London in 1836. He was brought up to the printing business, and whilst apprentice in the 'Dumfries Journal' office in 1777, in his sixteenth year, he published the germ of his 'Siller Gun' in a quarto page of twelve stanzas. The subject of the poem is an ancient custom in Dumfries, called 'Shooting for the Siller Gun,' the gun being a small silver tube presented by James VI. to the incorporated trades as a prize to the best marksman. This poem Mr. Mayne continued to enlarge and improve up to the time of his death. The twelve stanzas expanded in two years to two cantos; in another year (1780) the poem was published—enlarged to three cantos—in 'Ruddiman's Magazine;' and in 1808 it was published in London in four cantos. This edition was seen by Sir Walter Scott, who said (in one of his notes to the 'Lady of the Lake') 'that it surpassed the efforts of Fergusson, and came near to those of Burns.'

Mr. Mayne was author of a short poem on 'Hallowe'en,' printed in 'Ruddiman's Magazine' in 1780; and in 1781; he published at Glasgow his fine ballad of 'Logan Braes,' which Burns had seen, and two lines of which he copied into his 'Logan Water.' The 'Siller Gun' is humorous and descriptive, and is happy in both. The author is a shrewd and lively observer, full of glee, and also of gentle and affectionate recollections of his native town and all its people and pastimes. The ballad of 'Logan Braes' is a simple and beautiful lyric, superior to the more elaborate version of Burns. Though long resident in London (as proprietor of the 'Star' newspaper), Mr. Mayne retained his Scottish enthusiasm to the last; and to those who, like ourselves, recollect him in advanced life, stopping in the midst of his duties as a public journalist, to trace some remembrance of his native Dumfries and the banks of the Nith, or to hum over some rural or pastoral song which he had heard forty or fifty years before his name, as well as his poetry, recalls the strength and tenacity of early feelings and local associations.

Logan Braes.

By Logan's streams, that rin sae deep,
 Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep,
 Herded sheep and gathered slaes,
 Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
 But wae's my heart, thae days are gane,
 And I wi' grief may herd alane,

While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan Braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
 Atween the preachings meet wi' me;
 Meet wi me, or when it's mirk,

Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing thae days are gane :
Frae kirk and fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,

Helen of Kirkconnel.

Helen Irving, a young lady of exquisite beauty and accomplishments, daughter of the Laird of Kirkconnel, in Annadale, was betrothed to Adam Fleming de Kirkpatrick, a young gentleman of rank and fortune in that neighbourhood. Walking with her lover on the sweet banks of the Kirtle, she was murdered by a disappointed and sanguinary rival. This catastrophe took place during the reign of Mary, Queen of Scots, and is the subject of three different ballads: the first two are old, the third is the composition of the author of the 'Siller Gun.' It was first inserted in the 'Edinburgh Annual Register' (1815) by Sir Walter Scott.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
For, night and day, on me she cries;
And, like an angel, to the skies.

Still seems to beckon me!
For me she lived, for me she sighed,
For me she wished to be a bride;
For me in life's sweet morn she died
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Where Kirtle waters gently wind,
As Helen on my arm reclined,
A rival with a ruthless mind

Took deadly aim at me;
My love, to disappoint the foe,
Rushed in between me and the blow;
And now her corse is lying low
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Though heaven forbids my wrath to swell,
I curse the hand by which she fell—
The fiend who made my heaven a hell,
And tore my love from me!

Mustering of the Trades to Shoot for the Siller Gun.

The lift was clear, the morn serene,
The sun just glinting ower the scene,
When James M'Noe began again
To beat to arms,
Rousing the heart o' man and wean
Wi' war's alarms.

Frae far and near the country lads
(Their joes aint them on their yads)
Flocked in to see the show in squads;
And, what was dafter,
Their pawky mither and their dads
Cam trotting after!

I danner out and sit alane,
Sit alane beneath the tree
Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.
Oh! could I see thae days again,
My lover skaitless, and my ain!
Beloved by friends, revered by faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes!

For if, where all the graces shine—
Oh! if on earth there's aught divine,
My Helen! all these charms were thine—

They centred all in thee!
Ah, what avails it that, amain,
I clove the assassin's head in twain;
No peace of mind, my Helen slain,
No resting-place for me:

I see her spirit in the air—
I hear the shriek of wild despair,
When Murder laid her bosom bare,
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Oh! when I'm sleeping in my grave,
And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,
May He who life and spirit gave
Unite my love and me! [sighs,
Then from this world of doubts and
My soul on wings of peace shall rise;
And, joining Helen in the skies,
Forget Kirkconnel-Lee!*

And mony a bean and belle were there,
Doited wi' dozing on a chair;
For, lest they'd, sleeping, spoil their
hair,

Or miss the sight,
The gowks, like bairns before a fair,
Sat up a' night!

Wi' hats as black as ony raven,
Fresh as the rose, their beards new
shaven,
And a' their Sunday's cleeding having
Sae trim and gay,

* The concluding verse of the old ballad is finer:

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries,

Also an earlier stanza:

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,

And I am weary of the skies
For her sake that died for me.

When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And diad to succour me!

Forth cam our Trades, some orra saving
To wair that day.

Fair fa' ilk canny, caidgy carle,
Weel may he bruik his new apparel!
And never dree the bitter snarl
O' scowlin' wife!

But, blest in pantry, barn, and barrel,
Be blithe through life!

Hech, sirs! what crowds cam into
town,
To see them mustering up and down!
Lasses and lads, sunburnt and brown—
Women and weans,
Gentle and simple, mingling, crown
The gladsome scenes!

At first, forenent ilk Deacon's hallan,
His ain brigade was made to fall in;
And, while the muster-roll was calling,
And joy-bells jowing,
Het-pints, weel spiced, to keep the saul
in,
Around were flowing!

Broiled kipper, cheese, and bread and
ham,
Laid the foundation for a dram
O' whiskey, gin frae Rotterdam,
Or cherry brandy;
Whilk after, a' was fish that cam
To Jock or Sandy.

Oh! weel ken they wha lo'e their chappin,
Drink maks the auldest swack and strap-
pin';
Gars Care forget the ills that happen—
The plate look spruce—
And even the thowless cock their tappin,
And craw fu' croose!

The muster ower, the different bands
File aff in parties to the sands,
Where, 'mid loud laughs and clapping
hands.

Glee'd Geordy Smith
Reviews them, and their line expands
Alang the Nith!

But ne'er, for uniform or air,
Was sic a group reviewed elsewhere!
The short, the tall; fat folk and spare;
Syde coats and dockit;

Wigs, queues, and clubs, and curly hair;
Round hats and cockit!

As to their guns—thae fell engines,
Borrowed or begged, were of a' kinds,
For bloody war, or bad designs,
Or shooting cushies—
Lang fowling-pieces, carabines,
And blunderbusses!

Maist feck, though oiled to mak them
glimmer,
Hadna been shot for mony a simmer;
And Fame, the story-telling kimmer,
Jocosely hints
That some o' them had bits o' timmer
Instead o' flints!

Some guns, she threeps, within her ken,
Were spiked, to let nae priming ben;
And, as in twenty there were ten
Worm-eaten stocks,
Sae, here and there, a rozit-end
Held on their locks!

And then, to shew what difference stands
Atween the leaders and their bands,
Swords that, unsheathed since Preston-
pans,

Neglected lay,
Were furnished up, to grace the hands .
O' chiefs this day!

'Ohon!' says George, and ga'e a grane,
'The age o' chivalry is gane!'
Syne, having ower and ower again
The hale surveyed,
Their route, and a' things else, made
He snuffed, and said: [plain,

'Now, gentlemen! now, mind the motion,
And dinna, this time, mak a botion:
Shouther your arms! Oh! haud them
tosh on,

And not athraw!
Wheel wi' your left hands to the ocean,
And march awa'!

Wi' that, the dinlin drums rebound,
Fifes, clarionets, and hautboys sound!
Through crowds on crowds, collected
round,

The Corporations
Trudge aff, while Echo's self is drowned
In acclamations!

BARONESS NAIKNE.

CAROLINA OLIPHANT (1766-1845), of the family of Oliphant of Gask, and justly celebrated for her beauty, talents, and worth, wrote several lyrical pieces, which enjoy great popularity. These are, 'The Land o' the Leal, The Laird o' Cockpen, Caller Herrin', The

Lass o' Gowrie', &c. In 1806 she was married to Major William Murray Nairne, who, in 1824, on the restoration of the attained Scottish peerages, became Baron Nairne. Shortly before her death, this excellent and accomplished lady gave the Rev. Dr. Chalmers a sum of £300, to assist in his schemes for the amelioration of the poorer classes in Edinburgh.

The Land o' the Leal.

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John;
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John;
There's neither could nor care, John;
The day's aye fair
I' the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, John;
She was baith gude and fair, John;
And oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John—
And joy's a-comin' fast, John—
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
Oh, dry your glistening ee, John!
My saul lang's to be free, John!
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh, hand ye leal and true, John!
Your day it's wearin' through, John;
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now, fare-ye-weel, my ain John;
This world's cares are vain, John;
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

The Laird o' Cockpen.

The Laird o' Cockpen he 's prond and he 's great,
His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered, and as gude as new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword and cocked-hat;
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannillie.
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee:
'Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.'

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine:
'And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?'
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam ben, he bowed fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know;
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said 'Na;
And wi' a laigh curtsey she turned awa'.

Dumfounded he was, but nae sigh did he gie;
He mounted his mare—he rade cannillie;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
 Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
 'Oh! for aye I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten-
 I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.'

Next time that the Laird and the lady were seen,
 They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green;
 Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen—
 But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.*

Caller Herrin'.†

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
 They're bonny fish and halesome farin';
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
 New drawn frae the Forth?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
 Dreamed ye aught o' our purr fellows,
 Darkling as they faced the billows,
 A' to fill the woven willows?

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
 They're no brought here without brave
 daring.

Buy my caller herrin',
 Hauled through wind and rain.
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
 Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin',
 Wives and mitthers maist despairing

Ca' them lives o' men.
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,
 Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
 Gather in their braw pelisses,
 Cast their heads and screw their faces.
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Caller herrin' 's no got lightly,
 Ye can trip the spring fu' tightly,
 Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
 Gowt has set you a' a-singin'.
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Neebour wives, now tent my tellin':
 When the bonny fish ye're sellin',
 At ae word be in yer dealin';
 Truth will stand when a' thing's fallin'.
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

ROBERT TANNAHILL, a lyrical poet of a superior order, whose songs rival all but the best of Burns's in popularity, was born in Paisley, on the 3d of June 1774. His education was limited, but he was a diligent reader and student. He was early sent to the loom, weaving being the staple trade of Paisley, and continued to follow his occupation in his native town until his twenty-sixth year, when, with one of his younger brothers, he removed to Lancashire. There he continued two years, when the declining state of his father's health induced him to return. He arrived in time to receive the dying blessing of his parent, and a short time afterwards we find him writing to a friend: 'My brother Hugh and I are all that now remain at home with our old mother, bending under age and frailty; and but seven years back, nine of us used to sit at dinner together.' Hugh married, and the poet was left alone with his widowed mother.' In a poem, 'The Filial Vow,' he says:

* The last two verses were added by Miss Ferrier, authoress of *Marriage*. They are quite equal to the original.

† *Caller*, cool, fresh; herring new caught.

‡ Neil Gow (1727-1807), a distinguished Scottish violinist, famous for playing the lively airs known as strathspeys and reels.

'Twas hers to guide me through life's early day,
To point out virtue's paths, and lead the way ;
Now, whilst her powers in frigid languor sleep,
'Tis mine to hand her down life's rugged steep
With all her little weaknesses to bear,
Attentive, kind, to soothe her every care.
'Tis nature bids, and truest pleasure flows
From lessening an aged parent's woes.

The filial piety of Tannahill is strikingly apparent from this effusion, but the inferiority of the lines to any of his Scottish songs shews how little at home he was in English. His mother outlived him thirteen years. Though Tannahill had occasionally composed verses from a very early age, it is not till after this time that he attained to anything beyond mediocrity. Becoming acquainted with Mr. R. A. Smith, a musical composer, the poet applied himself sedulously to lyrical composition, aided by the encouragement and the musical taste of his friend. Smith set some of his songs to original and appropriate airs, and in 1807 the poet ventured on the publication of a volume of poems and songs, of which the first impression, consisting of 900 copies, was sold in a few weeks. It is related that in a solitary walk on one occasion, his musings were interrupted by the voice of a country-girl in an adjoining field singing by herself a song of his own—

We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn-side;

and he used to say he was more pleased at this evidence of his popularity, than at any tribute which had ever been paid him. He afterwards contributed some songs to Mr. George Thomson's 'Select Melodies,' and exerted himself to procure Irish airs, of which he was very fond. Whilst delighting all classes of his countrymen with his native songs, the poet fell into a state of morbid despondency, aggravated by bodily weakness and a tendency to consumption. He had prepared a new edition of his poems for the press, and sent the manuscript to Mr. Constable the publisher; but it was returned by that gentleman, in consequence of his having more new works on hand than he could undertake that season. This disappointment preyed on the spirits of the sensitive poet, and his melancholy became deep and habitual. He burned all his manuscripts, and sank into a state of mental derangement. Returning from a visit to Glasgow on the 17th of May 1810, the unhappy poet retired to rest; but 'suspicion having been excited, in about an hour afterwards it was discovered that he had stolen out unperceived. Search was made in every direction, and by the dawn of the morning, the coat of the poet was discovered lying at the side of the tunnel of the neighbouring brook, pointing out but too surely where his body was to be found.* Tannahill was a modest and temperate man, devoted to his kindred and friends, and of unblemished purity and correctness of conduct.

* Memoir prefixed to Tannahill's Works. Glasgow, 1838.

His lamentable death arose from no want or irregularity, but was solely caused by that morbid disease of the mind which had overthrown his reason. The poems of this ill-starred son of genius are greatly inferior to his songs. They have all a common-place artificial character. His lyrics, on the other hand, are rich and original, both in description and sentiment. His diction is copious and luxuriant, particularly in describing natural objects and the peculiar features of the Scottish landscape. His simplicity is natural and unaffected; and though he appears to have possessed a deeper sympathy with nature than with the workings of human feeling, or even the passion of love, he is often tender and pathetic. His 'Gloomy Winter's now Awa'' is a beautiful concentration of tenderness and melody.

The Braes o' Balquhither.

Let us go, lassie, go,
To the braes o' Balquhither,
Where the blae-berries grow
'Mang the bonny Highland heather;
Where the deer and the roe,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers of the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae drearie,
And return wi' the spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night-breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shelling ring
Wi' the light liltin chorus.

Now the summer's in prime
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

The Braes o' Gleniffer.

Keen blows the win' o'er the braes o' Gleniffer;
The auld castle turrets are covered wi' snaw;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
Among the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw!
The wild-flowers o' summer were spread a' sae bonny,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they hae marched my dear Johnie
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blithesome and cheerie,
Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie,
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie;
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee;
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnie.
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky brae,
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
That murmured sweetsea to my laddie and me.

It's no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',
 It's no the cauld blast brings the tear i' my ee;
 For oh! gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan,
 The dark days o' winter were summer to me.

The Flower o' Dumblane.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben-Lomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
 While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin,
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
 How sweet is the brier, wi' its sauft fauldin' blossom!
 And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane,

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonny;
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
 And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower of Dumblane.
 Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ning;
 Thou 'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
 Is charming young Jessie the flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
 The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
 Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
 Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

Gloomy Winter's now Awa'.

G'loomy winter's now awa'
 Saft the westlin breezes blaw;
 'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
 The mavis sings fu' cheerie O.
 Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
 Blooming like thy bonny sel',
 My young, my artless dearie O.
 Come, my lassie, let us stray
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
 Blithely spend the gowden day
 Midst joys that never wearie O.

Towering o'er the Newton woods,
 Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds;
 Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
 Adorn the banks sae brierie O.
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feathery breckans fringe the rocks,
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 A'd lika thing is cheerie O.
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL (1775-1822), the eldest son of Johnson's biographer, was author of some amusing songs, which are still very popular. 'Auld Gudeman, ye're a drucken Carle;' 'Jenny's Bawbel;' 'Jenny dang the Weaver,' &c., display considerable comic humour, and coarse but characteristic painting. The higher qualities of simple rustic grace and elegance he seems never to have attempted. In 1803 Sir Alexander collected his fugitive pieces, and published them under the title of 'Songs chiefly in the Scottish Dialect.' In 1810, he published a Scottish dialogue, in the style of Fergusson, called 'Edinburgh, or the Ancient Royalty; A Sketch of

Manners, by Simon Gray.' This Sketch is greatly overcharged. Sir Alexander was an ardent lover of our early literature, and reprinted several works at his private printing-press at Auchinleck. When politics ran high, he unfortunately wrote some personal satires, for one of which he received a challenge from Mr. Stuart of Duncarn. The parties met at Auchtertool, in Fifeshire. Conscious of his error, Sir Alexander resolved not to fire at his opponent; but Mr. Stuart's shot took effect, and the unfortunate baronet fell. He died from the wound on the following day, the 26th of March, 1822. He had been elevated to the baronetcy only the year previous. His brother, JAMES BOSWELL (1779-1822), an accomplished scholar and student of our early literature, edited Malone's edition of Shakspeare, 21 vols. 8vo, 1821. Sir Alexander had just returned from the funeral of his brother when he engaged in the fatal duel.

Jenny dang the Weaver.

At Willie's wedding on the green,
The lasses, bonny witches!
Were a' dressed out in aprons clean,
And braw white Sunday mitches;
Auld Maggie bade the lads tak' tent,
But Jock would not believe her;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the weaver,
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver.

At ilka country-dance or reel,
Wi' her he would be bobbing;
When she sat down, he sat down,
And to her would be gabbing;
Where'er she gaed, baith but and ben,

The coof would never leave her;
Aye keckling like a clocking hen,
But Jenny dang the weaver.
Jenny dang, &c.

Quo' he: 'My lass, to speak my mind,
In troth I needna swither;
You've bonny een, and if you're kind,
I'll never seek anither.'
He hummed and hawed, the lass cried
'Peugh!'
And bade the coof no deave her,
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the weaver;
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.

Jenny's Banbee.

I met four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hingin' and faces lang;
I speered at neebour Bauldy Strang,
Wha's thae I see?

Quo's he: Ilk cream-faced, pawky chiel
Thought himsel cunnin as the deil,
And here they cam. awa' to steal
Jenny's banbee.

The first, a captain till his trade,
Wi' skull illtimed, and back weel clad,
Marched round the barn, and by the shed,
And pappit on his knee.

Quo' he: 'My goodness, nymph, and queen,
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een';
But deil a beauty he had seen
But—Jenny's banbee.

A lawyer neist, wi' bletherin' gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee:

Accounts he had through a' the town,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could
drown;
Haith now he thought to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's banbee.

A norland laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsent naig and siller whup,
Cried: 'There's my beast, lad, hand the
grub,
Or tie 't till a tree.

'What's gowd to me?—I've walth o' lan';
Bestow on ane o' worth your han';'
He thought to pay what he was awn
Wi' Jenny's banbee.

A' spruce frae ban'boxes and tubs
A Thing cam neist—but life has rubs—
Foul were the roads, and fou the dubs,
Ah! wae's me!

A' clatty, squintin' through a glass,
He girmed, 'I' faith, a bonny lass!
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gang comb his wig,
The sodger no to strut sae big,
The lawyer no to be a prig,
The fool cried: 'Tehee,

'I kent that I could never fail'
She preened the dish-clout till his tail,
And cooled him wi' a water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

Good-night, and Joy be wi' Ye a'.

This song is supposed to proceed from the mouth of an aged chieftain.

Good-night, and joy be wi' ye a';
Your harmless mirth has charmed my
heart;

May life's fell blasts out ower ye blaw!
In sorrow may ye never part!

My spirit lives, but strength is gone;
The mountain-fires now blaze in vain:
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
And in your deeds I'll live again!

When on yon muir our gallant clan
Frae boasting foes their banners tore,
Wha shewed himself a better man,
Or fiercer waved the red claymore?

But when in peace—then mark me there—
When 'through the glen the wanderer
came,

I gave him of our lordly fare,
I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young man hear;
Be cantie, but be good and leal;
Your ain ill aye hae heart to bear,
Anither's aye hae heart to feel.
So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
I'll see you triumph ere I fa';
My parting breath shall boast you mine—
Good-night, and joy be wi' you a'.

*The High Street of Edinburgh.—From Edinburgh, or the Ancient
Royalty.*

Tier upon tier I see the mansion rise,
Whose azure summits mingle with the skies;*
There, from the earth the labouring porters bear
The elements of fire and water high in air;
There, as you scale the steps with toilsome tread,
The dripping barrel maddens your head;
Thence, as adown the giddy round you wheel,
A rising porter greets you with his creel!
Here, in these chambers, ever dull and dark,
The lady gay received her gayer spark,
Who, clad in silken coat, with cautious tread,
Trembled at opening casements overhead;
But when in safety at her porch he trod,
He seized the ring, and rasped the twisted rod.
No idlers then, I trow, were seen to meet,
Linked, six a-row, six hours in Princes Street,
But, one by one, they panted up the hill,
And picked their steps with most uncommon skill;
Then, at the Cross, each joined the motley mob—
'How are ye, Tam?' and, 'How's a' wi' ye, Bob?'
Next to a neighbouring tavern all retired,
And draughts of wine their various thoughts inspired,
O'er draughts of wine the bean would moan his love;
O'er draughts of wine the cit his bargain drove;
O'er draughts of wine the writer penned the will;
And legal wisdom counselled o'er a gill. . . .
Yes! mark the street, for youth the great resort,
Its spacious width the theatre of sport.

* Sir Alexander seems to have remembered the fourth line in Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope':

There, midst the crowd, the jingling hoop is driven;
 Full many a leg is hit, and curse is given.
 There, on the pavement, mystic forms are chalked,
 Defaced, renewed, delayed—but never balked;
 There romping Miss the rounded slate may drop,
 And kick it out with persevering hop,
 There in the dirty current of the strand,
 Boys drop the rival corks with ready hand,
 And wading through the puddle with slow pace,
 Watch in solicitude the doubtful race!
 And there, an active band, with frequent boast,
 Vault in succession o'er each wooden post,
 Or a bold stripling, noted for his might,
 Heads the array, and rules the mimic fight,
 From hand and sling now fly the whizzing stones,
 Unheeded broken heads and broken bones.
 The rival hosts in close engagement mix,
 Drive and are driven by the dint of sticks.
 The bicker rages, till some mother's fears
 Ring a sad story in a bailie's ears.
 Her prayer is heard; the order quick is sped,
 And from that corps which hapless Porteous led,
 A brave detachment probably of two,
 Rush like two kites, upon the warlike crew
 Who struggling like the fabled frogs and mice,
 Are pounced upon and carried in a trice.
 But mark that motley group in various garb—
 Their vice begins to form her rankling barb;
 The germ of gambling sprouts in pitch-and-toss,
 And brawls successive tells disputed loss.
 From hand to hand the whirling halfpence pass,
 And every copper gone, they fly to brass.
 Those polished rounds which decorate the coat,
 And brilliant shine upon some youth of note,
 Offspring of Birmingham's creative art,
 Now from the faithful button-holes depart.
 To sudden twitch the rending stitches yield,
 And enterprise again essays the field.
 So, when a few fleet years of his short span
 Have ripened this dire passion in the man,
 When thousand after thousand takes its flight
 In the short circuit of one wretched night,
 Next shall the honors of the forest fall,
 And ruin desolate the chieftain's hall;
 Hail after hail some cunning clerk shall gain;
 Then in a mendicant behold a thane!

JAMES HOGG.

JAMES HOGG, generally known by his poetical name of 'The Ettrick Shepherd,' was perhaps the most creative and imaginative of the uneducated poets. His fancy had a wide range, picturing in its flights scenes of wild ærial magnificence and beauty. His taste was very defective, though he had done much to repair his early want of instruction. His occupation of a shepherd, among solitary hills and glens, must have been favourable to his poetical enthusiasm. He was not, like Burns, thrown into society when young, and forced to combat with misfortune. His destiny was unvaried, until he had arrived at a period when the bent of his genius was fixed for life.

Without society during the day, his evening hours were spent in listening to ancient legends and ballads, of which his mother, like Burns's, was a great reciter. This nursery of imagination he has himself beautifully described:

O list the mystic lore sublime
Of fairy tales of ancient time!
I learned them in the lonely glen,
The last abodes of living men,
Where never stranger came our way
By summer night, or winter day;
Where neighbouring hind or cot was
none—
Our converse was with heaven alone—
With voices through the cloud that sung,
And brooding storms that round us hung.
O lady, judge, if judge ye may,
How stern and ample was the sway
Of themes like these when darkness fell,
And gray-haired sires the tales would tell!

When doors were barred, and eldern dame
Plied at her task beside the flame,
That through the smoke and gloom alone
On dim and umbered faces shone—
The bleat of mountain-goat on high,
That from the cliff came quivering by;
The echoing rock the rushing flood,
The cataract's swell, the moaning wood;
The undefined and mingled hum—
Voice of the desert never dumb!
All these have left within this heart
A feeling tongue can ne'er impart;
A wildered and unearthly flame,
A something that's without a name.

Hogg was descended from a family of shepherds, and born in the vale of Ettrick, Selkirkshire. According to the parish register, he was baptised on the 9th of December, 1770. When a mere child, he was put out to service, acting first as a cow-herd, until capable of taking care of a flock of sheep. He had in all but little schooling, though he was too prone to represent himself as an uninstructed prodigy of nature. When twenty years of age, he entered the service of Mr. Laidlaw, Blackhouse. He was then an eager reader of poetry and romances, and he subscribed to a circulating library in Peebles, the miscellaneous contents of which he perused with the utmost avidity. He was a remarkably fine-looking young man, with a profusion of light-brown hair, which he wore coiled up under his hat or blue bonnet, the envy of all the country maidens. An attack of illness, however, brought on by over-exertion on a hot summer day, completely altered his countenance, and changed the very form of his features. His first literary effort was in song-writing, and in 1801 he published a small volume of pieces. He was introduced to Sir Walter Scott by his master's son, Mr. William Laidlaw, and assisted in the collection of old ballads for the 'Border Minstrelsy.' He soon imitated the style of these ancient strains with great felicity, and published in 1807 another volume of songs and poems, under the title of 'The Mountain Bard.'

He embarked in sheep-farming, and took a journey to the island of Harris on a speculation of this kind; but all he had saved as a shepherd, or by his publication, was lost in these attempts. He then repaired to Edinburgh, and endeavoured to subsist by his pen. A collection of songs, 'The Forest Minstrel' (1810), was his first effort; his second was a periodical called 'The Spy;' but it was not till the publication of 'The Queen's Wake,' in 1813, that the Shepherd established his reputation as an author. This 'legendary poem' consists of a collection of tales and ballads supposed to be

sung to Mary, Queen of Scots, by the native bards of Scotland assembled at a royal wake at Holyrood, in order that the fair queen might prove

The wondrous powers of Scottish song.

The design was excellent, and the execution so varied and masterly, that Hogg was at once placed among the first of our native poets. The different productions of the local minstrels are strung together by a thread of narrative so gracefully written in many parts, that the reader is surprised equally at the delicacy and the genius of the author. At the conclusion of the poem, Hogg alludes to his illustrious friend Scott, and adverts with some feeling to an advice which Sir Walter had once given him, to abstain from his worship of poetry.

The land was charmed to list his lays;
It knew the harp of ancient days.
The Border chiefs, that long had been
In sepulchres unheard and green,
Passed from their mouldy vaults away
In armour red and stern array,
And by their moonlight halls were seen
In visor, helm, and habergeon.
Even fairies sought our land again,
So powerful was the magic strain.

Blest be his generous heart for aye!
He told me where the relic lay;
Pointed my way with ready will,
Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill;
Watched my first notes with curious eye,

And wondered at my minstrelsy:
He little weened a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.

But when, to native feelings true,
I struck upon a chord was new;
When by myself I 'gan to play,
He tried to wile my harp away.
Just when her notes began with skill,
To sound beneath the southern hill,
And twine around my bosom's core,
How could we part for evermore?
'Twas kindness all—I cannot blame—
For bootless is the minstrel flame;
But sure a bard might well have known
Another's feelings by his own!

Scott was grieved at this allusion to his friendly counsel, as it was given at a time when no one dreamed of the Shepherd possessing the powers that he displayed in 'The Queen's Wake.' Various works now proceeded from his pen—'Mador of the Moor,' a poem in the Spenserian stanza; 'The Pilgrims of the Sun,' in blank verse; 'The Hunting of Badlewe,' 'The Poetic Mirror,' 'Queen Hynde,' 'Dramatic Tales,' &c.; also several novels, as 'Winter Evening Tales,' 'The Brownie of Bodsbeck,' 'The Three Perils of Man,' 'The Three Perils of Woman,' 'The Confessions of a Sinner,' &c. Hogg's prose is very unequal. He had no skill in arranging incidents or delineating character. He is often coarse and extravagant; yet some of his stories have much of the literal truth and happy minute painting of Defoe. The worldly schemes of the Shepherd were seldom successful. Though he had failed as a sheep-farmer, he ventured again, and took a large farm, Mount Bengier, from the Duke of Buccleuch. Here he also was unsuccessful; and his sole support, for the latter years of his life, was the remuneration afforded by his literary labours. He lived in a cottage which he had built at Altrive, on a piece of moorland—seventy acres—presented to him by the Duchess of Buccleuch. His love of angling and field-sports amounted to a passion, and when he could no longer fish or hunt, he declared his belief that his death was near.

In the autumn of 1835 he was attacked with a dropsical complaint; and on the 21st of November of that year, after some days of insen-

sibility, he breathed his last as calmly, and with as little pain, as he ever fell asleep in his gray plaid on the hillside. His death was deeply mourned in the vale of Ettrick, for all rejoiced in his fame; and, notwithstanding his personal foibles, the Shepherd was generous, kind-hearted, and charitable far beyond his means.

In the activity and versatility of his powers, Hogg resembled Allan Ramsay. Neither of them had the strength of passion or the grasp of intellect peculiar to Burns; but, on the other hand, their style was more discursive, playful and fanciful. Burns seldom projects himself, as it were, out of his own feelings and situation, whereas both Ramsay and Hogg are happiest when they soar into the world of fancy, or retrace the scenes of antiquity. The Ettrick Shepherd abandoned himself entirely to the genius of old romance and legendary story. He loved, like Spenser, to luxuriate in fairy visions, and to picture scenes of supernatural splendour and beauty, where

The emerald fields are of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.

His 'Kilmeny' is one of the finest fairy tales that ever was conceived by poet or painter; and passages in 'The Pilgrims of the Sun' have the same abstract remote beauty and lofty imagination. Burns would have scrupled to commit himself to these aerial phantoms. His visions were more material, and linked to the joys and sorrows of actual existence. Akin to this peculiar feature in Hogg's poetry is the spirit of most of his songs—a wild lyrical flow of fancy, that is sometimes inexpressibly sweet and musical. He wanted art to construct a fable, and taste to give due effect to his imagery and conceptions; but there are few poets who impress us so much with the idea of direct inspiration, or convince us so strongly that poetry is indeed an art 'unteachable and untaught.'

Bonny Kilmeny.—From 'The Queen's Wake.'

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hung frae the hazel-tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!
When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the beadsman had prayed, and the dead-bell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin' hill,

The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
 The reek o' the cot hung over the plain
 Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
 When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme.
 Late, late in the gloamin, Kilmeny came hame!
 ' Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been ?
 Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean ;
 By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,
 Yet you are halesome, and fair to see.
 Where gat ye that jounp o' the lily sheen ?
 That bonny snood of the birk sae green ?
 And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen ?
 Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been ?
 Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
 But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face ;
 As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
 As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
 Or the mist that siceps on a waveless sea.
 For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
 And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare ;
 Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
 Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew,
 But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
 And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
 When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
 And a land where sin had never been. . . .
 In yon greenwood there is a waik,
 And in that waik there is a wene,
 And in that wene there is a maikie
 That neither hath flesh, blood, nor bane ;
 And down in yon greenwood he walks his lane !
 In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
 Her bosom happed wi' the flowrets gay ;
 But the air was soft and the silence deep,
 And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep ;
 She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee,
 Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye,
 She wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
 All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim ;
 And lovely beings round were rife,
 Who erst had travelled mortal life. . . .
 They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,
 They kissed her cheek and they kamed her hair,
 And round came many a blooming fere,
 Saying : ' Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here ! ' . . .
 They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
 And she walked in the light of a sunless day ;
 The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
 The fountain of vision, and the fountain of light ;
 The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
 And the flowers of everlasting blow.
 Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
 That her youth and beauty never might fade ;
 And they smiled on heaven when they saw her lie
 In the stream of life that wandered by ;
 And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
 She kend not where, but sae sweetly it rung,
 It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn.
 ' Oh, blest be the day Kilmeny was born !
 Now shall the land of the spirit see,
 Now shall it ken what a woman may be !

The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gowden bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have elyed away;
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom! . . .
Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her own countrys,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen. . . .
With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the greenwood wene.
When seven lang years had come and fled,
When grief was calm, and hope was dead,
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came hame!
And oh, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her ee;
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maiden's een,
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye,
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raik the lanely glen,
And keeped afar frae the haunts of men,
Her holy hymns unheard to sing.
To suck the flowers and drink the spring,
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;
The wolf played blithely round the field,
The lordly bison lowed and kneeled,
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand,
And when at eve the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung,
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
Oh, then the glen was all in motion;
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured, and looked with anxious pain.
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock;
The corby left her houf in the rock;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their raik began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:

It was like an eve in a sinless world !
 When a month and a day had come and gane
 Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene,
 There laid her down on the leaves so green,
 And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen !

To the Comet of 1811.

How lovely is this wildered scene,
 As twilight from her vaults so blue
 Steals soft o'er Yarrow's mountains green,
 To sleep embalmed in midnight dew !

All hail, ye hills, whose towering height,
 Like shadows, scoops the yielding sky !
 And thou, mysterious guest of night,
 Dread traveller of immensity !

Stranger of heaven ! I bid thee hail !
 Shred from the pall of glory riven,
 That flashest in celestial gale,
 Broad pennon of the King of Heaven !

Art thou the flag of woe and death,
 From angel's ensign-staff unfurled ?
 Art thou the standard of his wrath
 Waved o'er a sordid sinful world !

No ; from that pure pellucid beam,
 That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem
 shone,*
 No latent evil we can deem,
 Bright herald of the eternal throne !

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
 Thy streaming locks so lovely pale—
 Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
 Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail !

Song—When the Kye comes Hame.

Come all ye jolly shepherds
 That whistle through the glen,
 I'll tell ye of a secret
 That courtiers dinna ken ;
 What is the greatest bliss
 That the tongue o' man can name ?
 'Tis to woo a bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame.
 When the kye comes hame,
 When the kye comes hame,
 'Tween the gloamin and the mirk,
 When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
 Nor canopy of state ;
 'Tis not on couch of velvet,
 Nor arbour of the great—
 'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
 In the glen without the name,

Where hast thou roamed these thousand
 years ?
 Why sought these polar paths again.
 From wilderness of glowing spheres,
 To fling thy vesture o'er the wain ?

And when thou sca'lst the Milky-way,
 And vanishest from human view,
 A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray
 Through wilds of yon empyreal blue !

Oh, on thy rapid prow to glide !
 To sail the boundless skies with thee,
 And plough the twinkling stars aside,
 Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea !

To brush the embers from the sun,
 The icicles from off the pole ;
 Then far to other systems run,
 Where other moons and planets roll !

Stranger of heaven ! oh, let thine eye
 Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream ;
 Eccentric as thy course on high,
 And airy as thine ambient beam !

And long, long may thy silver ray
 Our northern arch at eve adorn,
 Then, wheeling to the east away,
 Light the gray portals of the morn !

Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
 When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
 For the mate he lo'es to see,
 And on the topmost bough,
 Oh, a happy bird is he !
 Then he pours his melting ditty,
 And love is a' the theme,
 And he'll woo his bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
 And the daisy turns a pea,
 And the bonny lucken gowan
 Has fauldit up her ee.
 Then the laverock frae the blue lift,
 Draps down, and thinks nae shame
 To woo his bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame.

* It was reckoned by many that this was the same comet which appeared at the birth of our Saviour.—Hogg.

See yonder pawky shepherd
That lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
And the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
Oh, there's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame,

Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame

Then since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
Oh, wha wad prove a traitor
To nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame?
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

The Skylark.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithsome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth;
Where, on the dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet din,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, a happy imitator of the old Scottish ballads, and a man of various talents, was born at Blackwood, near Dalswinton, Dumfriesshire, December 7, 1784. His father was gardener to a neighbouring proprietor, but shortly afterwards became factor or land-steward to Mr. Miller of Dalswinton, Burns's landlord at Ellisland. Mr. Cunningham had few advantages in his early days, unless it might be residence in a fine pastoral and romantic district, then consecrated by the presence and the genius of Burns. In his sixth year, in his father's cottage, he heard Burns read his poem of 'Tam o' Shanter'—an event never to be forgotten! An elder brother having attained some eminence as a country builder, or mason, Allan was apprenticed to him, with a view to joining or following him in his trade; but he abandoned this, and in 1810 removed to London, and connected himself with the newspaper press. In 1814 he was engaged as clerk of the works, or superintendent, to the late Sir Francis Chantrey, the eminent sculptor, in whose establishment he continued till his death, October 29, 1842. Mr. Cunningham was an indefatigable writer. He early contributed poetical effusions to the periodical works of the day, and nearly all the songs and fragments of verse in Crome's 'Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song' (1810) are of his composition, though published by Crome as undoubted originals. Some of these are warlike and jacobite, some amatory and devotional—the wild lyrical breathings of Covenanting love and

piety among the hills—and all of them abounding in traits of Scottish rural life and primitive manners. As songs, they are not pitched in a key to be popular; but for natural grace and tenderness, and rich Doric simplicity and fervour, these pseudo-antique strains of Mr. Cunningham are inimitable.

In 1822 he published 'Sir Marmaduke Maxwell,' a dramatic poem, founded on Border story and superstition, and afterwards two volumes of 'Traditional Tales.' Three novels of a similar description, but more diffuse and improbable—namely, 'Paul Jones,' 'Sir Michael Scott,' and 'Lord Roldan'—also proceeded from his fertile pen. In 1832 he appeared again as a poet, with a 'rustic epic,' in twelve parts, entitled 'The Maid of Elvar.' He edited a collection of Scottish Songs, in four volumes, and an edition of Burns in eight volumes, to which he prefixed a Life of the poet, enriched with new anecdotes and information. To Murray's Family Library he contributed a series of 'Lives of Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects,' which extended to six volumes, and proved the most popular of all his prose works. His last work—completed just two days before his death—was a 'Life of Sir David Wilkie,' the distinguished artist, in three volumes. All these literary labours were produced in intervals from his stated avocations in Chantrey's studio, which most men would have considered ample employment. His taste and attainments in the fine arts were as remarkable a feature in his history as his early ballad strains; and the prose style of Mr. Cunningham, when engaged on a congenial subject, was justly admired for its force and freedom. There was always a freshness and energy about the man and his writings that arrested the attention and excited the imagination, though his genius was but little under the control of a correct or critical judgment. Strong nationality and inextinguishable ardour formed conspicuous traits in his character; and altogether, the life of Mr. Cunningham was a fine example of successful original talent and perseverance, undebased by any of the alloys by which the former is too often accompanied.

The Young Maxwell.

Where gang ye, thou silly auld carle ?

And what do ye carry there ?

'I'm gaun to the hill, thou sodger man,
To shift my sheep their lair.'

Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,

An' a gude long stride took he ;

'I trow thou be a feck auld carle,
Will ye shew the way to me ?'

And he has gane wi' the silly auld carle,

A down by the greenwood side ;

'Light down and gang, thou sodger man
For here ye canna ride.'

He drew the reins o' his bonny gray stee

An' lightly down he sprang :

Of the comeliest scarlet was his weir coat,
Where the gowden tassels hang.

He has thrown off his plaid, the silly auld carle,
An' his bonnet frae 'boon his bree;
An' wha was it but the young Maxwell!
An' his gude brown sword drew he!

'Thou killed my father, thou vile Southron!
An' ye killed my brethren three!
Whilk brake the heart o' my ae sister,
I loved as the light o' my ee!

'Draw out yer sword, thou vile Southron!
Red-wat wi' blude o' my kin!
That sword it crapp'd the bonniest flower
E'er lifted its head to the sun!

'There's ae sad stroke for my dear auld father
There's twa for my brethren three!
An' there's ane to thy heart for my ae sister,
Wham I loved as the light o' my ee.'

Hame, Hame, Hame.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',
The bonny white rose it is withering an' a';
But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

Oh, there's naught frae ruin my country can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyalty,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great are now gane, a' wha ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave,
But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my ee,
'I'll shine on ye yet in yer ain countrie.'
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

Fragment.

Gane were but the winter-cauld,
And gane were but the snaw,
I could sleep in the wild woods,
Where primroses blaw,

Cauld's the snaw at my head,
And cauld at my feet,

And the finger o' death's at my een,
Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father,
Or my mither sae dear;
I'll meet them baith in heaven
At the spring o' the year.

She's Gane to Dwall in Heaven.

She's gane to dwell in heaven, my lassie,
 She's gane to dwell in heaven;
 Ye're ower pure, quo' the voice o' God,
 For dwelling out o' heaven!

Oh, what'll she do in heaven, my lassie?
 Oh, what'll she do in heaven?
 She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels'
 sangs,
 An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
 She was beloved by a';
 But an angel fell in love wi' her,
 An' took her frae us a'.

Low there thou lies, my lassie,
 Low there thou lies;
 A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
 Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,
 Fu' soon I'll follow thee;

Thou left me nought to covet ahin',
 But took gudeness' sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
 I looked on thy death-cold face;
 Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,
 An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy dead-shut eye, my lassie,
 I looked on thy death-shut eye;
 An' a lovelier light in the brow of a eaven
 Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie.
 Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
 But gane was the holy breath o' heaven
 That sang the evening Psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, lassie,
 There's naught but dust now mine;
 My saul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
 An' why should I stay behin'!

A wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast;
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys
 While like the eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

'O for a soft and gentle wind!'
 I heard a fair one cry;
 But give to me the snoring breeze.
 And white waves heaving high;

And white waves heaving high, my boys,
 The good ship tight and free—
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hoined moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud;
 And hark the music, mariners—
 The wind is piping loud;
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashing free—
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

My Nanie O.

Red rows the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
 Mirk is the night and rainie O,
 Though heaven and earth should mix in
 storm,
 I'll gang and see my Nanie O;
 My Nanie O, my Nanie O,
 She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
 And nane can do't but Nanie O.

In preaching-time sae meek she stands,
 Sae saintly and sae bonny O,
 I cannot get a glimpse of grace,
 For thieving looks at Nanie O;
 My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
 The world's in love with Nanie O;

That heart is hardly worth the wear
 That wadna love my Nanie O.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
 When dancing she moves finely O;
 I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
 They sparkle sae divinely O;*
 My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
 The flower o' Nithsdale's Nanie O;
 Love looks frae 'neath her lang brown
 hair,
 And says, 'I dwell with Nanie O.'

Tell not, thou star at gray daylight,
 O'er Tinwald-top so bonny O,

* In the *Nanie O* of Allan Ramsay, these four beautiful lines will be found, and there they might have remained, had their beauty not been impaired by the presence of Lais and Leda, Jove and Danae.—*Author's Note.*

My footsteps 'mang the morning dew,
When coming frae my Nanie O.
My Nanie O, my Nanie O;

Nane ken o' me and Nanie O;
The stars and moon may tell 't' aboon,
They winna wrang my Nanie O!

The Poet's Bridal-day Song.

Oh, my love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears—
Nor nights of thought nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain—
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit—
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the
 moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were
 few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and as fair daughter sweet;—
And time, and care, and birth-time woes
Have dimmed thine eye, and touched thy
 rose;
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
All that charms me of tale or song;
When words come down like dews un-
 sought,

When gleams of deep enthusiast thought,
And Fancy in her heaven flies free—
They come, my love, they come from thee.

Oh, when more thought we gave of old
To silver than some give to gold;
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
 hat things should deck our humble
 bower!

'Twas sweet to pull in hope with thee
The golden fruit of Fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for these locks of thine—
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow and woods are green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought—
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our
 night

One gleam of her inconstant light;
And Hope, that decks the peasant's
 bower,
Shines like the rainbow through the
 shower—

Oh, then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye;
And proud resolve and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can
 speak:

I think the wedded wife of mine
The best of all that's not divine.

The sons of Allan Cunningham have all distinguished themselves in literature, and furnish a remarkable instance of hereditary talent in one family. 1. JOSEPH DAVEY CUNNINGHAM (1812–1851), late captain of Engineers in the Indian army, wrote a 'History of the Sikhs,' an elaborate and able work, published in 1849, second edition in 1853. The author had lived among the Sikh people for eight years, and had been appointed to draw up Reports on the British connection generally with the Sutlej, and especially on the military resources of the Punjab. 2. ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM (born in 1814), major-general of the Bengal Engineers, appointed Archæological Surveyor-general of India in 1870, Companion of the Star of India in 1871; author of 'The Bhilsa Topes or Buddhist Monuments of Central India,' 1854; 'Arian Architecture,' 1846; 'Ladak, Physical, Statistical and Historical,' 1854; 'The Ancient Geography of India,' 1871; &c. 3. PETER CUNNINGHAM (1816–1869), many years clerk in the Audit Office; author of a 'Life of Nell Gwynn,' 1852; 'Handbook of London,' 1849; and editor of 'Walpole's Letters,'

'Works of Drummond of Hawthornden,' 'Goldsmith's Works,' 'Johnson's Lives of the Poets,' 'Campbell's Specimens of British Poets.' Mr. Cunningham contributed largely to literary journals. His 'Handbook of London' is a work full of curious antiquarian and literary interest, illustrating the political and social history of the metropolis. 4. FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM (born in 1820), lieutenant-colonel in the Indian army, editor of the dramatic works of Marlowe, Massinger, and Ben Johnson, contributor to various literary periodicals, &c. Colonel Cunningham died Dec. 3, 1875.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL (1797-1835) was born in Glasgow, but, after his eleventh year, was brought up under the care of an uncle in Paisley. At the age of twenty-one, he was appointed deputy to the sheriff-clerk at that town. He early evinced a love of poetry, and in 1819 became editor of a miscellany entitled the 'Harp of Renfrewshire.' A taste for antiquarian research—

Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose—

divided with the muse the empire of Motherwell's genius, and he attained an unusually familiar acquaintance with the early history of our native literature, particularly in the department of traditionary poetry. The results of this erudition appeared in 'Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern' (1827), a collection of Scottish ballads, prefaced by a historical introduction, which must be the basis of all future investigations into the subject. In the following year he became editor of a weekly journal in Paisley, and established a magazine there, to which he contributed some of his happiest poetical effusions. The talent and spirit which he evinced in his editorial duties, were the means of advancing him to the more important office of conducting the 'Glasgow Courier,' in which situation he continued till his death. In 1832 he collected and published his poems in one volume. He also joined with Hogg in editing the works of Burns; and he was collecting materials for a Life of Tannahill, when he was suddenly cut off by a fit of apoplexy at the early age of thirty-eight. The taste, enthusiasm, and social qualities of Motherwell, rendered him very popular among his townsmen and friends. As an antiquary, he was shrewd, indefatigable, and truthful. As a poet, he was happiest in pathetic or sentimental lyrics, though his own inclinations led him to prefer the chivalrous and martial style of the old minstrels.

From 'Jeanie Morrison.'

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget

The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond love grows cool.

O dear, dear, Jeanie Morrison,
 The thoughts o' bygone years
 Still fling their shadows ower my path,
 And blind my een wi' tears!
 They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
 And sair and sick I pine,
 As memory idly summons up
 The blithe blinks o' langsyne. . .

Oh, mind ye, love, how aft we left
 'The deavin' dunsom toun,
 To wander by the green burn-side,
 And hear its water croon?
 The slunner leaves hung ower our heads,
 And in the gloamin' o' the wood
 The throssil whistled sweet.

The throssil whistled in the wood
 The burn sung to the trees,
 And we with Nature's heart in tune,
 Concerted harmonies;
 And on the knowe aboon the burn,
 For hours thegither sat
 In the silentness o' joy, till baith
 Wi' very gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Tears tinkled down your cheek,
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
 Had ony power to speak!

That was a time, a blessed time,
 When hearts were fresh and young,
 When freely gushed all feelings forth,
 Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
 Gin I hae been to thee
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
 As ye hae been to me?
 Oh, tell me gin their music fills
 Thine ear as it is does mine;
 Oh, say gin e'er your heart grows great
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
 I've borne a weary lot;
 But in my wanderings, far or near,
 Ye never were forgot.
 The fount that first burst frae this heart,
 Still travels on its way;
 And channels deeper as it rins,
 The love o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Since we were sindered young,
 I've never seen your face, nor heard
 The music o' your tongue;
 But I could hug all wretchedness,
 And happy could I dee,
 Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
 O' bygone days and me!

The Midnight Wind.

Mournfully, oh, mournfully
 This midnight wind doth sigh,
 Like some sweet plaintive melody
 Of ages long gone by:
 It speaks a tale of other years—
 Or hopes that bloomed to die—
 Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
 And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully, oh, mournfully
 This midnight wind doth moan;
 It stirs some chord of memory
 In each dull heavy tone.

The voices of the much-loved dead
 Seem floating thereupon—
 All, all my fond heart cherished
 Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully, oh, mournfully
 This midnight wind doth swell,
 With its quaint pensive minstrelsy,
 Hope's passionate farewell
 To the dreamy joys of early years,
 Ere yet grief's canker fell
 On the heart's bloom—ay, well may tears
 Start at that parting knell!

Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi.

'Tis not the gray hawk's flight o'er mountain and mere;
 'Tis not the fleet hound's course, tracking the deer;
 'Tis not the light hoof-print of black steed or gray,
 Though sweltering it gallop a long summer's day,
 Which mete forth the lordships I challenge as mine
 Ha! ha! 'tis the good brand
 I clutch in my strong hand,
 That can their broad marches and numbers define.
 LAND GIVER! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses, base tillers of earth,
 Gaping, ask me what lordships I owned at my birth;
 But the pale fools wax mute when I point with my sword

East, west, north, and south, shouting : 'There am I lord !'
 Wold and waste, town and tower, hill, valley, and stream,
 Trembling, bow to my sway,
 In the fierce battle fray,
 When the star that rules fate is this falchion's red gleam.
MIGHT GIVER ! I kiss thee !

I've heard great harps sounding in brave bower and hall ;
 I've drank the sweet music that bright lips let fall ;
 I've hunted in greenwood, and heard small birds sing ;
 But away with this idle and cold jargonning !
 The music I love is the shout of the brave,
 The yell of the dying,
 The scream of the flying,
 When this arm wields Death's sickle, and garners the grave.
JOY GIVER ! I kiss thee.

Far isles of the ocean thy lightning hath known,
 And wide o'er the mainland thy horrors have shone.
 Great sword of my father, stern joy of his hand !
 Thou hast carved his name deep on the stranger's red strand,
 And won him the glory of undying song.
 Keen cleaver of gay crests,
 Sharp piercer of broad breasts,
 Grim slayer of heroes, and scourge of the strong !
FAME GIVER ! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding than that the heart knows
 For maiden more lovely than summer's first rose,
 My heart's knit to thine, and lives but for thee ;
 In dreamings of gladness thou'rt dancing with me,
 Brave measures of madness, in some battle-field,
 Where armour is ringing,
 And noble blood springing,
 And cloven, yawn helmet, stout hauberk, and shield
DEATH GIVER ! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye soon may depart ;
 And light is the faith of fair woman's heart ;
 Changeful as light clouds, and wayward as wind,
 Be the passions that govern weak woman's mind.
 But thy metal's as true as its polish is bright :
 When ill's wax in number,
 Thy love will not slumber ;
 But, starlike, burns fiercer the darker the night.
HEART GLADDENER ! I kiss thee.

My kindred have perished by war or by wave ;
 Now, childless and sireless, I long for the grave.
 When the path of our glory is shadowed in death,
 With me thou wilt slumber below the brown heath ;
 Thou wilt rest on my bosom, and with it decay ;
 While harps shall be ringing,
 And Scalds shall be singing
 The deeds we have done in our old fearless day.
SONG GIVER ! I kiss thee.

ROBERT NICOLL.

ROBERT NICOLL (1814-1837) was a young man of high promise and amiable disposition, who cultivated literature amidst many dis-

ble employments, during which he steadily cultivated his mind by reading and writing, he assumed the editorship of the 'Leeds Times,' a weekly paper representing the extreme of the liberal class of opinions. He wrote as one of the three hundred might be supposed to have fought at Thermopylæ, animated by the pure love of his species, and zeal for what he thought the people's interests! The poet died deeply regretted by the numerous friends whom his talents and virtues had drawn around him. Nicoll's poems are short occasional pieces and songs—the latter much inferior to his serious poems, yet sometimes displaying happy rural imagery and fancy.

We are Brethren a'.

A happy bit hame this auld world would be,
If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree,
An' ilk said to his neighbour, in cottage an' ha',
'Come, gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.'

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make a'body cosie an' right,
When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best way ava,
To say: 'Gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.'

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine,
An' I maun drink water, while you may drink wine;
But we baith hae a leal heart, unspotted to shaw:
Sae gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side;
Sae would I, an' nought else would I value a straw;
Then gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman or man;
I haud by the right aye, as weel as I can;
We are ane in our joys, our affections, an' a';
Come, gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Your mother has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do;
We are ane high an' laigh, an' we shouldna be twa;
Sae gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny an' fair;
Hame! oh, how we love it, an' a' that are there!
Frae the pure air of heaven the same life we draw—
Come, gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Frail shakin' auld Age will soon come o'er us baith,
An' creeping alang at his back will be Death;
Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa':
Come, gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

WILLIAM TENNANT.

In 1812 appeared a singular mock-heroic poem, 'Anster Fair,' written in the *ottava rima stanza*, since made so popular by Byron in his 'Beppo' and 'Don Juan.' The subject was the marriage of Maggie Lauder, the famous heroine of Scottish song; but the author wrote not for the multitude familiar with Maggie's rustic glory; he

aimed at pleasing the admirers of that refined conventional poetry, half serious and sentimental, and half ludicrous and satirical, which was cultivated by Berni, Ariosto, and the lighter poets of Italy. There was classic imagery on familiar subjects—supernatural machinery (as in the ‘Rape of the Lock’) blended with the ordinary details of domestic life, and with lively and fanciful description. An exuberance of animal spirits seemed to carry the author over the most perilous ascents, and his wit and fancy were rarely at fault. Such a pleasant sparkling volume, in a style then unhackneyed, was sure of success. ‘Anster Fair’ sold rapidly, and has since been often republished. The author, WILLIAM TENNANT, was a native of Anstruther, or Anster, born in 1785, who, whilst filling the situation of clerk in a mercantile house, studied ancient and modern literature, and taught himself Hebrew. His attainments were rewarded in 1813 with an appointment as parish schoolmaster, to which was attached a salary of £40 per annum—a reward not unlike that conferred on Mr. Abraham Adams in ‘Joseph Andrews,’ who, being a scholar and man of virtue, was ‘provided with a handsome income of £23 a year, which, however, he could not make a great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children.’ The author of ‘Anster Fair’ was afterwards appointed to a more eligible and becoming situation—teacher of classical and oriental languages in Dollar Institution, and finally professor in oriental languages in St. Mary’s College, St. Andrews. He died in 1848. Mr. Tennant published some other poetical works—a tragedy on the story of Cardinal Beaton, and two poems, the ‘Thane of Fife,’ and the ‘Dinging Down of the Cathedral.’ It was said of Sir David Wilkie that he took most of the figures in his pictures from living characters in the country of Fife, familiar to him in his youth: it is more certain that Mr. Tennant’s poems are all on native subjects in the same district. Indeed, their strict locality has been against their popularity; but ‘Anster Fair’ is the most diversified and richly humorous of them all, and besides being an animated, witty and agreeable poem, it has the merit of being the first work of the kind in our language. The Monks and Giants of Frere, from which Byron avowedly drew his ‘Beppo,’ did not appear till some time after Mr. Tennant’s poem. Of the higher and more poetical parts of ‘Anster Fair,’ we subjoin a specimen:

Summer Morning.

I wish I had a cottage snug and neat
 Upon the top of many-fountained Ide,
 That I might thence, in holy fervour, greet
 The bright-gowned Morning tripping up her side :
 And when the low Sun’s glory-buskin’d feet
 Walk on the blue wave of the Ægean tide,
 Oh, I would kneel me down, and worship there
 The God who garnished out a world so bright and fair !

The saffron-elbowed Morning up the slope
 Of heaven canaries in her jewelled shoes,
 And throws o'er Kelly-law's sheep-nibbled top
 Her golden apron dripping kindly dews;
 And never, since she first began to hop
 Up heaven's blue causeway, of her beams profuse,
 Shone there a dawn so glorious and so gay,
 As shines the merry dawn of Anster market-day.

Round through the vast circumference of sky
 One speck of small cloud cannot eye behold,
 Save in the east some fleeces bright of dye,
 That stripe the hem of heaven with woolly gold,
 Whereon are happy angels wont to lie
 Lolling, in amaranthine flowers enrolled,
 That they may spy the precious light of God,
 Flung from the blessed east o'er the fair Earth abroad.

The fair Earth laughs through all her boundless range,
 Heaving her green hills high to greet the beam;
 City and village, steeple, cot, and grange,
 Gilt as with Nature's purest leaf-gold seem;
 The heaths and upland muirs, and fallows, change
 Their barren brown into a ruddy gleam,
 And on ten thousand dew-bent leaves and sprays,
 Twinkle ten thousand suns, and fling their pretty rays.

Up from their nests and fields of tender corn
 Full merrily the little skylarks spring,
 And on their dew-bedabbled pinions borne,
 Mount to the heavens blue keystone flickering;
 They turn their plume-soft bosoms to the morn,
 And hail the genial light, and cheer'ly sing;
 Echo the gladsome hills and valleys round,
 As half the bells of Fife ring loud and swell the sound.

For when the first upsloping ray was flung
 On Anster steeple's swallow-harbouring top,
 Its bell and all the bells around were rung
 Sonorous, jangling, loud, without a stop;
 For, toilingly, each bitter beadle swung,
 Even till he smoked with sweat, his greasy rope,
 And almost broke his bell-wheel, ushering in
 The morn of Anster Fair with tinkle-tankling din.

And, from our steeple's pinnacle outspread,
 The town's long colours flare and flop on high,
 Whose anchor, blazoned fair in green and red,
 Curls, pliant to each breeze that whistles by;
 Whilst on the boltsprit, stern, and topmast head
 Of brig and sloop that in the harbour lie,
 Streams the red gaudery of flags in air,
 All to salute and grace the morn of Anster Fair.

The description of the heroine is passionate and imaginative.

Description of Maggie Lauder.

Her form was as the Morning's blithesome star,
 That, capped with lustrous coronet of beams,
 Rides up the dawning orient in her car,
 New-washed, and doubly fulgent from the streams—

The Chaldee shepherd eyes her light afar,
 And on his knees adores her as she gleams;
 So shone the stately form of Maggie Lauder,
 And so the admiring crowds pay homage and applaud her.

Each little step her trampling palfrey took,
 Shaked her majestic person into grace,
 And as at times his glossy sides she strook
 Endearingly with whip's green silken lace—
 The prancer seemed to court such kind rebuke,
 Loitering with wilful tardiness of pace—
 By Jove, the very waving of her arm,
 Had power a brutish lout to unbrutify and charm!

Her face was as the summer cloud, whereon
 The dawning sun delights to rest his rays!
 Compared with it, old Sharou's vale, o'ergrown
 With flaunting roses, had resigned its praise;
 For why? Her face with heaven's own roses shone,
 Mocking the morn. and witching men to gaze:
 And that he gazed with cold unsmiten soul,
 That blockhead's heart was ice thrice baked beneath the Pole.

Her locks, apparent tufts of wiry gold,
 Lay on her lily temples, fairly dangling,
 And on each hair, so harmless to behold,
 A lover's soul hung mercilessly strangling;
 The piping silly zephyrs vied to unfold
 The tresses in their arms so slim and tangling,
 And thrid in sport these lover-noosing snares,
 And played at hide-and-seek amid the golden hairs.

Her eye was as an honoured palace, where
 A choir of lightsome Graces frisk and dance;
 What object drew her gaze, how mean soe'er,
 Got dignity and honour from the glance;
 Woe to the man on whom she unaware
 Did the dear witchery of her eye elance!
 'Twas such a thrilling, killing, keen regard—
 May Heaven from such a look preserve each tender bard!

His humour and lively characteristic painting are well displayed in the account of the different parties who, gay and fantastic, flock to the fair, as Chaucer's pilgrims did to the shrine of Thomas à Becket.

Parties travelling to the Fair.

Comes next from Ross-shire and from Sutherland
 The horny-knuckled kilted Highlandman:
 From where upon the rocky Caithness strand
 Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began,
 And where Lochline from her prolific sand
 Her herrings gives to feed each bordering clan,
 Arrive the brogue-shod men of generous eye,
 Plaided and breechless all, with Esau's hairy thigh.

They come not now to fire the Lowland stacks,
 Or foray on the banks of Forth's firth;
 Claymore and broadsword, and Lochaber axe,
 Are left to rust above the smoky hearth;
 Their only arms are bagpipes now and sacks;
 Their teeth are set most desperately for mirth;

And at their broad and sturdy backs are hung
Great wallets, crammed with cheese and bannocks and cold tongue.

Nor staid away the Islanders, that lie
To buffet of the Atlantic surge exposed;
From Jura, Arran, Barra, Uist, and Skye,
Piping they come, unshaved, unbreeched, unhosed;
And from that Isle, whose abbey, structured high,
Within its precincts holds dead kings inclosed,
Where St. Columba oft is seen to waddle,
Gowned round with flaming fire, upon the spire astraddle.

Next from the far-famed ancient town of Ayr—
Sweet Ayr! with crops of ruddy damsels blest,
That, shooting up, and waxing fat and fair,
Shine on thy braes, the lilies of the west!—
And from Dumfries, and from Kilmarnock—where
Are night-caps made, the cheapest and the best—
Blithely they ride on ass and mule, with sacks
In lieu of saddles placed upon their asses' backs.

Close at their heels, bestriding well-trapped nag,
Or humbly riding ass's backbone bare,
Come Glasgow's merchants, each with money-bag,
To purchase Dutch lint-seed at Anster Fair—
Sagacious fellows all, who well may brag
Of virtuous industry and talents rare;
The accomplished men o' the counting-room confessed,
And fit to crack a joke or argue with the best.

Nor keep their homes the Borderers, that stay
Where purls the Jed, and Esk, and little Liddel,
Men that can rarely on the bagpipe play.
And wake the unsober spirit of the fiddle;
Avowed freebooters, that have many a day
Stolen sheep and cow, yet never owned they did ill;
Great rogues, for sure that wight is but a rogue
That blots the eighth command from Moses' decalogue.

And some of them in sloop of tarry side,
Come from North-Berwick harbour sailing out;
Others, abhorrent of the sickening tide,
Have ta'en the road by Stirling Brig about,
And eastward now from long Kirkcaldy ride,
Slugging on their slow-gaited asses stout,
While dangling at their backs are bagpipes hung,
And dangling hangs a tale on every rhymers' tongue.

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

ROBERT GILFILLAN (1798-1850) was a native of Dunfermline. He was long clerk to a wine-merchant in Leith, and afterwards collector of poor-rates in the same town. His 'Poems and Songs' have passed through three editions. The songs of Mr. Gilfillan are marked by gentle and kindly feelings and a smooth flow of versification, which makes them eminently suitable for being set to music.

The Exile's Song.

Oh, why left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh, why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?

I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie!

The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs;
And, to the Indian maid,
The bulbul sweetly sings;
But I dinna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie!

Oh, here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
Amang the yellow corn:

For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slavery;
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie!

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain.
But the first joys o' our heart
Come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea;
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie!

In the days o' Langsyne.

In the days o' langsyne, when we carles was young,
An' nae foreign fashions among us had sprung;
When we made our aine bannocks, an' brewed our aine yill,
An' were clad frae the sheep that gaed white on the hill;
Oh, the thochet o' thae days gars my auld heart aye fill!

In the days o' langsyne we were happy an' free,
Proud lords on the land, an' kings on the sea!
To our foes we were fierce, to our friends we were kind,
An' where battle raged loudest, you ever did find
The banner of Scotland float high in the wind!

In the days o' langsyne we aye ranted an' sang
By the warm ingle-side, or the wild braes amang;
Our lads busked braw, an' our lasses looked fine,
An' the sun on our mountains seemed ever to shine;
Oh, where is the Scotland o' bonny langsyne?

In the days o' langsyne ilka glen had its tale,
Sweet voices were heard in ilk breath o' the gale;
An' ilka we burn had a sang o' its ain,
As it trotted along through the valley or plain
Shall we e'er hear the music o' streamlets again?

In the days o' langsyne there were feasting an' glie,
Wi' pride in ilk heart, an' joy in ilk ee;
An' the auld, 'mang the nappy, their eild seemed to tyne,
It was your stoup the nicht, an' the morn it was mine;
Oh, the days o' langsyne!—Oh, the days o' langsyne!

The Hills o' Gallowa'.—By THOMAS MOUNCEY CUNNINGHAM.

Thomas Cunningham was the senior of his brother Allan by some years, and was a copious author in prose and verse, though with an undistinguished name, long before the author of the 'Lives of British Painters' was known. He died in 1834, aged sixty-eight.

Amang the birks sae blithe and gay,
I met my Julia hameward gaun;
The linties chantit on the spray,
The lammies loupit on the lawn;
On ilka howm the sward was mawn.
The braes wi' gowans buskit braw,
And gloamin's plaid o' gray was thrawn
Out ower the hills o' Gallowa'.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,
And fragrance winged along the lea,

As down we sat the flowers amang,
Upon the banks o' stately Dee,
My Julia's arms encircled me,
And safty slade the hours awa',
Till dawning coost a glimmerin' ee
Upon the hills o' Gallowa'.

It isna owsen, sheep, and kee,
It isna gowd, it isna gear,
This lifted ee wad hae, quoth I,
The warld's drumlie gloom to cheer.

But gie to me my Julia dear,
Ye powers wha row this yirthen ba',
And oh, sae blithe through life I'll steer
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'

And sing the streams, the straths, and
howes,
The hills and dales o' Gallowa'!

Whan gloamin' dauners up the hill,
And our gudeman ca's hame the yowes,
Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill
That ower the muir meandering rows;
Or, tint amang the scroggy knowes,
My birkin pipe I'll sweetly blaw,

And when auld Scotland's beathy hills,
Her rural nymphs and joyous swains,
Her flowery wilds and wimpling rills,
Awake nae mair my canty strains,
Where friendship dwells and freedom
reigns,
Where heather blooms and muircocks
craw,
Oh, dig my grave, and hide my banes
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'!

Lucy's Flittin'.—By WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

William Laidlaw was son of the Ettrick Shepherd's master at Blackhouse. All who have read Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, know how closely Mr Laidlaw was connected with the illustrious baronet of Abbotsford. He was his companion in some of his early wanderings, his friend and land-steward in advanced years, his amanuensis in the composition of some of his novels, and he was one of the few who watched over his last sad and painful moments. *Lucy's Flittin'* is deservedly popular for its unaffected tenderness and simplicity. Mr Laidlaw died at Contin, in Ross-shire, May 18, 1845.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was fa'in,
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy rowed up her wee kist wi' her a' in 't,
And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear:
For Lucy had served i' the Glen a' the simmer;
She cam there afore the bloom cam on the pea;
An orphan was she, and they had been gude till her;
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her ee.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin';
Richt sair was his kind heart her flittin' to see;
'Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!' quo' Jamie, and ran in;
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae her ee.
As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
'Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!' was ilka bird's sang;
She heard the craw sayin't, high on the tree sittin',
And Robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

'Oh, what is 't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my ee?
If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see;
I fear I hae tint my puir heart a' thegither,
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.

'Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae rowed up the ribbon,
The bonny blue ribbon that Jamie gae me;
Yestreen, when he gae me 't, and saw I was sabbin',
I'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.
Though now he said naething but "Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!"
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see:
He couldna say mair but just "Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!"
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

'The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's droukit;
The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea;

But Lucy likes Jamie ;'—she turned and she lookit,
 She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.
 Ah, weel my young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless !
 And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn !
 For bonny sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
 Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return !*

The Brownie of Blednoch.

By WILLIAM NICHOLSON, known as the 'Galloway Poet,' who, after an irregular, dissipated life, died a pauper in 1849.

There cam a strange wight to our town-en',
 An' the fient a body did him ken ;
 He tirl'd na lang, but he gild'd ben
 Wi' a dreary, dreary hum.

His face did glow like the glow o' the west,
 When the drumly cloud has it half o'ercast ;
 Or the struggling moon when she's sair distrest.
 O sirs, 'twas Aiken-drum.

I trow the banldest stood aback,
 Wi' a gape an' a glower till their lugs did crack,
 As the shapeless phantom mum'ling spak—
 'Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum ?'

Oh, had ye seen the bairns's fright,
 As they stared at this wild and unyirthly wight ;
 As they skulkit in 'ween the dark and the light,
 And gran'd out, 'Aiken-drum !' . . .

The black dog growling cower'd his tail,
 The lassie swarfed, loot fa' the pail ;
 Rob's lingle brak as he mendit the flail,
 At the sight o' Aiken-drum.

His matted head on his breast did rest,
 A lang blue beard wan'ered down like a vest ;
 But the glare o' his ee hath nae bard exprest,
 Nor the skimes o' Aiken-drum.

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen
 But a philabeg o' the rashes green,
 An' his knotted knees played aye knoit between
 What a sight was Aiken-drum !

On his wauchie arms three claws did meet,
 As they trall'd on the grun' by his taeless feet ;
 E'en the auld gudeman himsel' did sweat,
 To look at Aiken-drum.

But he drew a score, himsel' did sain ;
 The auld wife tried, but her tongue was gane ;
 While the young ane closer clasped her wean,
 And turned frae Aiken-drum.

But the canty auld wife cam till her breath,
 And she thocht the Bible might ward aff scaith,
 Be it benshee, bogle, ghaist, or wraith—
 But it feared na Aiken-drum.

* The last four lines were added by Hogg to 'complete the story,' though in reality it was complete with the account of the fitting.

'His presence protect us!' quoth the auld gudeman;
 'What wad ye, whare won ye, by sea or by lan'?'
 I conjure ye—speak—by the beuk in my han'!
 What a grane gae Aiken-drum!

'I lived in a lan' where we saw nae sky,
 I dwalt in a spot where a burn rins na by;
 But I 'se dwall now wi' you if ye like to try—
 Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?

'I'll shiel a' your sheep i' the mornin' sune,
 I'll berry your crap by the light o' the moon,
 An' ba the bairns wi' an unkenned tune,
 If ye'll keep puir Aiken-drum.

'I'll loup the linn when ye canna wade,
 I'll kirk the kirk, an' I'll turn the bread;
 An' the wildest filly that ever ran rede,
 I 'se tame 't, quoth Aiken-drum.

'To wear the tod frae the flock on the fell,
 To gather the dew frae the heather-bell,
 An' to look at my face in your clear crystal well,
 Might gie pleasure to Aiken-drum.

'I 'se seek nae guid, gear, bond, nor mark
 I use nae beddin,' shoon, nor sark;
 But a cogfu' o' brose 'tween the light an' the dark,
 Is the wage o' Aiken-drum.'

Quoth the wylie auld wife; 'The thing speaks weel;
 Our workers are scant—we hae routh o' meal;
 Gif he'll do as he says—be he man, be he deil—
 Wow! we'll try this Aiken-drum.'

But the wenches skirled: 'He's no be here!
 His eldritch look gars us swarf wi' fear;
 An' the feint a ane will the house come near
 If they think but o' Aiken-drum.'

'Puir clippmalabors! ye hae little wit;
 Is'tna Hallowmas now, an' the crap out yet?'
 Sae she silenced them a' wi' a stamp o' her fit—
 'Sit yer wa's down, Aiken-drum.'

Roun' a' that side what wark was dune
 By the streamer's gleam, or the glance o' the moon
 A word, or a wish, an' the brownie cam sune,
 Sae helpfu' was Aiken-drum. . . .

On Blednoch banks, an' on crystal Cree,
 For mony a day a toiled wight was he;
 While the bairns played harmless roun' his knee,
 Sae social was Aiken-drum.

But a new-made wife, fu' o' rippish freaks,
 Fond o' a' things feat for the first five weeks,
 Laid a mouldy pair o' her ain man's breeks
 By the brose o' Aiken-drum.

Let the learned decide when they convene,
 What spell was him an' the breeks between;
 For frae that day forth he was nae mair seen,
 An' sair missed was Aiken-drum.

He was heard by a herd gaun by the Thrieve,
Crying: 'Lang, lang now may I greet an' grieve;
For, alas! I hae gotten baith fee an' leave—
Oh, luckless Aiken-drum!

Awa', ye wrangling sceptic tribe,
Wi' your pros an' your cons wad ye decide
'Gain the 'sponsible voice o' a hail country-side,
On the facts 'bout Aiken-drum!

Though the 'Brownie o' Blednoch' lang be gane,
The mark o' his feet's left on mony a stane;
An' mony a wife an' mony a wean
Tell the feats o' Aiken-drum.

E'en now, light loons that jibe an' sneer
At spiritual guests an' a' sic gear,
At the Glashnoch mill hae swat wi' fear,
An' looked roun' for Aiken-drum.

An' guidly folks hae gotten a fright,
When the moon was set, and the stars gied nae light,
At the roaring linn, in the howe o' the night,
Wi' sighs like Aiken-drum.

The Cameronian's Dream.—By JAMES HISLOP.

James Hislop was born of humble parents in the parish of Kirkconnel, in the neighbourhood of Sanquhar, near the source of the Nith, in July 1798. He was employed as a shepherd-boy in the vicinity of Airdsmoss, where, at the grave-stone of a party of slain Covenanters, he composed the following striking poem. He afterwards became a teacher, and his poetical effusions having attracted the favourable notice of Lord Jeffrey and other eminent literary characters, he was, through their influence, appointed schoolmaster, first on board the *Doris*, and subsequently the *Tweed* man-of-war. He died on the 4th December 1827, from fever caught by sleeping one night in the open air upon the island of St. Jago. His compositions display an elegant rather than a vigorous imagination, much chasteness of thought, and a pure, ardent love of nature.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood;
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew
Glistened there 'mong the heath-bells and mountain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud,
And in glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valleys breathed music and gladness
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness:
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, oh ! there were hearts cherished far other feelings
 Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
 Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
 For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying,
 Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl was crying,
 For the horsemen of Earlsall around them were hovering,
 And their bridle reins rung through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
 But the vengeance that darkened their brows was unbreathed;
 With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,
 They sung their last song to the God of Salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing
 The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
 But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
 As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were shrouded
 Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded.
 Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, firm and unbending,
 They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming.
 The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming.
 The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
 When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,
 A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;
 Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
 And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
 All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
 And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
 Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
 Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding;
 Glide swiftly, bright spirits ! the prize is before ye,
 A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory !

Song.—By JOSEPH TRAIN.

Mr. Train will be memorable in our literary history for the assistance he rendered to Sir Walter Scott in the contribution of some of the stories on which the Waverley novels were founded. He served for some time as a private soldier, but obtaining an appointment in the Excise, he rose to be a supervisor. He was a zealous and able antiquary, and author of a 'History of the Isle of Man,' and an account of a religious sect well known in the south of Scotland as 'The Buchanites.' Mr. Train died at Lochvale, Castle-Douglas, in 1852, aged seventy-three.

Wi' drums and pipes the clachan rang;
 I left my goats to wander wide;
 And e'en as fast as I could bang,
 I bickered down the mountain-side.
 My hazel rung and haslock plain
 Awa' I flang wi' cauld disdain,
 Resolved I would nae langer bide
 To do the auld thing o'er again.

Ye barons bold, whose turrets rise
 Aboon the wild woods white wi' snaw,
 I trow the laddies ye may prize,
 Wha fight your battles far awa'.
 Wi' them to stan', wi' them to fa',
 Courageously I crossed the main;
 To see, for Caledonia,
 The auld thing weel done o'er again.

Right far a-fel' I freely fought,
 'Gainst mony an outlandish loon;
 An' wi' my good claymore I've brought
 Mony a beardy birkie down :
 While I had pith to wield it roun',
 In battle I ne'er met wi' ane
 Could danton me, for Britain's crown,
 To do the same thing o'er again.

Although I'm marching life's last stage,
 Wi' sorrow crowded roun' my brow ;
 An' though the knapsack o' auld age
 Hangs heavy on my shoulders now—
 Yet recollection, ever new,
 Discharges a' my toil and pain,
 When fancy figures in my view
 The pleasant auld thing o'er again.

The great popularity of Burns's lyrics, co-operating with the national love of song and music, continued to call forth numerous Scottish poets, chiefly lyrical. A recent editor, Dr. Charles Rogers, has filled no less than six volumes with specimens of 'The Modern Scottish Minstrel, or the Songs of Scotland of the Past Half Century,' (1856-1857). Many of these were unworthy of resuscitation, but others are characterised by simplicity, tenderness, and pathetic feeling.

DRAMATISTS.

The popular dramatic art or talent is a rare gift. Some of the most eminent poets have failed in attempting to portray actual life and passion in interesting situations on the stage; and as Fielding and Smollett proved unsuccessful in comedy—though the former wrote a number of pieces—so Byron and Scott were found wanting in the qualities requisite for the tragic drama. 'It is evident,' says Campbell, 'that Melpomene demands on the stage something, and a good deal more than even poetical talent, rare as that is. She requires a potent and peculiar faculty for the invention of incident adapted to theatric effect; a faculty which may often exist in those who have been bred to the stage, but which, generally speaking, has seldom been shewn by any poets who were not professional players. There are exceptions to the remark, but there are not many. If Shakspeare had not been a player, he would not have been the dramatist that he is.' Dryden, Addison, and Congreve are exceptions to this rule; also Goldsmith in comedy, and, in our own day, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer in the romantic drama. The Colmans, Sheridan, Morton, and Reynolds never wore the sock or buskin; but they were either managers, or closely connected with the theatre.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Sheridan was early in the field as a dramatist, and both in wit and success eclipsed all his contemporaries. In January, 1775, his play of 'The Rivals' was brought out at Covent Garden. In this first effort of Sheridan—who was then in his twenty-fourth year—there is more humour than wit. He had copied some of his characters from 'Humphrey Clinker,' as the testy but generous Captain Absolute—

evidently borrowed from Matthew Bramble—and Mrs. Malaprop, whose mistakes in words are the echoes of Mrs. Winifred Jenkins' blunders. Some of these are farcical enough; but as Moore observes—and no man has made more use of similes than himself—the luckiness of Mrs. Malaprop's simile—'as headstrong as an *allegory* on the banks of the Nile'—will be acknowledged as long as there are writers to be run away with by the wilfulness of this truly headstrong species of composition. In the same year, 'St. Patrick's Day,' and 'The Duenna' were produced; the latter had a run of seventy-five nights! It certainly is greatly superior to 'The Beggar's Opera,' though not so general in its satire. In 1778, Sheridan wrote other two plays, 'The Trip to Scarborough' and 'The School for Scandal.' In plot, character, and incident, dialogue, humour, and wit, 'The School for Scandal' is acknowledged to surpass any comedy of modern times. It was carefully prepared by the author, who selected, arranged, and moulded his language with consummate taste, so as to form it into a transparent channel of his thoughts. Mr. Moore, in his 'Life of Sheridan,' gives some amusing instances of the various forms which a witticism or pointed remark assumed before its final adoption.

As, in his first comedy, Sheridan had taken hints from Smollett, in this, his last, he had recourse to Smollett's rival, or rather twin novelist, Fielding. The characters of Charles and Joseph Surface are evidently copies from those of Tom Jones and Blifil. Nor is the moral of the play an improvement on that of the novel. The careless extravagant rake is generous, warm-hearted, and fascinating; seriousness and gravity are rendered odious by being united to meanness and hypocrisy. The dramatic art of Sheridan is evinced in the ludicrous incidents and situations with which 'The School for Scandal' abounds: his genius shines forth in its witty dialogues. 'The entire comedy,' says Moore, 'is an El Dorado of wit, where the precious metal is thrown about by all classes as carelessly as if they had not the least idea of its value.' This fault is one not likely to be often committed! Some shorter pieces were afterwards written by Sheridan: 'The Camp,' a musical opera. and 'The Critic,' a witty afterpiece, in the manner of 'The Rehearsal.' The character of Sir Fretful Plagiary—intended, it is said, for Cumberland the dramatist—is one of the author's happiest efforts; and the schemes and contrivances of Puff the manager—such as making his theatrical clock strike four in a morning scene, 'to beget an awful attention' in the audience, and to 'save a description of the rising sun, and a great deal about gilding the eastern hemisphere'—are a felicitous combination of humour and satire. The scene in which Sneer mortifies the vanity of Sir Fretful, and Puff's description of his own mode of life by his proficiency in the art of puffing, are perhaps the best that Sheridan ever wrote.

*A Sensitive Author.—From 'The Critic.'**Enter SERVANT to DANGLE and SNEER.*

SERVANT. Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

DANGLE. Beg him to walk up. [*Exit Servant.*—Now, Mrs. Dangle, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

MRS. DANGLE. I confess he is a favourite of mine, because everybody else abuses him.

SNEER. Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment.

DAN. But, egad! he allows no merit to any author but himself; that's the truth on 't, though he's my friend.

SNEER. Never. He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty; and then the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any of his works, can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

DAN. Very true, egad! though he's my friend.

SNEER. Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures; though, at the same time, he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks like a scorched parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism: yet is he so covetous of popularity, that he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all.

DAN. There's no denying it; though he's my friend.

SNEER. You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

DAN. O yes: he sent it to me yesterday.

SNEER. Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

DAN. Why, between ourselves, egad! I must own—though he's my friend—that it is one of the most—he's here!—[*Aside*—finished and most admirable perform—SIR F. [*Without*] Mr. Sneer with him, did you say?*Enter SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY.*

DAN. Ah, my dear friend! Egad! we were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

SNEER. You never did anything beyond it, Sir Fretful; never in your life.

SIR F. You make me extremely happy; for, without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours; and Mr. Dangle's.

MRS. D. They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful; for it was but just now that—

DAN. Mrs. Dangle!—Ah! Sir Fretful, you know Mrs. Dangle. My friend Sneer was rallying just now. He knows how she admires you, and—

SIR F. O Lord! I am sure Mr. Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to—
A double-faced fellow! [*Aside.*]

DAN. Yes, yes; Sneer will jest, but a better-humoured—

SIR F. Oh, I know.

DAN. He has a ready turn for ridicule: his wit costs him nothing.

SIR F. No, egad! or I should wonder how he came by it. [*Aside.*]

MRS. D. Because his jest is always at the expense of his friend.

DAN. But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet? or can I be of any service to you? . . .

SIR F. Sincerely, then, you do like the piece?

SNEER. Wonderfully.

SIR F. But, come, now, there must be something that you think might be mended, eh?—Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

DAN. Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to—

SIR F. With most authors it is just so, indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious; but, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of shewing a work to a friend if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

SNEER. Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

SIR F. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

SNEER. I think it wants incident.

SIR F. Good God! you surprise me! wants incident?

SNEER. Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

SIR F. Good God! Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference; but I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded.—My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

DAN. Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

SIR F. Rises, I believe you mean, sir.

DAN. No; I don't, upon my word.

SIR F. Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul; it certainly don't fall off, I assure you; no, no, it don't fall off.

DAN. Now, Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

MRS. D. No, indeed, I did not. I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

SIR F. Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all!

MRS. D. Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

SIR F. Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

MRS. D. O lud! no. I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

SIR F. Then I am very happy—very happy indeed: because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play. I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but on these occasions the watch, you know, is the critic.

MRS. D. Then, I suppose it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawing manner of reading it to me.

SIR F. Oh, if Mr. Dangle read it, that's quite another affair; but I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

MRS. D. I hope to see it on the stage next.

[Exit.

DAN. Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

SIR F. The newspapers! sir, they are the most villainous, licentious, abominable, infernal—not that I ever read them; no, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

DAN. You are quite right; for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

SIR F. No; quite the contrary; their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric; I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

SNEER. Why, that's true; and that attack, now, on you the other day—

SIR F. What? where?

DAN. Ay, you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

SIR F. Oh, so much the better: ha, ha, ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise.

DAN. Certainly, it is only to be laughed at, for—

SIR F. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

SNEER. Pray, Dangle; Sir Fretful seems a little anxious—

SIR F. O lud, no! anxious? not I, not the least—I—but one may as well hear, you know.

DAN. Sneer, do you recollect? Make out something.

[Aside.

SNEER. I will. [To Dangle.] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

SIR F. Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

SNEER. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever, though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

SIR F. Ha, ha, ha! very good!

SNEER. That as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace-book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lost and Stolen Office.

SIR F. Ha, ha, ha! very pleasant!

SNEER. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to *steal* with taste; but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bad tavern's worst wine.

SIR F. Ha, ha!

SNEER. In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable if the thoughts were ever suited to the expressions; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms.

SIR F. Ha, ha!

SNEER. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakspeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

SIR F. Ha!—

SNEER. In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating, so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilise.

SIR F. [*After great agitation.*] Now, another person would be vexed at this.

SNEER. Oh, but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

SIR F. I know it. I *am* diverted—ha, ha, ha! Not the least invention! ha, ha, ha!—very good, very good!

SNEER. Yes; no genius! ha, ha, ha!

DAN. A severe rogue, ha, ha, ha!—but you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

SIR F. To be sure; for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and if it is abuse, why, one is always sure to hear of it from one d—d good-natured friend or another!

Anatomy of Character.—From 'The School for Scandal.'

MARIA enters to LADY SNEERWELL and JOSEPH SURFACE.

LADY SNEERWELL. Maria, my dear, how do you do? What's the matter?

MARIA. Oh, there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slipt out, and ran hither to avoid them.

LADY S. Is that all?

JOSEPH SURFACE. If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

LADY S. Nay, now you are severe; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard *you* were here. But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done that you should avoid him so?

MARIA. Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis for what he has said: his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

JOSEPH S. Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him—for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend; and his uncle Crabtree's as bad.

LADY S. Nay, but we should make allowance. Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

MARIA. For my part, I own, madam, wit loses its respect with me when I see it in company with malice.—What do you think, Mr. Surface?

JOSEPH S. Certainly madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

LADY S. Pshaw!—there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill-nature: the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick.—What's your opinion, Mr. Surface?

JOSEPH S. To be sure, madam; that conversation where the spirit of railery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

MARIA. Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalry, and a thousand little motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Madam, Mrs. Candour is below, and if your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

LADY S. Beg her to walk in. [*Exit Servant.*—Now, Maria, however, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs. Candour is a little talkative, everybody allows her to be the best-natured and best sort of woman.

MARIA. Yes—with a very gross affectation of good-nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

JOSEPH S. I' faith, that's true, Lady Sneerwell; whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

LADY S. Hush!—here she is!

Enter MRS. CANDOUR.

MRS. CANDOUR. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century?—Mr. Surface, what news do you hear?—though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

JOSEPH S. Just so, indeed, ma'am.

MRS. C. O Maria! child—What! is the whole affair off between you and Charles? His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else.

MARIA. I am very sorry, ma'am, the town has so little to do.

MRS. C. True, true, child; but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

MARIA. 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

MRS. C. Very true, child; but what's to be done? People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Fiddlestick Flirt. But there's no minding what one hears; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

MARIA. Such reports are highly scandalous.

MRS. C. So they are, child—shameful, shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes. Well, now, who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet, such is the ill-nature of people, that they say her uncle stooped her last week, just as she was stepping into the York mail with her dancing-master.

MARIA. I'll answer for 't there are no grounds for that report.

MRS. C. Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino; though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

JOSEPH S. The license of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

MARIA. 'Tis so—but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

MRS. C. To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers—'tis an old observation, and a very true one. But what's to be done, as I said before? how will you prevent people from talking? To-day, Mrs. Clackitt assured me Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

JOSEPH S. Ah, Mrs. Candour, if everybody had your forbearance and good-nature!

MRS. C. I confess, Mr. Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best. By the bye, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?

JOSEPH S. I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

MRS. C. Ah! I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; everybody

almost is in the same way—Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, Captain Quinze, and Mr. Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week; so, if Charles is undone, he'll find half of his acquaintance ruined too; and that, you know, is a consolation.

JOSEPH S. Doubtless, ma'am—a very great one.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite.

[Exit Servant.]

LADY S. So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you shan't escape.

Enter CRABTREE and SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.

CRABTREE. Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand.—Mrs. Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite. Egad! ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet too.—Isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

SIR BENJAMIN. O fie, uncle!

CRAB. Nay, egad! it's true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymers in the kingdom. Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire?—Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversazione. Come now; your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and—

SIR B. Uncle, now—prithee—

CRAB. I' faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at all these sort of things.

LADY S. I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish anything.

SIR B. To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. However, I have some love-epigrams, which, when favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public. *[Pointing to Maria.]*

CRAB. 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalize you! You will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

SIR B. *[To Maria.]* Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall murmur through a meadow of margin. 'Fore gad, they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

CRAB. But ladies, that's true—have you heard the news?

MRS. C. What, sir, do you mean the report of—

CRAB. No, ma'am, that's not it—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

MRS. C. Impossible!

CRAB. Ask Sir Benjamin.

SIR B. 'Tis very true, ma'am; everything is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoken.

CRAB. Yes; and they do say there were pressing reasons for it.

LADY S. Why I have heard something of this before.

MRS. C. It can't be; and I wonder any one should believe such a story of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

SIR B. O lud! ma'am, that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that everybody was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

MRS. C. Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robust characters of a hundred prudes.

SIR B. True, madam, there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

MRS. C. Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

CRAB. That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am. . . O lud! Mr. Surface, pray, it is true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

JOSEPH S. Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

CRAB. He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember

him, I believe. Sad comfort, whenever 'he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on.

JOSEPH S. Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

SIR B. To be sure he may; for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

CRAE. That's true, egad! nephew. If the Old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman; no man more popular there! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that, whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

SIR B. Yet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me, when he entertains his friends, he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

JOSEPH S. This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen; but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

MARIA. [*Aside.*] Their malice is intolerable. [*Aloud*] Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning: I'm not very well. [*Exit Maria.*]

MRS. C. O dear! she changes colour very much.

LADY S. Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her: she may want your assistance.

MRS. C. That I will, with all my soul, ma'am. Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be! [*Exit Mrs. Candour.*]

Towards the close of the century, plays translated from the German were introduced. Amidst much false and exaggerated sentiment, they appealed to the stronger sympathies of our nature, and drew crowded audiences to the theatres. One of the first of these plays was 'The Stranger,' said to be translated by Benjamin Thompson; but the greater part of it as it was acted was the production of Sheridan. It is a drama of domestic life, not very moral or beneficial in its tendencies—for it is calculated to palliate our detestation of adultery—yet abounding in scenes of tenderness and surprise, well adapted to produce effect on the stage. The principal characters were acted by Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, and when it was brought out in the season of 1797-98, it was received with immense applause. In 1799, Sheridan adapted another of Kotzebue's plays, 'Pizarro,' which experienced still greater success. In the former drama, the German author had violated the proprieties of our moral code, by making an injured husband take back his guilty though penitent wife; and in 'Pizarro' he has invested a fallen female with tenderness, compassion, and heroism. The obtrusion of such a character as a prominent figure in the scene was at least indelicate; but, in the hands of Mrs. Siddons, the taint was scarcely perceived, and Sheridan had softened down the most objectionable parts.

The play was produced with all the aids of splendid scenery, music, and fine acting, and these, together with its displays of generous and heroic feeling on the part of Rolla, and of parental affection in Alonzo and Cora, were calculated to lead captive an English audience. 'Its subject was also new and peculiarly fortunate. It brought the adventures of the most romantic kingdom of Christendom—Spain—into picturesque combination with the simplicity and superstitions of the transatlantic world; and gave the imagination a

new and fresh empire of paganism, with its temples, and rites, and altars, without the stale associations of pedantry.' Some of the sentiments and descriptions in 'Pizarro' are said to have originally formed part of Sheridan's famous speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings. They are often inflated and bombastic, and full of rhetorical glitter. Thus Rolla soliloquises in Alonzo's dungeon: 'O holy Nature! thou dost never plead in vain. There is not of our earth a creature, bearing form and life, human or savage, native of the forest wild or giddy air, around whose parent bosom *thou* hast not a cord entwined of power to tie them to their offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pinions borne, the blood-stained vulture cleaves the storm, yet is the plumage closest to her heart soft as the cygnet's down; and o'er her unshelled brood the murmuring ring-dove sits not more gently.'

Or the speech of Rolla to the Peruvian army at the consecration of the banners:

Rolla's Address to the Peruvian Army.

My brave associates! partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No! *you* have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate *their* minds and *ours*. *They*, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule. *We*, for our country, our altars, and our homes. *They* follow an adventurer whom they fear, and a power which they hate. *We* serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore! Where'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress; where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error. Yes, *they* will give enlightened freedom to *our* minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice and pride! They offer us their protection; yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this: The throne *we* honour is the people's choice; the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hopes of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change, and least of all such change as they would bring us.

Animated apostrophes like these, rolled from the lips of Kemble, and applied, in those days of war, to British valour and patriotism arrayed against France, could hardly fail of an enthusiastic reception. The oratory of Sheridan had always something theatrical in its substance and manner, though he was a popular and often eloquent speaker in the House of Commons. His celebrated address on the occasion of Warren Hastings' trial, at the point relative to the Begum Princess of Oude, was eulogized by Fox as a matchless piece of eloquence. The following passages seem to smack of the stage.

Extracts from Speech against Warren Hastings.

Filial Piety! It is the primal bond of society—it is that instinctive principle which, panting for its proper good, soothes, unbidden, each sense and sensibility of man!—it now quivers on every lip!—it now beams from every eye!—it is an eman-

ation of that gratitude which, softening under the sense of recollected good, is eager to own the vast countless debt it ne'er, alas! can pay, for so many long years of unceasing sollicitudes, honourable self-denials, life-preserving cares!—it is that part of our practice where duty drops its awe!—where reverence refines into love! It asks no aid of memory!—it needs not the deductions of reason!—pre-existing, paramount over all, whether law or human rule, few arguments can increase, and none can diminish it!—it is the sacrament of our nature!—not only the duty, but the indulgence of man—it is his first great privilege—it is amongst his last most endearing delights!—it causes the bosom to glow with reverberated love!—it requires the visitations of nature, and returns the blessings that have been received!—it fires emotion into vital principle!—it renders habituated instinct into a master-passion—sways all the sweetest energies of man—hangs over each vicissitude of all that must pass away—aids the melancholy virtues in their last sad tasks of life, to cheer the languors of decrepitude and age—explores the thought—elucidates the asking eye!—and breathes sweet consolation even in the awful moment of dissolution! . . .

O Faith! O Justice! I conjure you by your sacred names to depart for a moment from this place, though it be your peculiar residence; nor hear your names profaned by such a sacrilegious combination as that which I am now compelled to repeat!—where all the fair forms of nature and art, truth and peace, policy and honour, shrunk back aghast from the deleterious shade!—where all existences, nefarious and vile, had sway—where, amidst the black agents on one side, and Middleton with Impey on the other, the toughest head, the most unfeeling heart! the great figure of the piece, characteristic in his place, stood aloof and independent from the puny profligacy in his train!—but far from idle and inactive—turning a malignant eye on all mischief that awaited him!—the multiplied apparatus of temporising expedients, and intimidating instruments! now cringing on his prey, and fawning on his vengeance!—now quickening the limping pace of craft, and forcing every stand that retiring nature can make in the heart! violating the attachments and the decorums of life! sacrificing every emotion of tenderness and honour! and flagitiously levelling all the distinctions of national characteristics! with a long catalogue of crimes and aggravations, beyond the reach of thought, for human malignity to perpetrate or human vengeance to punish!

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

The most able and successful comic dramatist of his day was GEORGE COLMAN, the younger, * who was born on the 21st of October 1762. The son of the author of 'The Jealous Wife' and 'Clandestine Marriage,' Colman had a hereditary attachment to the drama. He was educated at Westminster School, and afterwards entered of Christ's Church College, Oxford; but his idleness and dissipation at the university led his father to withdraw him from Oxford, and banish him to Aberdeen. Here he was distinguished for his eccentric dress and folly, but he also applied himself to his classical and other studies. At Aberdeen he published a poem on Charles James Fox, entitled 'The Man of the People,' and wrote a musical farce, 'The Female Dramatist,' which his father brought out at the Haymarket Theatre, but it was condemned. A second dramatic attempt, entitled 'Two to One,' performed in 1784, enjoyed considerable success. This seems to have fixed his literary taste and inclinations; for though his father intended him for the bar, and entered him of Lincoln's Inn, the

* Colman added 'the younger' to his name after the condemnation of his play, *The Iron Chest*. 'Lest my father's memory,' he says, 'may be injured by mistakes, and in the confusion of aftertime the translator of Terence, and the author of *The Jealous Wife*, should be supposed guilty of *The Iron Chest*, I shall, were I to reach the patriarchal longevity of Methuselah, continue (in all my dramatic publications) to subscribe myself George Colman, the younger.'

drama engrossed his attention. In 1784, he contracted a thoughtless marriage with a Miss Catherine Morris, with whom he eloped to Gretna Green, and next year brought out a second musical comedy, 'Turk and no Turk.' His father, becoming incapacitated by attacks of paralysis, the younger Colman undertook the management of the theatre in Haymarket, and was thus fairly united to the stage and the drama. Various pieces proceeded from his pen: 'Inkle and Yarico,' a musical opera, brought out with success in 1787; 'Ways and Means,' a comedy, 1788; 'The Battle of Hexham,' 1789; 'The Surrender of Calais,' 1791; 'The Mountaineers,' 1793; 'The Iron Chest,'—founded on Godwin's novel of 'Caleb Williams,'—1796; 'The Heir at Law,' 1797; 'Blue Beard'—a mere piece of scenic display and music—1798; 'The Review, or the Wags of Windsor,' an excellent farce, 1798; 'The Poor Gentlemen,' a comedy, 1802; 'Love Laugh at Locksmiths,' a farce, 1803; 'Gay Deceivers,' a farce, 1804; 'John Bull,' a comedy, 1805; 'Who Wants a Guinea?' 1805; 'We Fly by Night,' a farce, 1806; 'The Africans,' a play, 1808; 'X Y Z,' a farce, 1810; 'The Law of Java,' a musical drama, 1822; &c.

No modern dramatist has added so many stock pieces to the theatre as Colman, or imparted so much genuine mirth and humour to all play-goers. His society was also much courted; he was a favourite with George IV., and, in conjunction with Sheridan, was wont to set the royal table in a roar. His gaiety, however, was not always allied to prudence, and theatrical property is a very precarious possession. As a manager, Colman got entangled in lawsuits, and was forced to reside in the King's Bench. The king stepped forward to relieve him, by appointing him to the situation of licenser and examiner of plays, an office worth from £300 to £400 a year. In this situation Colman incurred the enmity of several dramatic authors by the rigour with which he scrutinised their productions. His own plays are far from being strictly correct or moral, but not an oath or *double-entendre* was suffered to escape his expurgatorial pen as licenser, and he was peculiarly keen-scented in detecting all political allusions. Besides his numerous plays, Colman wrote some poetical traversities and pieces of levity, published under the title of 'My Nightgown and Slippers' (1797), which were afterwards republished (1802) with additions, and named 'Broad Grins;' also 'Poetical Vagaries,' 'Vagaries Vindicated,' and 'Eccentricities for Edinburgh.' In these, delicacy and decorum are often sacrificed to broad mirth and humour. The last work of the lively author was memoirs of his own early life and times, entitled 'Random Records,' and published in 1830. He died in London on the 26th October 1836. The comedies of Colman abound in witty and ludicrous delineations of character, interspersed with bursts of tenderness and feeling, somewhat in the style of Sterne, whom, indeed, he has closely copied in his 'Poor Gentleman.'

Sir Walter Scott has praised his 'John Bull' as by far the best

executed in the best possible taste; and the whimsical, yet native characters reflect the manners of real life. The sentimental parts, although one of them includes a finely wrought-up scene of paternal distress, partake of the *falsetto* of German pathos. But the piece is both humorous and affecting; and we readily excuse its obvious imperfections in consideration of its exciting our laughter and our tears.' The whimsical character of Ollapod in 'The Poor Gentleman' is one of Colman's most original and laughable conceptions; Pangloss, in 'The Heir at Law,' is also an excellent satirical portrait of a pedant—proud of being an LL. D., and, moreover, an A. double S.—and his Irishmen, Yorkshiremen, and country rustics—all admirably performed at the time—are highly entertaining, though overcharged portraits. A tendency to farce is indeed the besetting sin of Colman's comedies; and in his more serious plays, there is a curious mixture of prose and verse, high-toned sentiment and low humour. Their effect on the stage is, however, irresistible. In the character of Octavian, in 'The Mountaineers,' is a faithful sketch of John Kemble:

Lovely as day he was—but envious clouds
Have dimmed his lustre. He is as a rock
Opposed to the rude sea that beats against it;
Worn by the waves, yet still o'ertopping them
In sullen majesty. Rugged now his look—
For out, alas! calamity has blurred
The fairest pile of manly comeliness
That ever reared its lofty head to heaven!
'Tis not of late that I have heard his voice;
But if it be not changed—I think it cannot—
There is a melody in every tone
Would charm the towering eagle in her flight,
And tame a hungry lion.

From 'The Poor Gentleman.'

[SIR CHARLES CROPLAND at breakfast; his Valet-de-chambre adjusting his hair.]

SIR CHARLES. Has old Warner, the steward, been told that I arrived last night?

VALET. Yes, Sir Charles; with orders to attend you this morning.

SIR CHA. [*Yawning and stretching.*] What can a man of fashion do with himself in the country at this wretchedly dull time of the year?

VALET. It is very pleasant to-day out in the park, Sir Charles.

SIR CHA. Pleasant, you booby! How can the country be pleasant in the middle of the spring? All the world's in London.

VALET. I think, somehow, it looks so lively, Sir Charles, when the corn is coming up.

SIR CHA. Blockhead! Vegetation makes the face of a country look frightful. It spoils hunting. Yet, as my business on my estate here is to raise supplies for my pleasures elsewhere, my journey is a wise one. What day of the month was it yesterday when I left town on this wise expedition?

VALET. The first of April, Sir Charles.

SIR CHA. Umph! When Mr. Warner comes, shew him in.

VALET. I shall, Sir Charles.

SIR CHA. This same lumbering timber upon my ground has its merits. Trees are notes, issued from the bank of nature, and as current as those payable to Abraham

[Exit.]

Newland. I must get change for a few oaks, for I want cash consumedly.—So, Mr. Warner.

Enter WARNER.

WARNER. Your honour is right welcome into Kent. I am proud to see Sir Charles Cropland on his estate again. I hope you mean to stay on the spot for some time, Sir Charles.

SIR CHA. A very tedious time. Three days, Mr. Warner.

WARNER. Ah, good sir, things would prosper better if you honoured us with your presence a little more. I wish you lived entirely upon the estate, Sir Charles.

SIR CHA. Thank you, Warner; but modern men of fashion find it difficult to live upon their estates.

WARNER. The country about you so charming!

SIR CHA. Look ye, Warner—I must hunt in Leicestershire—for that's the thing. In the frosts and the spring months, I must be in town at the clubs—for that's the thing. In summer I must be at the watering-places—for that's the thing. Now, Warner, under these circumstances, how is it possible for me to reside upon my estate? For my estate being in Kent—

WARNER. The most beautiful part of the country.

SIR CHA. Pshaw, beauty! we don't mind that in Leicestershire. My estate, I say, being in Kent—

WARNER. A land of milk and honey!

SIR CHA. I hate milk and honey.

WARNER. A land of fat!

SIR CHA. Hang your fat! Listen to me. My estate being in Kent—

WARNER. So woody!

SIR CHA. Curse the wood! No—that's wrong; for it's convenient. I am come on purpose to cut it.

WARNER. Ah! I was afraid so! Dice on the table, and then the axe to the root! Money lost at play, and then, good lack! the forest groans for it.

SIR CHA. But you are not the forest, and why do you groan for it?

WARNER. I heartily wish, Sir Charles, you may not encumber the goodly estate. Your worthy ancestors had views for their posterity.

SIR CHA. And I shall have views for my posterity—I shall take special care the trees shan't intercept their prospect.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Mr. Ollapod, the apothecary, is in the hall, Sir Charles, to inquire after your health.

SIR CHA. Shew him in. [*Exit servant.*] The fellow's a character, and treats time as he does his patients. He shall kill a quarter of an hour for me this morning.—In short, Mr. Warner, I must have three thousand pounds in three days. Fell timber to that amount immediately. 'Tis my peremptory order, sir.

WARNER. I shall obey you, Sir Charles; but 'tis with a heavy heart! Forgive an old servant of the family if he grieves to see you forget some of the duties for which society has a claim upon you.

SIR CHA. What do you mean by duties?

WARNER. Duties, Sir Charles, which the extravagant man of property can never fulfil—such as to support the dignity of an English landholder for the honour of old England; to promote the welfare of his honest tenants; and to succour the industrious poor, who naturally look up to him for assistance. But I shall obey you, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*]

SIR CHA. A tiresome old blockhead! But where is this Ollapod? His jumble of physis and shooting may enliven me; and, to a man of gallantry in the country, his intelligence is by no means uninteresting, nor his services inconvenient.—Ha, Ollapod!

Enter OLLAPOD.

OLLAPOD. Sir Charles, I have the honour to be your slave. Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here. Sore throats were plenty; so were woodcocks. Flushed four couple one morning in a half-mile walk from our town to cure Mrs.

campaigning! Hope you come to sojourn, Sir Charles. Shouldn't be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. He, he, he! Do you take, good sir—do you take?

SIR CHA. O yes, I take. But by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

OLLA. He, he! yes, Sir Charles. I have now the honour to be cornet in the Volunteer Association Corps of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop, on a sudden; like the going off of a field-piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

SIR CHA. Explain.

OLLA. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter. You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's head over the door—new gilt him last week, by-the-bye—looks as fresh as a pill.

SIR CHA. Well, no more on that head now. Proceed.

OLLA. On that head! he, he, he! That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion from eating three pounds of measly pork at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient, when who should strut into the shop but Lieutenant Grains, the brewer—sleek as a dray-horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapel. I confess his figure struck me. I looked at him as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardour.

SIR CHA. Inoculated! I hope your ardour was of a favourable sort?

OLLA. Ha, ha! That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. We first talked of shooting. He knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him the day before I had killed six brace of birds. I thumped on at the mortar. We then talked of physic. I told him the day before I had killed—lost, I mean—six brace of patients. I thumped on at the mortar, eyeing him all the while; for he looked very flashy, to be sure; and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical and military both deal in death, you know; so 'twas natural. He, he! Do you take, good sir—do you take?

SIR CHA. Take? Oh, nobody can miss.

OLLA. He then talked of the corps itself; said it was sickly; and if a professional person would administer to the health of the Association—dose the men, and drench the horse—he could perhaps procure him a cornetcy.

SIR CHA. Well, you jumped at the offer.

OLLA. Jumped! I jumped over the counter, kicked down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of Lieutenant Grains' small scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapel; embraced him and his offer; and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary at the Galen's Head, of the Association Corps of Cavalry at your service.

SIR CHA. I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distil water for the shop from the laurels you gather in the field.

OLLA. Water for—oh! laurel-water—he, he! Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. Why, I fancy fame will follow, when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceased to operate.

SIR CHA. A mistake?

OLLA. Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle on a grand field-day, I clapt a pint bottle of her ladyship's diet drink into one of my holsters, intending to proceed to the patient after the exercise was over. I reached the martial ground, and galloped—galloped, I mean—wheeled, and flourished with great *éclat*: but when the word 'Fire' was given, meaning to pull out my pistol in a terrible hurry, I presented neck foremost, the hanged diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being unfortunately fermented by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork with a prodigious pop full in the face of my gallant commander

[OLLAPAD visits MISS LUCRETIA MACTAB, a 'stiff maiden aunt,' sister of one of the oldest barons in Scotland.]

Enter Foss.

FOSS. There is one Mr. Ollapod at the gate, 'an please your ladyship's honour, come to pay a visit to the family.

FOSS. He says he's a cornet in the Galen's Head. 'Tis the first time I ever heard of the corps.

LUCRETIA. Ha! some new-raised regiment. Show the gentleman in. [*Exit Foss.*] The country, then, has heard of my arrival at last. A woman of condition, in a family, can never long conceal her retreat. Ollapod! that sounds like an ancient name. If I am not mistaken, he is nobly descended.

Enter OLLAPOD.

OLLA. Madam, I have the honour of paying my respects. Sweet spot, here, among the cows; good for consumptions—charming woods hereabouts—pheasants flourish—so do agues—sorry not to see the good lieutenant—admire his room—hope soon to have his company. Do you take, good madam—do you take?

LUC. I beg, sir, you will be seated.

OLLA. O, dear madam! [*Sitting down.*] A charming chair to bleed in! [*Aside.*]

LUC. I am sorry Mr. Worthington is not at home to receive you, sir.

OLLA. You are a relation of the lieutenant, madam?

LUC. I! only by his marriage, I assure you, sir. Aunt to his deceased wife. But I am not surprised at your question. My friends in town would wonder to see the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mactab, sister to the late Lord Lofty, cooped up in a farmhouse.

OLLA. [*Aside.*] The honourable! humph! a bit of quality tumbled into decay. The sister of a dead peer in a pigsty!

LUC. You are of the military, I am informed, sir?

OLLA. He, he! Yes, madam. Cornet Ollapod, of our volunteers—a fine healthy troop—ready to give the enemy a dose whenever they dare to attack us.

LUC. I was always prodigiously partial to the military. My great-grandfather, Marmaduke, Baron Lofty, commanded a troop of horse under the Duke of Marlborough, that famous general of his age.

OLLA. Marlborough was a hero of a man, madam; and lived at Woodstock—a sweet sporting country; where Rosamond perished by poison—arsenic as likely as anything.

LUC. And have you served much, Mr. Ollapod?

OLLA. He, he! Yes, madam, served all the nobility and gentry for five miles round.

LUC. Sir!

OLLA. And shall be happy to serve the good lieutenant and his family. [*Bowing.*]

LUC. We shall be proud of your acquaintance, sir. A gentleman of the army is always an acquisition among the Goths and Vandals of the country. where every sheepish squire has the air of an apothecary.

OLLA. Madam! An apoth— Zounds!—hnm?—He, he! I—You must know, I—I deal a little in galenicals myself [*Sheepishly*].

LUC. Galenicals! Oh, they are for operations, I suppose, among the military.

OLLA. Operations! he, he! Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good madam; I owe you one. Galenicals, madam, are medicines.

LUC. Medicines!

OLLA. Yes, physic: buckthorn, senna, and so forth.

LUC. [*Rising*]. Why, then, you are an apothecary?

OLLA. [*Rising too, and bowing.*] And man-midwife at your service, madam.

LUC. At my service, indeed!

OLLA. Yes, madam! Cornet Ollapod at the gilt Galen's Head, of the Volunteer Association Corps of Cavalry—as ready for the foe as a customer; always willing to charge them both. Do you take, good madam—do you take?

LUC. And has the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mactab been talking all this while to a petty dealer in drugs?

OLLA. Drugs! Why, she turns up her honourable nose as if she was going to swallow them! [*Aside.*] No man more respected than myself, madam. Courtied by the corps, idolised by invalids; and for a shot—ask my friend, Sir Charles Crop-land.

LUC. Is Sir Charles Crop-land a friend of yours, sir?

OLLA. Intimate. He doesn't make wry faces at physic, whatever others may do,

madam. This village flanks the intrenchments of his park—full of fine fat venison ; which is as hight a food for digestion as——

LUC. But he is never on his estate here, I am told.

OLLA. He quarters there at this moment.

LUC. Bless me ! has Sir Charles, then——

OLLA. Told me all—your accidental meeting in the metropolis, and his visits when the lieutenant was out.

LUC. Oh, shocking ! I declare I shall faint.

OLLA. Faint ! never mind that, with a medical man in the room. I can bring you about in a twinkling.

LUC. And what has Sir Charles Cropland presumed to advance about me ?

OLLA. Oh, nothing derogatory. Respectful as a ducklegged drummer to a commander-in-chief.

LUC. I have only proceeded in this affair from the purest motives, and in a mode becoming a Mactab.

OLLA. None dare to doubt it.

LUC. And if Sir Charles has dropt in to a dish of tea with myself and Emily in London, when the lieutenant was out, I see no harm in it.

OLLA. Nor I either : except that tea shakes the nervous system to shatters. But to the point : the baronet's my bosom friend. Having heard you were here—'Ollapod,' says he, squeezing my hand in his own, which had strong symptoms of fever—'Ollapod,' says he, 'you are a military man, and may be trusted.' 'I'm a cornet,' says I, 'and close as a pill-box.' 'Fly, then, to Miss Lucretia Mactab, that honourable picture of prudence'——

LUC. He, he ! Did Sir Charles say that ?

OLLA. [*Aside.*] How these tabbies love to be toadied !

LUC. In short, Sir Charles, I perceive, has appointed you his emissary, to consult with me when he may have an interview.

OLLA. Madam, you are the sharpest shot at the truth I ever met in my life. And now we are in consultation, what think you of a walk with Miss Emily by the old elms at the back of the village this evening ?

LUC. Why, I am willing to take any steps which may promote Emily's future welfare.

OLLA. Take steps ! what, in a walk ? He, he ! Come, that's very well—very well, indeed ! Thank you, good madam ; I owe you one. I shall communicate to my friend with due despatch. Command Cornet Ollapod on all occasions ; and whatever the gill Galen's Head can produce——

LUC. [*Curtseying.*] O sir !

OLLA. By-the-by, I have some double-distilled lavender water, much admired in our corps. Permit me to send a pint bottle, by way of present.

LUC. Dear sir, I shall rob you.

OLLA. Quite the contrary ; for I'll set it down to Sir Charles as a quart. [*Aside.*] Madam, your slave. You have prescribed for our patient like an able physician. Not a step.

LUC. Nay, I insist——

OLLA. Then I must follow in the rear—the physician always before the apothecary.

LUC. Apothecary ! Sir, in this business I look upon you as a general officer.

OLLA. Do you ? Thank you, good ma'am ; I owe you one. [*Exeunt.*]

The humorous poetry of Colman has been as popular as his plays. Some of the pieces are tinged with indelicacy, but others display his lively sparkling powers of wit and observation in a very agreeable light. We subjoin two of these pleasant levities, from 'Broad Grins :'

The Newcastle Apothecary.

A man in many a country town, we know,
Professes openly with Death to wrestle ;

Entering the field against the grimly foe,
Armed with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm no enemies they are,
But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother:
So—many a suffering patient saith—
Though the apothecary fights with Death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,
Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne:
No man could better gild a pill,
Or make a bill:
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
Or draw a tooth out of your head;
Or chatter scandal by your bed;
Or give a clyster.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff.*:
Yet still he thought the list not long enough;
And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to 't.
This balanced things; for if he hurled
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into 't.

His fame full six miles round the country ran;
In short, in reputation he was *solus*:
All the old women called him 'a fine man!'
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade—
Which oftentimes will genius fetter—
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the belles-lettres.

And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic?
Of poetry though patron god,
Apollo patronises physic.

Bolus loved verse, and took so much delight in 't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in 't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions on his labels
In dapper couplets, like Gay's Fables,
Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse! and where's the treason?
'Tis simply honest dealing; not a crime;
When patients swallow physic without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at Death's door,
Some three miles from the town, it might be four;
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article
In pharmacy that's called cathartical.
And on the label of the stuff

He wrote this verse,
Which one would think was clear enough,
And terse:

*When taken.
To be well shaken.*

Next morning early, Bolus rose,
And to the patient's house he goes
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had:
It was, indeed, a very sorry hack;
But that's of course;
For what's expected from a horse
With an apothecary on his back?
Bolos arrived, and gave a doubtful tap,
Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance;
By fiddlers, and by opera singers;
One loud, and then a little one behind,
As if the knocker fell by chance
Out of their fingers.
The servant lets him in with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—
Portending some disaster;
John's countenance as rueful looked and grim,
As if the apothecary had physicked him,
And not his master.

'Well, how's the patient?' Bolus said.
John shook his head.
'Indeed!—hum!—ha!—that's very odd!
He took the draught?' John gave a nod.
'Well, how? what then? Speak out, you dunce!'
'Why, then,' says John, 'we shook him once.'
'Shook him!—how?' Bolus stammered out.
'We jolted him about.'
'Zounds! shake a patient, man!—a shake won't do.'
'No, sir, and so we gave him two.'
'Two shakes! od's curse!
''Twould make the patient worse.'
'It did so, sir; and so a third we tried.'
'Well, and what then?' 'Then, sir, my master died.'

Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen 'Lodgings to Let' stare him full in the face;
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat, he appeared like a tun,
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated,
But all the night long he felt fevered and heated;
And though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not by any means heavy to sleep.

Next night 'was the same: and the next, and the next;
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous and vexed;
Week passed after week, till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
 For his skin, 'like a lady's loose gown,' hung about him.
 He sent for a doctor, and cried like a ninny;
 'I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea.'

The doctor looked wise: 'a slow fever,' he said:
 Prescribed sudorifics and going to bed.
 'Sudorifics in bed,' exclaimed Will, 'are humbugs!
 I've enough of them there without paying for drugs!

Will kicked out the doctor; but when ill indeed,
 E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;
 So, calling his host, he said: 'Sir, do you know,
 I'm the fat single gentleman six months ago?

'Look 'e, landlord, I think,' argued Will with a grin,
 'That with honest intentions you first *took me in*:
 But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
 I've been so hanged hot, that I'm sure I caught cold.'

Quoth the landlord; 'Till now I ne'er had a dispute;
 I've let lodgings ten year; I'm a baker to boot;
 In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven;
 And your bed is immediately over my oven.'

'The oven!' says Will. Says the host: 'Why this passion?
 In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
 Why so crusty, good sir?' 'Zounds!' cries Will, in a talking,
 'Who wouldn't be crusty with half a year's baking?'

Will paid for his rooms; cried the host, with a sneer,
 'Well, I see you've been *going away* half a year.'
 'Friend, we can't well agree; yet no quarrel,' Will said;
 'But I'd rather not *perish* while you *make your bread*.'

MRS. ELIZABETH INCHBALD.

MRS. ELIZABETH INCHBALD 1753–1821), actress, dramatist, and novelist, produced a number of popular plays. Her two tales, 'A Simple Story,' and 'Nature and Art,' are the principal sources of her fame; but her light dramatic pieces are marked by various talent. Her first production was a farce, entitled 'The Mogul Tale,' brought out in 1784; and from this time down to 1805 she wrote nine other plays and farces. By some of these pieces—as appears from her 'Memoirs'—she received considerable sums of money. Her first production realised £100; her comedy of 'Such Things Are'—her greatest dramatic performance—brought her in £410 12s.; 'The Married Man,' £100; 'The Wedding Day,' £200; 'The Midnight Hour,' £130; 'Every One has his Fault,' £700; 'Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are,' £427 10s.; 'Lovers' Vows,' £150; &c. The personal history of this lady is as singular as any of her dramatic plots. She was born of Roman Catholic parents residing at Standfield, near Bury St. Edmunds. At the age of sixteen, full of giddy romance, she ran off to London, having with her a small sum of money, and some wearing-apparel in a band-box. After various adventures, she obtained an engagement for a country theatre, but suffering some personal indignities in her unprotected state,

she applied to Mr. Inchbald, an actor whom she had previously known. The gentleman counselled marriage. 'But who would marry me?' cried the lady. 'I would,' replied her friend, 'if you would have me.' 'Yes, sir, and would for ever be grateful'—and married they were in a few days. The union thus singularly brought about seems to have been happy enough; but Mr. Inchbald died a few years afterwards. Mrs. Inchbald performed the first parts in the Edinburgh theatre for four years, and continued on the stage, acting in London, Dublin, &c., till 1789, when she retired from it. Her exemplary prudence, and the profits of her works, enabled her not only to live, but to save money. The applause and distinction with which she was greeted never led her to deviate from her simple and somewhat parsimonious habits. 'Last Thursday,' she writes, 'I finished scouring my bedroom, while a coach with a coronet and two footmen waited at my door to take me an airing.' She allowed a sister who was in ill health £100 a year. 'Many a time this winter,' she records in her Diary, 'when I cried for cold, I said to myself: "But, thank God! my sister has not to stir from her room; she has her fire lighted every morning: all her provisions bought and brought ready cooked; she is now the less able to bear what I bear; and how much more should I suffer but for this reflection."' This was noble and generous self-denial. The income of Mrs. Inchbald was now £172 per annum, and after the death of her sister, she went to reside in a boarding-house, where she enjoyed more of the comforts of life. Traces of female weakness break out in her private memoranda amidst the sterner records of her struggle for independence. The following entry is amusing: '1798. London. Rehearsing "Lovers' Vows;" happy, but for a suspicion, amounting to a certainty, of a rapid appearance of age in my face.' Her last literary labour was writing biographical and critical prefaces to a collection of plays, in twenty-five volumes; a collection of farces, in seven volumes; and the 'Modern Theatre,' in ten volumes. Phillips the publisher offered her £1000 for her 'Memoirs,' but she declined the tempting offer. This autobiography was, by her orders, destroyed after her decease; but in 1833, her 'Memoirs' were published by Mr. Boaden, compiled from an autograph journal which she kept for above fifty years, and from her letters written to her friends. Mrs. Inchbald died in a boarding-house at Kensington on the 1st of August, 1821. By her will, dated four months before her decease, she left about £6000, judiciously divided amongst her relatives. One of her legacies marks the eccentricity of thought and conduct which was mingled with the talents and virtues of this original-minded woman: she left £20 each to her late laundress and hair-dresser, provided they should inquire of her executors concerning her decease.

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

THOMAS HOLCROFT, author of the admired comedy, 'The Road

to Ruin,' and the first to introduce the melodrama into England, was born in London on the 10th of December, 1745. 'Till I was six years old,' says Holcroft, 'my father kept a shoemaker's shop in Orange Court; and I have a faint recollection that my mother dealt in greens and oysters.' Humble as this condition was, it seems to have been succeeded by greater poverty, and the future dramatist and comedian was employed in the country by his parents to hawk goods as a pedler. He was afterwards engaged as a stable-boy at Newmarket, and was proud of his new livery. A charitable person, who kept a school at Newmarket, taught him to read. He was afterwards a rider on the turf; and when sixteen years of age, he worked for some time with his father as a shoemaker. A passion for books was at this time predominant, and the confinement of the shoemaker's stall not agreeing with him, he attempted to raise a school in the country. He afterwards became a provincial actor, and spent seven years in strolling about England, in every variety of wretchedness, with different companies. In 1780, Holcroft appeared as an author, his first work being a novel, entitled 'Alwyn, or the Gentleman Comedian.' In the following year his comedy of 'Duplicity' was acted with great success at Covent Garden. Another comedy, 'The Deserted Daughter,' experienced a very favourable reception; but 'The Road to Ruin' is universally acknowledged to be the best of his dramatic works. 'This comedy,' says Mrs. Inchbald, 'ranks amongst the most successful of modern plays. There is merit in the writing, but much more in that dramatic science which disposes character, scenes, and dialogue with minute attention to theatric exhibition.' Holcroft wrote a great number of dramatic pieces—more than thirty between the years 1778 and 1806; three other novels ('Anna St. Ives,' 'Hugh Trevor,' and 'Bryan Perdue'); besides 'A Tour in Germany and France,' and numerous translations from the German, French, and Italian. During the period of the French Revolution, he was a zealous reformer, and on hearing that his name was included in the same bill of indictment with Tooke and Hardy, he surrendered himself in open court, but no proof of guilt was ever adduced against him. His busy and remarkable life was terminated on the 23d of March, 1809.

THE GERMAN DRAMAS.

A play by Kotzebue was adapted for the English stage by Mrs. Inchbald, and performed under the title of 'Lovers' Vows.' The grand moral was, 'to set forth the miserable consequences which arise from the neglect, and to enforce the watchful care of illegitimate offspring; and surely, as the pulpit has not had eloquence to eradicate the crime of seduction, the stage may be allowed a humble endeavour to prevent its most fatal effects.' 'Lovers' Vows' became a popular acting play, for stage effect was carefully studied, and the

scenes and situations skilfully arranged. While filling the theatres, Kotzebue's plays were generally condemned by the critics. They cannot be said to have produced any permanent bad effect on our national morals, but they presented many false and pernicious pictures to the mind. 'There is an affectation,' as Scott remarks, 'of attributing noble and virtuous sentiments to the persons least qualified by habit or education to entertain them; and of describing the higher and better educated classes as uniformly deficient in those feelings of liberality, generosity, and honour, which may be considered as proper to their situation in life. This contrast may be true in particular instances, and being used sparingly, might afford a good moral lesson; but in spite of truth and probability, it has been assumed, upon all occasions, by those authors as the groundwork of a sort of intellectual Jacobinism.' Scott himself, it will be recollected, was fascinated by the German drama, and translated a play of Goethe. The excesses of Kotzebue were happily ridiculed by Canning and Ellis in their amusing satire, 'The Rovers.' At length, after a run of unexampled success, these plays ceased to attract attention, though one or two are still occasionally performed. With all their absurdities, we cannot but believe that they exercised an inspiring influence on the rising genius of that age. They dealt with passions, not with manners, and awoke the higher feelings and sensibilities of the people. Good plays were also mingled with the bad: if Kotzebue was acted, Goethe and Schiller were studied. Coleridge translated Schiller's 'Wallenstein,' and the influence of the German drama was felt by most of the young poets.

LEWIS—GODWIN—SOTHEY—COLERIDGE.

One of those who imbibed a taste for the marvellous and the romantic from this source was MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS, whose drama, 'The Castle Spectre,' was produced in 1797, and was performed about sixty successive nights. It is full of supernatural horrors, deadly revenge, and assassination, with touches of poetical feeling, and some well-managed scenes. In the same year, Lewis adapted a tragedy from Schiller, entitled 'The Minister;' and this was followed by a succession of dramatic pieces—'Rolla,' a tragedy, 1799; 'The East Indian,' a comedy, 1800; 'Adelmorn, or the Outlaw,' a drama, 1801; 'Rugantio,' a melodrama, 1805; 'Adelgitha,' a play, 1806; 'Venoni,' a drama, 1809; 'One o'clock, or the Knight and Wood Demon,' 1811; 'Timour the Tartar,' a melodrama, 1812; and 'Rich and Poor,' a comic opera, 1812. 'The Castle Spectre' is still occasionally performed; but the diffusion of a more sound and healthy taste in literature has banished the other dramas of Lewis equally from the stage and the press. To the present generation they are unknown. They were fit companions for the ogres, giants, and Blue-beards of the nursery tales, and they have shared the same oblivion.

MR. GODWIN, the novelist, attempted the tragic drama in the year 1800, but his powerful genius, which had produced a romance of deep and thrilling interest, became cold and frigid when confined to the rules of the stage. His play was named 'Antonio, or the Soldier's Return.' It turned out 'a miracle of dullness,' as Sergeant Talfourd relates, and at last the actors were hooted from the stage. The author's equanimity under this severe trial is amusingly related by Talfourd. 'Mr. Godwin,' he says, 'sat on one of the front benches of the pit, unmoved amidst the storm. When the first act passed off without a hand, he expressed his satisfaction at the good sense of the house; "the proper season of applause had not arrived;" all was exactly as it should be. The second act proceeded to its close in the same uninterrupted calm; his friends became uneasy, but still his optimism prevailed; he could afford to wait. And although he did at last admit the great movement was somewhat tardy, and that the audience seemed rather patient than interested, he did not lose his confidence till the tumult arose, and then he submitted with quiet dignity to the fate of genius, too lofty to be understood by a world as yet in its childhood.'

The next new play was also by a man of distinguished genius, and it also was unsuccessful. 'Julian and Agnes,' by WILLIAM SOTHEBY, the translator of 'Oberon,' was acted April 25, 1800. 'In the course of its performance, Mrs. Siddons, as the heroine, had to make her exit from the scene with an infant in her arms. Having to retire precipitately, she inadvertently struck the baby's head violently against a door-post. Happily, the little thing was made of wood, so that her doll's accident only produced a general laugh, in which the actress herself joined heartily.' This 'untoward event' would have marred the success of any new tragedy; but Mr. Sotheby's is deficient in arrangement and dramatic art.

The tragedies of Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Procter, and Milman—noticed in our account of these poets—must be considered as poems rather than plays. Coleridge's 'Remorse' was acted with some success in 1813, aided by fine original music, but it has not since been revived. It contains, however, some of Coleridge's most exquisite poetry and wild superstition, with a striking romantic plot. We extract one scene:

Incantation Scene from 'Remorse.'

[Scene—A Hall of Amoury, with an altar at the back of the stage. Soft music from an instrument of glass or steel.]

VALDEZ, ORDONIO, and ALVAR, in a Sorcerer's robe, are discovered.

ORDONIO. This was too melancholy, father.

VALDEZ. Nay,

My Alvar loved sad music from a child.
Once he was lost, and after weary search
We found him in an open place in the wood,
To which spot he had followed a blind boy,
Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore

Some strangely moving notes ; and these, he said,
 Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw
 Stretched on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank :
 And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep,
 His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleased me
 To mark how he had fastened round the pipe
 A silver toy his grandam had late given him.
 Methinks I see him now as he then looked—
 Even so ! He had outgrown his infant dress,
 Yet still he wore it.

ALVAR. My tears must not flow !
 I must not clasp his knees, and cry, ' My father !'

Enter TERESA and Attendants.

TERESA. Lord Valdez, you have asked my presence here,
 And I submit ; but—Heaven bear witness for me—
 My heart approves it not ! 'tis mockery.

ORD. Believe you, then, no preternatural influence ?
 Believe you not that spirits throng around us ?

TER. Say rather that I have imagined it
 A possible thing ; and it has soothed my soul
 As other fancies have ; but ne'er seduced me
 To traffic with the black and frenzied hope
 That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.
 [To Alvar.] Stranger. I mourn and blush to see you here,
 On such employment ! With far other thoughts
 I left you.

ORD. [*A side.*] Ha ! he has been tampering with her.

ALV. O high-souled maiden ! and more dear to me
 Than suits the stranger's name !

I swear to thee
 I will uncover all concealed guilt.
 Doubt, but decide not ! Stand ye from the altar.

[*Here a strain of music is heard from behind the scenes.*]

With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
 I call up the departed !

Soul of Alvar !

Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell :
 So may the gates of paradise, unbarred,
 Cease thy swift toils ! Since happily thou art one
 Of that innumerable company
 Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
 Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
 With noise too vast and constant to be heard :
 Fittest unheard ! For oh, ye numberless
 And rapid travellers ! what ear unstunned,
 What sense unmaddened, might bear up against
 The rushing of your congregated wings ?
 Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head !

[*Music.*]

[*Music expressive of the movements and images that follow.*]

Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands,
 That roar and whiten like a burst of waters,
 A sweet appearance. but a dread illusion
 To the parched caravan that roams by night !
 And ye, build up on the becalmed waves
 That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven
 Stands vast, and moves in blackness ! Ye, too, split
 The ice mount ! and with fragments many and huge
 Tempest the new-thawed sea, whose sudden gulfs
 Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff !
 Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,

Till from the blue swollen corse the soul toils out,
And joins your mighty army.

[Here, behind the scenes a voice sings the three words, 'Hear, sweet spirit.']

Soul of Alvar!
Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker charm!
By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang
Of a half-dead yet still undying hope,
Pass visible before our mortal sense!
So shall the church's cleansing rights be thine,
Her knells and masses, that redeem the dead!

[So sing behind the scenes, accompanied by the same instrument as before.]

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long lingering knell.
And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chanter, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chant for thee,
Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
On the yellow moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere, Domine!

[A long pause.]

ORD. The innocent obey nor charm nor spell!
My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit,
Burst on our sight, a passing visitant!
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
Oh, 'twere a joy to me!

ALV. A joy to thee!

What if thou heardest him now? What if his spirit
Re-entered its cold corse, and came upon thee
With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard?
What if—his steadfast eye still beaming pity
And brother's love—he turned his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of penitence?

VALD. These are unholy fancies!

ORD. [*Struggling with his feelings.*] Yes, my father,
He is in heaven!

ALV. [*Still to Ordonio.*] But what if he had a brother,
Who had lived even so, that at his dying hour
The name of heaven would have convulsed his face
More than the death-pang?

VALD. Idly prating man!

Thou hast guessed ill: Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him!
He is most virtuous.

ALV. [*Still to Ordonio.*] What if his very virtues
Had pampered his swollen heart and made him proud?
And what if pride had duped him into guilt?
Yet still he stalked a self-created god,
Not very bold but exquisitely cunning;
And one that at his mother's looking-glass
Would force his feature to a frowning sternness!
Young lord! I tell thee that there are such beings—

Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damned
 To see these most proud men, that loathe mankind,
 At every stir and buzz of coward conscience,
 Trick, cant, and lie; most whining hypocrites!
 Away, away! Now let me hear more music.

[*Music again*

TER. 'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures!
 But whatso'er it mean, I dare no longer
 Be present at these lawless mysteries,
 This dark provoking of the hidden powers!
 Already I affront—if not high Heaven—
 Yet Alvar's memory! Hark! I make appeal
 Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence
 To bend before a lawful shrine, and seek
 That voice which whispers, when the still heart listens,
 Comfort and faithful hope! Let us retire.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The most important addition to the written drama at this time was the first volume of JOANNA BAILLIE's plays on the Passions, published in 1798 under the title of 'A Series of Plays: in which it is attempted to delineate the Stronger Passions of the Mind, each Passion being the Subject of a Tragedy and a Comedy.' To the volume was prefixed a long and interesting introductory discourse, in which the authoress discusses the subject of the drama in all its bearings, and asserts the supremacy of simple nature over all decoration and refinement. 'Let one simple trait of the human heart, one expression of passion, genuine and true to nature, be introduced, and it will stand forth alone in the boldness of reality, whilst the false and unnatural around it fades away upon every side, like the rising exhalations of the morning.' This theory—which anticipated the dissertations and most of the poetry of Wordsworth—the accomplished dramatist illustrated in her plays, the merits of which were instantly recognised, and a second edition called for in a few months. Miss Baillie was then in the thirty-fourth year of her age. In 1802 she published a second volume, and in 1812 a third. In the interval, she had produced a volume of miscellaneous dramas (1804), and 'The Family Legend' (1810), a tragedy founded on a Highland tradition, and brought out with success at the Edinburgh theatre.

In 1836 this authoress published three more volumes of plays, her career as a dramatic writer thus extending over the long period of thirty-eight years: Only one of her dramas has ever been performed on the stage; 'De Montfort' was brought out by Kemble shortly after its appearance, and was acted eleven nights. It was again introduced in 1821, to exhibit the talents of Kean in the character of De Montfort; but this actor remarked that, though a fine poem, it would never be an acting play. The author who mentions this circumstance, remarks: 'If Joanna Baillie had known the stage practically, she would never have attached the importance which she does to the development of single passions in single tragedies; and

she would have invented more stirring incidents to justify the passion of her characters, and to give them that air of fatality which, though peculiarly predominant in the Greek drama, will also be found, to a certain extent, in all successful tragedies. Instead of this, she contrives to make all the passions of her main characters proceed from the wilful natures of the beings themselves. Their feelings are not precipitated by circumstances, like a stream down a declivity, that leaps from rock to rock; but, for want of incident, they seem often like water on a level, without a propelling impulse.* The design of Miss Baillie in restricting her dramas each to the elucidation of one passion, appears certainly to have been an unnecessary and unwise restraint, as tending to circumscribe the business of the piece, and exclude the interest arising from various emotions and conflicting passions. It cannot be said to have been successful in her own case, and it has never been copied by any other author. Sir Walter Scott has eulogised 'Basil's love and Montfort's hate' as something like a revival of the inspired stain of Shakspeare. The tragedies of 'Count Basil' and 'De Montfort' are among the best of Miss Baillie's plays; but they are more like the works of Shirley, or the serious parts of Massinger, than the glorious dramas of Shakspeare, so full of life, of incident, and imagery. Miss Baillie's style is smooth and regular, and her plots are both original and carefully constructed; but she has no poetical luxuriance, and few commanding situations. Her tragic scenes are too much connected with the crime of murder, one of the easiest resources of a tragedian; and partly from the delicacy of her sex, as well as from the restrictions imposed by her theory of composition, she is deficient in that variety and fulness of passion, the 'form and pressure' of real life, which are so essential on the stage. The design and plot of her dramas are obvious almost from the first act—a circumstance that would be fatal to their success in representation.

Scene from 'De Montfort.'

[De Montfort explains to his sister Jane his hatred of Rezenvelt, which at last hurries him into the crime of murder. The gradual deepening of this malignant passion, and its frightful catastrophe, are powerfully depicted. We may remark that the character of De Montfort, his altered habits and appearance after his travels, his settled gloom, and the violence of his passions, seem to have been the prototype of Byron's 'Manfred' and 'Lara.']

DE MONTFORT. No more, my sister; urge me not again;
My secret troubles cannot be revealed.
From all participation of its thoughts
My heart recoils: I pray thee, be contented.
JANE. What! must I, like a distant humble friend,
Observe thy restless eye and gait disturbed
In timid silence, whilst with yearning heart
I turn aside to weep? O no, De Montfort!
A nobler task thy nobler mind will give;
Thy true intrusted friend I still shall be.

* Campbell's *Life of Mrs. Siddons*.

DE MON. Ah, Jane, forbear ! I cannot, e'en to thee.

JANE. Then fie upon it ! fie upon it, Montfort !
There was a time when e'en with murder stained,
Had it been possible that such dire deed
Could e'er have been the crime of one so piteous,
Thou wouldst have told it me.

DE MON. So would I now—but ask of this no more.
All other troubles but the one I feel
I have disclosed to thee. I pray thee, spare me.
It is the secret weakness of my nature.

JANE. Then secret let it be : I urge no further.
The eldest of our valiant father's hopes,
So sadly orphaned : side by side we stood,
Like two young trees, whose boughs in early strength
Screen the weak saplings of the rising grove,
And brave the storm together.

I have so long, as if by nature's right,
Thy bosom's inmate and adviser been,
I thought through life I should have so remained,
Nor ever known a change. Forgive me, Montfort ;
A humbler station will I take by thee ;
The close attendant of thy wandering steps,
The cheerer of this home, with strangers sought,
The soother of those griefs I must not know.
This is mine office now : I ask no more.

DE MON. O Jane, thou dost constrain me with thy love—
Would I could tell it thee !

JANE. Thou shalt not tell it me. Nay, I'll stop mine ears,
Nor from the yearnings of affection wring
What shrinks from utterance. Let it pass, my brother.
I'll stay by thee ; I'll cheer thee, comfort thee ;
Pursue with thee the study of some art,
Or nobler science, that compels the mind
To steady thought progressive, driving forth
All floating, wild, unhappy fantasies.
Till thou, with brow unclouded, smil'st again ;
Like one who, from dark visions of the night,
When the active soul within its lifeless cell
Holds its own world, with dreadful fancy pressed
Of some dire, terrible, or murderous deed.
Wakes to the dawning morn, and blesses Heaven.

DE MON. It will not pass away ; 'twill haunt me still.

JANE. Ah ! say not so, for I will haunt thee too,
And be to it so close an adversary,
That, though I wrestle darkling with the fiend,
I shall o'ercome it.

DE MON. Thou most generous woman !
Why do I treat thee thus ? It should not be—
And yet I cannot—O that cursed villain !
He will not let me be the man I would.

JANE. What say'st thou, Montfort ? Oh, what words are these ?
They have awaked my soul to dreadful thoughts.
I do beseech thee, speak !

By the affection thou didst ever bear me :
By the dear memory of our infant days :
By kindred living ties—ay, and by those
Who sleep in the tomb, and cannot call to thee,
I do conjure thee, speak !

Ha ! wilt thou not ?
Then, if affection, most unwearied love,
Tried early, long, and never wanting found,

O'er generous man hath more authority,
 More rightful power than crown or sceptre give,
 I do command thee !
 De Montfort, do not thus resist my love.
 Here I entreat thee on my bended knees,
 Alas, my brother !

De Mon. [*Raising her and kneeling.*]

Thus let him kneel who should the abased be,
 And at thine honoured feet confession make,
 I'll tell thee all—but, oh ! thou wilt despise me.
 For in my breast a raging passion burns,
 To which thy soul no sympathy will own—
 A passion which hath made my nightly couch
 A place of torment, and the light of day,
 With the gay intercourse of social men,
 Feel like the oppressive, airless pestilence.
 O Jane ! thou wilt despise me.

JANE. Say not so :

I never can despise thee, gentle brother.
 A lover's jealousy and hopeless pangs
 No kindly heart contemns.

De Mon. A lover's, say'st thou ?

No, it is hate ! black, lasting, deadly hate !
 Which thus hath driven me forth from kindred peace,
 From social pleasure, from my native home,
 To be a sullen wanderer on the earth,
 Avoiding all men, cursing and accursed !

JANE. De Montfort, this is fiend-like, terrible !
 What being, by the Almighty Father formed
 Of flesh and blood, created even as thou,
 Could in thy breast such horrid tempest wake,
 Who art thyself his fellow ?
 Unkneith thy brows, and spread those wrath-clenched hands.
 Some sprite accursed within thy bosom mates
 To work thy ruin. Strive with it, my brother !
 Strive bravely with it ; drive it from thy heart ;
 'Tis the degrader of a noble heart.
 Curse it, and bid it part.

De Mon. It will not part. I've lodged it here too long.
 With my first cares, I felt its rankling touch.
 I loathed him when a boy.

JANE. Whom didst thou say ?

De Mon. Detested Rezenvelt !

E'en in our early sports, like two young whelps
 Of hostile breed, instinctively averse,
 Each 'gainst the other pitched his ready pledge,
 And frowned defiance. As we onward passed
 From youth to man's estate, his narrow art
 And envious glib malice, poorly veiled
 In the affected carelessness of mirth,
 Still more detestable and odious grew.
 There is no living being on this earth
 Who can conceive the malice of his soul,
 With all his gay and damned merriment,
 To those by fortune or by merit placed
 Above his paltry self. When, low in fortune,
 He looked upon the state of prosperous men,
 As nightly birds, roused from their murky holes,
 Do scowl and chatter at the light of day.
 I could endure it ; even as we hear
 The impotent bite of some half-trodden worm,

I could endure it. But when honours came,
And wealth and new-got titles fed his pride:
Whilst flattering knaves did trumpet forth his praise,
And grovelling idiots grinned applauses on him;
Oh, then I could no longer suffer it!
It drove me frantic. What, what would I give—
What would I give to crush the bloated toad,
So rankly do I loathe him!

JANE. And would thy hatred crush the very man
Who gave to thee that life he might have taken?
That life which thou so rashly didst expose
To aim at his? Oh, this is horrible!

DE MON. Ha! thou hast heard it, then! From all the world,
But most of all from thee, I thought it hid.

JANE. I heard a secret whisper, and resolved
Upon the instant to return to thee.
Didst thou receive my letter?

DE MON. I did! I did! 'Twas that which drove me hither.
I could not bear to meet thine eye again.

JANE. Alas! that, tempted by a sister's tears,
I ever left thy house! These few past months,
These absent months, have brought us all this woe.
Had I remained with thee, it had not been,
And yet, methinks, it should not move you thus.
You dared him to the field; both bravely fought;
He, more adroit, disarmed you; courteously
Returned the forfeit sword, which, so returned,
You did refuse to use against him more;
And then, as says report, you parted friends.

DE MON. When he disarmed this cursed, this worthless hand
Of its most worthless weapon, he but spared
From devilish pride, which now derives a bliss
In seeing me thus fettered, shamed, subjected
With the vile favour of his poor forbearance;
Whilst he securely sits with gibing brow,
And basely baits me like a muzzled cur,
Who cannot turn again.

Until that day, till that accursed day,
I knew not half the torment of this hell
Which burns within my breast. Heaven's lightnings blast him!

JANE. Oh, this is horrible! Forbear, forbear!
Lest Heaven's vengeance light upon thy head
For this most impious wish.

DE MON. Then let it light.
Torments more fell than I have known already
It cannot send. To be annihilated,
What all men shrink from; to be dust, be nothing,
Were bliss to me, compared to what I am!

JANE. Oh, wouldst thou kill me with these dreadful words?

DE MON. Let me but once upon his ruin look,
Then close mine eyes for ever!—
Ha! how is this? Thou 'rt ill; thou 'rt very pale;
What have I done to thee? Alas! alas!
I meant not to distress thee—O my sister!

JANE. I cannot now speak to thee,

DE MON. I have killed thee.
Turn, turn thee not away! Look on me still!
Oh, droop not thus, my life, my pride, my sister!
Look on me yet again.

JANE. Thou, too, De Montfort,
In better days was wont to be my pride.

DE MON. I am a wretch, most wretched in myself,
And still more wretched in the pain I give.
Oh, curse that villain, that detested villain !
He has spread misery o'er my fated life ;
He will undo us all.

JANE. I've held my warfare through a troubled world,
And borne with steady mind my share of ill ;
For then the helpmate of my toil wast thou.
But now the wane of life comes darkly on,
And hideous passion tears thee from my heart,
Blasting thy worth. I cannot strive with this.

DE MON. What shall I do ?

Picture of a Country Life.

Even now methinks
Each little cottage of my native vale
Swells out its earthen sides, upheaves its roof,
Like to a hillock moved by labouring mole,
And with green trail-weeds clambering up its walls,
Roses and every gay and fragrant plant
Before my fancy stands, a fairy bower,
Ay, and within it too do fairies dwell.
Peep through its wreathed window, if indeed
The flowers grow not too close ; and there within
Thou 'lt see some half-a-dozen rosy brats,
Eating from wooden bowls their dainty milk—
Those are my mountain elves. Seest thou not
Their very forms distinctly ?

I'll gather round my board
All that Heaven sends to me of way-worn folks,
And noble travellers, and neighbouring friends,
Both young and old. Within my ample hall,
The worn-out man of arms shall o' tiptoe tread,
Tossing his gray locks from his wrinkled brow
With cheerful freedom, as he boasts his feats
Of days gone by. Music we'll have ; and oft
The bickering dance upon our oaken floors
Shall, thundering loud, strike on the distant ear
Of 'nighted travellers, who shall gladly bend
Their doubtful footsteps towards the cheering din
Solemn, and grave, and cloistered, and demure
We shall not be. Will this content ye, damsels ?

Every season
Shall have its suited pastime : even winter
In its deep noon, when mountains piled with snow,
And choked-up valleys, from our mansion bar
All entrance, and nor guest nor traveller
Sounds at our gate ; the empty hall forsaken,
In some warm chamber, by the crackling fire,
We 'll hold our little, snug, domestic court,
Plying our work with song and tale between.

Fears of Imagination.

Didst thou ne'er see the swallow's veering breast,
Winging the air beneath some murky cloud
In the sunned glimpses of a stormy day,
Shiver in silvery brightness ?
Or boatman's oar, as vivid lightning flash
In the faint gleam, that like a spirit's path
Tracks the still waters of some sullen lake ?

Or lonely tower, from its brown mass of woods,
Give to the parting of a wintry sun
One hasty glance in mockery of the night
Closing in darkness round it? Gentle friend!
Chide not her mirth who was sad yesterday,
And may be so to-morrow.

Speech of Prince Edward in his Dungeon.

Doth'the bright sun from the high arch of heaven,
In all his beauteous robes of fleckered clouds,
And ruddy vapours, and deep-glowing flames,
And softly varied shades, look gloriously?
Do the green woods dance to the wind? the lakes
Cast up their sparkling waters to the light?
Do the sweet hamlets in their bushy dells
Send winding up to heaven their curling smoke
On the soft morning air?
Do the flocks bleat, and the wild creatures bound
In antic happiness? and mazy birds
Wing the mid air in lightly skimming bands?
Ay, all this is—men do behold all this—
The poorest man. Even in this lonely vault,
My dark and narrow world, oft do I hear
The crowing of the cock so near my walls,
And sadly think how small a space divides me
From all this fair creation.

Description of Jane de Montfort.

[The following has been pronounced to be a perfect picture of Mrs. Siddons, the tragic actress.]

PAGE. Madam, there is a lady in your hall
Who begs to be admitted to your presence.

LADY. Is it not one of our invited friends?

PAGE. No; far unlike to them. It is a stranger.

LADY. How looks her countenance?

PAGE. So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled,
Methought I could have compassed sea and land
To do her bidding.

LADY. Is she young or old?

PAGE. Neither, if right I guess; but she is fair,
For Time hath laid his hand so gently on her,
As he too had been awed,

LADY. The foolish stripling!

She has bewitched thee. Is she large in stature?

PAGE. So stately and so graceful is her form,
I thought at first her stature was gigantic;
But on a near approach, I found, in truth,
She scarcely does surpass the middle size.

LADY. What is her garb?

PAGE. I cannot well describe the fashion of it:
She is not decked in any gallant trim,
But seems to me clad in her usual weeds
Of high habitual state; for as she moves,
Wide flows her robe in many a waving fold,
As I have seen unfurled banners play
With the soft breeze.]

LADY. Thine eyes deceive thee, boy;
It is an apparition thou hast seen.

FREBERG. [*Starting from his seat, where he has been sitting during the conversation between the Lady and the Page.*]

It is an apparition he has seen,
Or it is Jane de Montfort.

This is a powerful delineation. Sir Walter Scott conceived that *Fear* was the most dramatic passion touched by Miss Baillie, because capable of being drawn to the most extreme paroxysm on the stage.

REV. CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN.

The REV. CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN, author of several romances, produced a tragedy named 'Bertram,' which, by the influence of Lord Byron, was brought out at Drury Lane in 1816. It was well received; and by the performance and publication of his play, the author realised about £1000. Sir Walter Scott considered the tragedy 'grand and powerful, the language most animated and poetical, and the characters sketched with a masterly enthusiasm.' The author was anxious to introduce Satan on the stage—a return to the style of the ancient mysteries by no means suited to modern taste. Mr. Maturin was curate of St. Peter's, Dublin. The scanty income derived from his curacy being insufficient for his comfortable maintenance, he employed himself in assisting young persons during their classical studies at Trinity College, Dublin. The novels of Maturin—which will be afterwards noticed—enjoyed considerable popularity; and had his prudence been equal to his genius, his life might have been passed in comfort and respect. He was, however, vain and extravagant—always in difficulties (Scott at one time generously sent him £50), and pursued by bailiffs. When this eccentric author was engaged in composition, he used to fasten a wafer on his forehead, which was the signal that if any of his family entered the sanctum they must not speak to him! The success of 'Bertram' induced Mr. Maturin to attempt another tragedy, 'Manuel,' which he published in 1817. It is a very inferior production; 'the absurd work of a clever man,' says Byron. The unfortunate author died in Dublin on the 30th of October 1824,

Scene from 'Bertram.'

A 'passage of great poetical beauty,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'in which Bertram is represented as spurred to the commission of his great crimes by the direct agency of a supernatural and malevolent being.'

PRIOR—BERTRAM.

PRIOR. The dark knight of the forest,
So from his armour named and sable helm,
Whose unbarred visor mortal never saw.
He dwells alone; no earthly thing lives near him,
Save the hoarse raven croaking o'er his towers,
And the dank weeds muffling his stagnant moat.

BERTRAM. I'll ring a summons on his barred portal
Shall make them through their dark valves rock and ring.

PRI. Thou'rt mad to take the quest. Within my memory
 One solitary man did venture there—
 Dark thoughts dwelt with him, which he sought to vent.
 Unto that dark compeer we saw his steps,
 In winter's stormy twilight, seek that pass—
 But days and years are gone, and he returns not.

BERT. What fate befell him there?

PRI. The manner of his end was never known.

BERT. That man shall be my mate. Contend not with me—
 Horrors to me are kindred and society.
 Or man, or fiend, he hath won the soul of Bertram.

[Bertram is afterwards discovered alone, wandering near the fatal tower, and describes the effect of the awful interview which he had courted].

BERT. Was it a man or fiend? Whate'er it was,
 It hath dealt wonderfully with me—
 All is around his dwelling suitable;
 The invisible blast to which the dark pines groan,
 The unconscious tread to which the dark earth echoes,
 The hidden waters rushing to their fall;
 These sounds, of which the causes are not seen,
 I love, for they are, like my fate, mysterious!
 How towered his proud form through the shrouding gloom,
 How spoke the eloquent silence of its motion,
 How through the barred visor did his accents
 Roll their rich thunder on their pausing soul!
 And though his mailed hand did shun my grasp,
 And though his closed morion hid his feature,
 Yea, all resemblance to the face of man,
 I felt the hollow whisper of his welcome,
 I felt those unseen eyes were fixed on mine,
 If eyes indeed were there—
 Forgotten thoughts of evil, still-born mischiefs,
 Foul fertile seeds of passion and of crime,
 That withered in my heart's abortive core,
 Roused their dark battle at his trumpet-peal;
 So sweeps the tempest o'er the slumbering desert,
 Waking its myriad hosts of burning death:
 So calls the last dread peal the wandering atoms
 Of blood, and bone, and flesh, and dust-worn fragments,
 In dire array of ghastly unity.
 To bide the eternal summons—
 I am not what I was since I beheld him—
 I was the slave of passion's ebbing sway—
 All is condensed, collected, callous, now—
 The groan, the burst, the fiery flash is o'er.
 Down pours the dense and darkening lava-tide,
 Arresting life, and stilling all beneath it.

[Enter two of his band, observing him.]

FIRST ROBBER. Seest thou with what a step of pride he stalks?
 Thou hast the dark knight of the forest seen;
 For never man, from living converse come,
 Trod with such step, or flashed with eye like thine.

SECOND ROBBER. And hast thou of a truth seen the dark knight?

BERT. [Turning on him suddenly.] Thy hand is chilled with fear.
 Well, shivering craven,
 Say I have seen him—wherefore dost thou gaze?
 Long'st thou for tale of goblin-guarded portal?
 Of giant champion, whose spell-forged mail
 Crumbled to dust at sound of magic horn—

Banner of sheeted flame, whose foldings shrunk
To withering weeds, that o'er the battlements
Wave to the broken spell—or demon-blast
Of winded clarion, whose fell summons sinks
To lonely whisper of the shuddering breeze
O'er the charmed towers—

FIRST ROBBER. Mock me not thus. Hast met him of a truth?

BERT. Well, fool—

FIRST ROBBER. Why, then, Heaven's benison be with you.
Upon this hour we part—farewell for ever.
For mortal cause I bear a mortal weapon—
But man that leagues with demons lacks not man.

RICHARD L. SHEIL—J. H. PAYNE—B. W. PROCTOR.

Another Irish poet, and man of warm imagination, RICHARD LALOR SHEIL (1794–1851), sought distinction as a dramatist. His plays, 'Evadne' and 'The Apostate,' were performed with much success, partly owing to the admirable acting of Miss O'Neil. The interest of Mr. Sheil's dramas is concentrated too exclusively on the heroine of each, and there is a want of action and animated dialogue, but they abound in impressive and well-managed scenes. The plot of 'Evadne' is taken from Shirley's 'Traitor,' as are also some of the sentiments. The following description of female beauty is very finely expressed:

But you do not look altered—would you did !
Let me peruse the face where loveliness
Stays, like the light after the sun is set.
Sphered in the stillness of those heaven-blue eyes,
The soul sits beautiful ; the high white front,
Smooth as the brow of Pallas, seems a temple
Sacred to holy thinking—and those lips
Wear the small smile of sleeping infancy,
They are so innocent. Ah, thou art still
The same soft creature, in whose lovely form
Virtue and beauty seemed as if they tried
Which should exceed the other. Thon hast got
That brightness all around thee, that appeared
An emanation of the soul, that loved
To adorn its habitation with itself,
And in thy body was like light, that looks
More beautiful in the reflecting cloud
It lives in, in the evening. O Evadne,
Thou art not altered—would thou wert !

Mr. Sheil was afterwards successful on a more conspicuous theatre. As a political character and orator, he was one of the most distinguished men of his age. His brilliant imagination, pungent wit, and intense earnestness as a speaker, riveted the attention of the House of Commons, and of popular Irish assemblies, in which he was enthusiastically received. In the Whig governments of his day, Mr. Sheil held office; and at the time of his death, was the British minister at Florence.

In the same year with Mr. Sheil's 'Evadne' (1820) appeared 'Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin,' a historical tragedy, by JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. There is no originality or genius displayed in this drama ;

but, when well acted, it is highly effective on the stage.—In 1821, MR. PROCTOR's tragedy of 'Mirandolo' was brought out at Covent Garden, and had a short but enthusiastic run of success. The plot is painful—including the death, through unjust suspicions, of a prince, sentenced by his father—and there is a want of dramatic movement in the play; but some of the passages are imbued with poetical feeling and vigorous expression. The doting affection of Mirandola, the duke, has something of the warmth and the rich diction of the old dramatists.

DUKE. My own sweet love! O my dear peerless wife!
By the blue sky and all its crowding stars,
I love you better—oh, far better than
Woman was ever loved. There's not an hour
Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee:
There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon
But in its hues or fragrance tells a tale
Of thee, my love, to thy Mirandola.
Speak, dearest Isidora, can you love
As I do? Can—— But no, no; I shall grow
Foolish if thus I talk. You must be gone;
You must be gone, fair Isidora, else
The business of the dukedom soon will cease.
I speak the truth, by Dian! Even now
Gheraldi waits without (or should) to see me.
In faith, you must go: one kiss; and so, away.

ISIDORA. Farewell, my lord.

DUKE. We'll ride together, dearest,
Some few hours hence.

ISIDORA. Just as you please; farewell.

[Exit.

DUKE. Farewell.—With what a waving air she goes
Along the corridor. How like a fawn;
Yet statelier.—Hark! no sound, however soft—
Nor gentlest echo—telleth when she treads;
But every motion of her shape doth seem
Hallowed by silence. Thus did Hebe grow
Amidst the gods, a paragon; and thus——
Away! I'm grown the very fool of love.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

The most successful of modern tragic dramatists was JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES (1784–1862), whose plays have been collected and republished in three volumes. His first play, 'Caius Gracchus,' was performed in 1815; and the next, 'Virgilius,' had an extraordinary run of success. It was founded on that striking incident in Roman story, the death of a maiden by the hand of her father, Virgilius, to save her from the lust and tyranny of Appius. Mr. Knowles afterwards brought out 'The Wife, a Tale of Mantua,' 'The Hunchback,' 'Woman's Wit,' 'The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green,' 'William Tell,' 'The Love Chase,' &c. With considerable knowledge of stage effect, Mr. Knowles unites a lively, inventive imagination, and a poetical colouring, which, if at times too florid and gaudy, sets off his familiar images and illustrations. His style

is formed on that of Massinger and the other elder dramatists, carried often to a ridiculous excess. He also frequently violates Roman history and classical propriety, and runs into conceits and affected metaphors. These faults are counterbalanced by a happy art of constructing scenes and plots, romantic, yet not too improbable; by skilful delineation of character, especially in domestic life; and by a current of poetry which sparkles through his plays, 'not with a dazzling lustre—not with a gorgeousness that engrosses our attention, but mildly and agreeably; seldom impeding with useless glitter the progress and development of incident and character, but mingling itself with them, and raising them pleasantly above the prosaic level of common life.* Mr. Knowles was a native of Cork. Having succeeded in the drama, he tried prose fiction, and wrote two novels, 'George Lovell' and 'Henry Fortescue;' but they have little merit. He next embarked in polemical discussion, attacking the Church of Rome; and he occasionally preached in Baptist chapels.

Scene from 'Virginius.'

APPIUS, CLAUDIUS and LICTORS.

APPIUS. Well, Claudius, are the forces at hand?

CLAUDIUS. They are, and timely too; the people
Are in unwonted ferment.

APP. There is something awes me at
The thought of looking on her father!

CLAUD. Look
Upon her, my Appius! fix your gaze upon
The treasures of her beauty, nor avert it
Till they are thine. Haste your tribunal!
Haste!

[*Appius ascends the tribunal.*]

[*Enter NUMITORIUS, ICILIUS, LUCIUS, CITIZENS, VIRGINIUS leading his daughter, SERVIA, and CITIZENS. A dead silence prevails.*]

VIRGINIUS. Does no one speak? I am defendant here.
Is silence my opponent? Fit opponent
To plead a cause too foul for speech! What brow
Shameless gives front to this most valiant cause,
That tries its prowess 'gainst the honour of
A girl, yet lacks the wit to know, that he
Who casts off shame, should likewise cast off fear—
And on the verge o' the combat wants the nerve
To stammer forth the signal?

APP. You had better,
Virginius, wear another kind of carriage;
This is not of the fashion that will serve you.

VIR. The fashion, Appius! Appius Claudius, tell me,
The fashion it becomes a man to speak in.
Whose property in his own child—the offspring
Of his own body, near to him as is
His hand, his arm—yea, nearer—closer far,
Knit to his heart—I say, who has his property
In such a thing, the very self of himself,
Disputed—and I'll speak so, Appius Claudius,
I'll speak so—Pray you tutor me!

* *Edinburgh Review* for 1832.

APP. Stand forth,
Claudius! If you lay claim to any interest
In the question now before us, speak; if not,
Bring on some other cause.

CLAUD. Most noble Appius—

VIR. And are you the man
That claims my daughter for his slave?—Look at me,
And I will give her to thee.

CLAUD. She is mine, then:
Do I not look at you?

VIR. Your eye does, truly,
But not your soul. I see it through your eye
Shifting and shrinking—turning every way
To shun me. You surprise me, that your eye,
So long the bully of its master, knows not
To put a proper face upon a lie,
But gives the port of impudence to falsehood
When it would pass it off for truth. Your soul
Dares as soon shew his face to me. Go on;
I had forgot; the fashion of my speech
May not please Appius Claudius.

CLAUD. I demand
Protection of the Decemvir!

APP. You shall have it.

VIR. Doubtless!

APP. Keep back the people, Lictors!—What's
Your plea? You say the girl's your slave. Produce
Your proofs.

CLAUD. My proof is here, which, if they can,
Let them confront. The mother of the girl—

[*Virginius, stepping forward, is withheld by Numitorius.*]

NUMITORUS. Hold, brother! Hear them out, or suffer me
To speak.

VIR. Man, I must speak, or else go mad!
And if I do go mad, what then will hold me
From speaking? She was thy sister, too!
Well, well, speak thou. I'll try, and if I can,
Be silent.

[*Retires.*]

NUM. Will she swear she is her child?

VIR. [*Starting forward.*] To be sure she will—a most wise
question that!

Is she not his slave? Will his tongue lie for him—
Or his hand steal—or the finger of his hand
Beckon, or point, or shut, or open for him?
To ask him if she'll swear! Will she walk or run,
Sing, dance, or wag her head; do anything
That is most easy done? She'll as soon swear!
What mockery it is to have one's life
In jeopardy by such a barefaced trick!
Is it to be endured? I do protest
Against her oath!

APP. No law in Rome, Virginius.

Seconds you. If she swear the girl's her child,
The evidence is good, unless confronted
By better evidence. Look you to that,
Virginius. I shall take the woman's oath.

VIRGINIA. Icilus!

ICILIUS. Fear not, love; a thousand oaths
Will answer her.

APP. You swear the girl's your child,

And that you sold her to Virginius' wife,
Who passed her for her own. Is that your oath?

SLAVE. It is my oath.

APP. Your answer now, Virginius.

VIR. Here it is! [*Bringing Virginia forward.*]

Is this the daughter of a slave? I know
'Tis not with men as shrubs and trees, that by
The shoot you know the rank and odor of
The stem. Yet who from such a stem would look
For such a shoot. My witnesses are these—
The relatives and friends of Numitoria,
Who saw her, ere Virginia's birth, sustain
The burden which a mother bears, nor feels
The weight, with longing for the sight of it.
Here are the ears that listened to her sighs
In nature's hour of labour, which subsides
In the embrace of joy—the hands, that when
The day first looked upon the infant's face,
And never looked so pleased, helped them up to it,
And blessed her for a blessing. Here, the eyes
That saw her lying at the generous
And sympathetic fount, that at her cry
Sent forth a stream of liquid living pearl
To cherish her enamelled veins. The lie
Is most unfruitful, then, that takes the flower—
The very flower our bed connubial grew—
To prove its barrenness! Speak for me, friends;
Have I not spoke the truth?

WOMEN AND CITIZENS. You have, Virginius.

APP. Silence! Keep silence there! No more of that!
You're very ready for a tumult, citizens.

[*Troops appear behind.*]

Lictors, make way to let these troops advance!—
We have had a taste of your forbearance, masters,
And wish not for another.

VIR. Troops in the Forum!

APP. Virginius, have you spoken?

VIR. If you have heard me,
I have; if not, I'll speak again.

APP. You need not,
Virginius; I had evidence to give.
Which, should you speak a hundred times again,
Would make your pleading vain.

VIR. Your hand, Virginia!
Stand close to me.

[*Aside.*]

APP. My conscience will not let me
Be silent. 'Tis notorious to you all.
That Claudius' father, at his death, declared me
The guardian of his son. This cheat has long
Been known to me. I know the girl is not
Virginius' daughter.

VIR. Join your friends, Icilius,
And leave Virginia to my care.

[*Aside.*]

APP. The justice
I should have done my client unrequired,
Now cited by him, how shall I refuse?

VIR. Don't tremble, girl! don't tremble.

[*Aside.*]

APP. Virginius.
I feel for you; but though you were my father,
The majesty of justice should be sacred—
Claudius must take Virginia home with him!

VIR. And if he must, I should advise him. Appius,
To take her home in time, before his guardian
Complete the violation which his eyes
Already have begun.—Friends! fellow-citizens!
Look not on Claudius—look on your Decemvir!
He is the master claims Virginia!
The tongues that told him she was not my child
Are these—the costly charms he cannot purchase.
Except by making her the slave of Claudius,
His client, his purveyor, that caters for
His pleasure—markets for him, picks, and scents,
And tastes, that he may banquet—serves him up
His sensual feast, and is not now ashamed.
In the open, common street, before your eyes—
Frighting your daughters' and your matrons' cheeks
With blushes they ne'er thought to meet—to help him
To the honour of a Roman maid! my child!
Who now clings to me, as you see, as if
This second Tarquin had already coiled
His arms around her. Look upon her, Romans!
Befriend her! succour her! see her not polluted
Before her father's eyes!—He is but one.
Tear her from Appius and his Lictors while
She is unstained!—Your hands! your hands! your hands!
CITIZENS. They are yours, Virginius.
APP. Keep the people back—
Support my Lictors. Soldiers! Seize the girl,
And drive the people back.
ICILIUS. Down with the slaves!

[The people make a show of resistance; but, upon the advance of the soldiers, retreat, and leave ICILIUS, VIRGINIUS, and his daughter, &c., in the hands of APPIUS and his party.]

Deserted!—Cowards! traitors! Let me free
But for a moment! I relied on you;
Had I relied upon myself alone.
I had kept them still at bay! I kneel to you—
Let me but loose a moment, if 'tis only
To rush upon your swords.

VIR. Icilius, peace!
You see how 'tis, we are deserted, left
Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies,
Nerveless and helpless.

APP. Separate them, Lictors!

VIR. Let them forbear awhile, I pray you, Appius:
It is not very easy. Though her arms
Are tender, yet the hold is strong by which
She grasps me, Appius—forcing them will hurt them;
They'll soon unclasp themselves. Wait but a little—
You know you're sure of her

APP. I have not time
To idle with thee; give her to my Lictors.

VIR. Appius, I pray you wait! If she is not
My child, she hath been like a child to me
For fifteen years. If I am not her father,
I have been like a father to her, Appius.
For even such a time. They that have lived
So long a time together, in so near
And dear society, may be allowed
A little time for parting. Let me take
The maid aside, I pray you, and confer
A moment with her nurse; perhaps she'll give me

Some token will unloose a tie so twined
And knotted round my heart, that, if you break it,
My heart breaks with it.

APP. Have your wish. Be brief!—

Lictors, look to them.

VIRGINIA. Do you go from me?

Do you leave? Father! Father!

VIR. No, my child—

No, my Virginia—come along with me.

VIRGINIA. Will you not leave me? Will you take me with you?

Will you take me home again? Oh, bless you! bless you!

My father! my dear father! Art thou not

My father?

[VIRGINIUS, perfectly at a loss what to do, looks anxiously around the Forum; at length his eye falls on a butcher's stall, with a knife upon it.]

VIR. This way, my child—No, no; I am not going

To leave thee, my Virginia! I'll not leave thee.

APP. Keep back the people, soldiers! Let them not

Approach Virginius! Keep the people back!—

[*Virginius seizes the knife.*]

Well, have you done?

VIR. Short time for converse, Appius,

But I have.

APP. I hope you are satisfied.

VIR. I am—

I am—that she is my daughter!

APP. Take her, Lictors!

[VIRGINIA shrieks, and falls half-dead upon her father's shoulder.]

VIR. Another moment, pray you. Bear with me

A little—'tis my last embrace. 'Twon't try

Your patience beyond bearing, if you're a man!

Lengthen it as I may, I cannot make it

Long.—My dear child! My dear Virginia!

[*Kissing her.*]

There is one only way to save thine honour—

'Tis this.

[VIRGINIUS stabs her, and draws out the knife. Icilius breaks from the soldiers that held him, and catches her.]

Lo, Appius, with this innocent blood

I do devote thee to the infernal gods!

Make way there!

APP. Stop him! Seize him!

VIR. If they dare

To tempt the desperate weapon that is maddened

With drinking my daughter's blood, why, let them: thus

It rushes in amongst them. Way there! Way!

[*Exit through the soldiers.*]

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES—DR. THOMAS BEDDOES.

'The Bride's Tragedy,' by THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES (1803-1849), published in 1822, is intended for the closet rather than the theatre. It possesses many passages of pure and sparkling verse. 'The following,' says a writer in the 'Edinburgh Review,' 'will shew the way in which Mr. Beddoes manages a subject that poets have almost reduced to commonplace. We thought all similes for the violet had been used up; but he gives us a new one, and one that is very de-

lightful.' Hesperus and Floribel—the young wedded lovers—are in a garden; and the husband speaks:

HESPERUS. See, here's a bower
 Of eglantine with honeysuckles woven,
 Where not a spark of prying light creeps in,
 So closely do the sweets enfold each other.
 'Tis twilight's home; come in, my gentle love,
 And talk to me. So! I've a rival here;
 What's this that sleeps so sweetly on your neck?
 FLORIBEL. Jealous so soon, my Hesperus! Look, then,
 It is a bunch of flowers I pulled for you:
 Here's the blue violet, like Pandora's eye,
 When first it darkened with immortal life.
 HESP. Sweet as thy lips. Fie on those taper fingers!
 Have they been brushing the long grass aside,
 To drag the daisy from its hiding-place,
 Where it shuns light, the Danaë of flowers,
 With gold up-hoarded on its virgin lap!
 FLOR. And here's a treasure that I found by chance,
 A lily of the valley; low it lay
 Over a mossy mound, withered and weeping.
 As on a fairy's grave.
 HESP. Of all the posy
 Give me the rose, though there's a tale of blood
 Soiling its name. In elfin annals old
 'Tis writ, how Zephyr, envious of his love—
 The love he bare to Summer, who since then
 Has, weeping, visited the world—once found
 The baby Perfume cradled in a violet
 ('Twas said the beauteous bantling was the child
 Of a gay bee, that in his wantonness
 Toiled with a pea-bud in a lady's garland):
 The felon winds, confederate with him,
 Bound the sweet slumberer with golden chains,
 Pulled from the wreathed laburnum, and together
 Deep cast him in the bosom of a rose,
 And fed the fettered wretch with dew and air.

And there is an expression in the same scene (where the author is speaking of sleeper's fancies, &c.)—

While that winged song, the restless nightingale
 Turns her sad heart to music—

which is perfectly beautiful.

The reader may now take a passage from the scene where Hesperus murders the girl Floribel. She is waiting for him in the Divinity path, alone, and is terrified. At last he comes; and she sighs out:

Speak! let me hear thy voice,
 Tell me the joyful news!

and thus he answers:

Ay, I am come
 In all my solemn pomp, Darkness and Fear,
 And the great Tempest in his midnight car,
 The sword of lightning girt across his thigh.
 And the whole demon brood of Night, blind Fog

And withering Blight, all these are my retainers.
 How! not one smile for all this bravery?
 What think you of my minstrels, the hoarse winds,
 Thunder, and tuneful Discord? Hark! they play.
 Well piped, methinks; somewhat too rough, perhaps,
 FLOR. I know you practise on my silliness,
 Else I might well be scared. But leave this mirth,
 Or I must weep.

HESP. 'Twill serve to fill the goblets
 For our carousal; but we loiter here,
 The bride-maids are without; well picked, thou'lt say.
 Wan ghosts of woe-begone, self-slaughtered damsels
 In their best winding-sheets.—Start not; I bid them wipe
 Their gory bosoms: they'll look wondrous comely;
 Our link-boy, Will-o'-the-Wisp, is waiting too,
 To light us to our grave.

After some further speech, Floribel asks him what he means, and he replies:

What mean I? Death and murder,
 Darkness and misery. To thy prayers and shrift,
 Earth gives thee back. Thy God hath sent me for thee,
 Repent and die.

She returns gentle answers to him; but in the end Hesperus kills her, and afterwards mourns thus over her body:

Dead art thou, Floribel; fair, painted earth,
 And no warm breath shall ever more desport
 Between those ruby lips: no; they have quaffed
 Life to the dregs, and found death at the bottom,
 The sugar of the draught. All cold and still;
 Her very tresses stiffen in the air.
 Look, what a face! Had our first mother worn
 But half such beauty when the serpent came,
 His heart, all malice, would have turned to love.
 No hand but this, which I do think was once
 Cain, the arch murderer's, could have acted it.
 And I must hide these sweets, not in my bosom;
 In the foul earth. She shudders at my grasp.
 Just so she laid her head across my bosom
 When first— O villain! which way lies the grave?

Mr. Beddoes was son of DR. THOMAS BEDDOES (1760-1808), an eminent physician, scholar, and man of scientific attainments, as well as of great versatility of literary talent. Dr. Beddoes was married to a younger sister of Maria Edgeworth, and was an early patron of Sir Humphry Davy. His son, the dramatic poet, was only nineteen when 'The Bride's Tragedy' was produced. He afterwards devoted himself to scientific study and foreign travel, but occasionally wrote poetry not unworthy of the reputation he achieved by his early performance. After his death was published 'Death's Jest-book, or the Fool's Tragedy' (1850); and 'Poems,' with a memoir (1851). Mr. Beddoes was a writer of a high order, but restless, unfixed, and deficient both in energy and ambition.

JOHN TOBIN.

JOHN TOBIN was a sad example, as Mrs. Inchbald has remarked, 'of the fallacious hopes by which half mankind are allured to vexatious enterprise. He passed many years in the anxious labour of writing plays, which were rejected by the managers; and no sooner had they accepted 'The Honeymoon,' than he died, and never enjoyed the recompense of seeing it performed.' Tobin was born in Salisbury in the year 1770, and educated for the law. In 1785 he was articled to an eminent solicitor of Lincoln's Inn, and afterwards entered into business himself. Such, however, was his devotion to the drama, that before the age of twenty-four he had written several plays. His attachment to literary composition did not withdraw him from his legal engagements; but his time was incessantly occupied, and symptoms of consumption began to appear. A change of climate was recommended, and Tobin went first to Cornwall, and thence to Bristol, where he embarked for the West Indies. The vessel arriving at Cork, was detained there for some days; but on the 7th of December, 1804, it sailed from that port, on which day—without any apparent change in his disorder to indicate the approach of death—the invalid expired. Before quitting London, Tobin had left 'The Honeymoon' with his brother, the manager of Drury Lane having given a promise that it should be performed. Its success was instant and decisive; and it is still a favourite acting play. Two other pieces by Tobin—'The Curfew' and 'The School for Authors'—were subsequently brought forward; but they are of inferior merit. 'The Honeymoon' is a romantic drama, partly in blank verse, and written somewhat in the style of Beaumont and Fletcher. The scene is laid in Spain, and the plot taken from 'The Taming of the Shrew,' though the reform of the haughty lady is accomplished less roughly. The Duke of Aranza conducts his bride to a cottage in the country, pretending that he is a peasant, and that he has obtained her hand by deception. The proud Juliana, after a struggle, submits; and the duke, having accomplished his purpose of rebuking 'the domineering spirit of her sex,' asserts his true rank, and places Juliana in his palace.

This truth to manifest—a gentle wife
Is still the sterling comfort of man's life:
To fools a torment, but a lasting boon
To those who—wisely keep their honeymoon.

The following passage, where the duke gives his directions to Juliana respecting her attire, is pointed out by Mrs. Inchbald as peculiarly worthy of admiration, from the truths which it contains. The fair critic, like the hero of the play, was not ambitious of dress.

DUKE. I'll have no glittering gewgaws stuck about you.
To stretch the gaping eyes of idiot wonder,
And make men stare upon a piece of earth

As on the star-wrought firmament—no feathers
 To wave as streamers to your vanity—
 No cumbrous silk, that, with its rustling sound,
 Makes proud the flesh that bears it. She's adorned
 Amply, that in her husband's eye looks lovely—
 The truest mirror that an honest wife
 Can see her beauty in!

JULIANA. I shall observe, sir.

DUKE. I should like well to see you in the dress I last
 presented you.

JULIANA. The blue one, sir?

DUKE. No, love—the white. Thus modestly attired,
 A half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair,
 With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,
 No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,
 Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them;
 With the pure red and white, which that same hand
 Which blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks;
 This well-proportioned form—think not I flatter—
 In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,
 And thy free tresses dancing in the wind—
 Thou'lt fix as much observance as chaste dames
 Can meet without a blush.

JOHN O'KEEFE—FREDERICK REYNOLDS—THOMAS MORTON—MARIA
 EDGEWORTH.

JOHN O'KEEFE, a prolific farce-writer, was born in Dublin in 1746. While studying the art of drawing, to fit him for an artist, he imbibed a passion for the stage, and commenced the career of an actor in his native city. He produced generally some dramatic piece every year for his benefit, and one of these, entitled 'Tony Lumpkin,' was played with success at the Haymarket Theatre, London, in 1778. He continued supplying the theatres with new pieces, and up to the year 1809, had written about fifty plays and farces. Most of these were denominated comic operas or musical farces, and some of them enjoyed great success. 'The Agreeable Surprise,' 'Wild Oats,' 'Modern Antiques,' 'Fontainebleau,' 'The Highland Reel,' 'Love in a Camp,' 'The Poor Soldier,' and 'Sprigs of Laurel,' are still favourites, especially the first, in which the character of Lingo, the schoolmaster, is a laughable piece of broad humour. O'Keefe's writings, it is said, were merely intended to make people laugh, and they have fully answered that object. The lively dramatist was in his latter years afflicted with blindness, and in 1800 he obtained a benefit at Covent Garden Theatre, on which occasion he was led forward by Mr. Lewis, the actor, and delivered a poetical address. He died at Southampton, on the 4th of February, 1833, having reached the advanced age of eighty-six.

FREDERICK REYNOLDS (1765–1841) was one of the most voluminous of dramatists, author of seventeen popular comedies, and altogether of about a hundred dramatic pieces. He served Covent Garden for forty years in the capacity of what he called 'thinker'—that is, performer of every kind of literary labour required in the establish-

ment. Among his most successful productions are : 'The Dramatist,' 'Laugh when you Can,' 'The Delinquent,' 'The Will,' 'Folly as it Flies,' 'Life,' 'Management,' 'Notoriety,' 'How to grow Rich,' 'The Rage,' 'Speculation,' 'The Blind Bargain,' 'Fortune's Foci,' &c. Of these, 'The Dramatist' is the best. The hero, Vapid, the dramatic author, who gets to Bath 'to pick up characters,' is a laughable caricature, in which, it is said, the author drew a likeness of himself ; for, like Vapid, he had 'the *ardor scribendi* upon him so strong, that he would rather you'd ask him to write an epilogue or a scene than offer him your whole estate—the theatre was his world, in which were included all his hopes and wishes.' Out of the theatre, however, as in it, Reynolds was much esteemed.

Another veteran comic writer, THOMAS MORTON, is author of 'Speed the Plough,' 'Way to get Married,' 'Cure for the Heart-ache,' and the 'School of Reform,' which may be considered standard pieces on the stage. Besides these, Mr. Morton produced 'Zorinski,' 'Secrets Worth Knowing,' and various other plays, most of which were performed with great applause. The acting of Lewis, Munden, and Emery was greatly in favour of Mr. Morton's productions on their first appearance; but they contain the elements of theatrical success. The characters are strongly contrasted, and the scenes and situations well arranged for effect, with occasionally a mixture of pathos and tragic or romantic incident. In the closet these works fail to arrest attention: for their merits are more artistic than literary, and the improbability of many of the incidents appears glaring when submitted to sober inspection. Mr. Morton was a native of Durham, and bred to the law. He died in 1838, aged seventy-four.

MARIA EDGEWORTH, the celebrated novelist, was induced, by the advice of her father, and that of a more competent judge, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, to attempt the drama. In 1817, she published 'Comic Dramas in Three Acts.' Three pieces were comprised in this volume, two of them Irish; but though the dialogue was natural, the plays were deficient in interest, and must be considered as dramatic failures.

NOVELISTS.

It was natural that the genius and the success of the great masters of the modern English novel should have led to imitation. Mediocrity is seldom deterred from attempting to rival excellence, especially in any department that is popular, and may be profitable; and there is, besides, in romance, as in the drama, a wide and legitimate field for native talent and exertion. The highly wrought tenderness and pathos of Richardson, and the models of real life, wit, and humour in Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, had no successors.

But the fictions of Mackenzie, Dr. Moore, Miss Burney, and Cumberland are all superior to the ordinary run of novels, and stand at the head of the second class. These writers, however, exercised but little influence on the national taste; they supported the dignity and respectability of the novel, but did not extend its dominion; and accordingly we find that there was a long dull period in which this delightful species of composition had sunk into general contempt. There was no lack of novels, but they were of a very inferior and even debased description. In place of natural incident, character, and dialogue, we had affected and ridiculous sentimentalism—plots utterly absurd or pernicious—and stories of love and honour so maudlin in conception and drivelling in execution, that it is surprising they could ever have been tolerated even by the most defective moral sense or taste. The circulating libraries in town and country swarmed with these worthless productions—known, from their place of publication, by the misnomer of the ‘Minerva Press’ novels—but their perusal was in a great measure confined to young people of both sexes of imperfect education, or to half-idle inquisitive persons, whose avidity for excitement was not restrained by delicacy or judgment. In many cases, even in the humblest walks of life, this love of novel-reading amounted to a passion as strong and uncontrollable as that of dram-drinking; and, fed upon such garbage as we have described, it was scarcely less injurious; for it dwarfed the intellectual faculties and unfitted its votaries equally for the study or relish of sound literature, and for the proper performance and enjoyment of the actual duties of the world. The enthusiastic novel-reader got bewildered and entangled among love-plots and high-flown adventures, in which success was often awarded to profligacy, and among scenes of pretended existence, exhibited in the masquerade attire of a distempered fancy. Instead, therefore, of

Truth severe by fairy Fiction dressed,

we had Falsehood decked out in frippery and nonsense, and courting applause from its very extravagance.

At length Miss Edgeworth came forward with her moral lessons and satirical portraits, daily advancing in her powers, as in her desire to increase the virtues, prudence, and substantial happiness of life; Mrs. Opie told her pathetic and graceful domestic tales; and Miss Austen exhibited her exquisite delineations of everyday English society and character. ‘There are some things,’ says a writer in the ‘Edinburgh Review’ (1830), ‘which women do better than men, and of these, perhaps, novel-writing is one. Naturally endowed with greater delicacy of taste and feeling, with a moral sense not blunted and debased by those contaminations to which men are exposed, leading lives rather of observation than of action, with leisure to attend to the minutiae of conduct and more subtle developments of character, they are peculiarly qualified for the task of exhibiting

faithfully and pleasingly the various phases of domestic life, and those varieties which chequer the surface of society. Accordingly, their delineations, though perhaps less vigorous than those afforded by the other sex, are distinguished for the most part by greater fidelity and consistency, a more refined and happy discrimination, and, we must also add, a more correct estimate of right and wrong. In works which come from a female pen, we are seldom offended by those moral monstrosities, those fantastic perversions of principle, which are too often to be met with in the fictions which have been written by men. Women are less stilted in their style; they are more content to describe naturally what they have observed, without attempting the introduction of those extraneous ornaments which are sometimes sought at the expense of truth. They are less ambitious, and are therefore more just; they are far more exempt from that prevailing literary vice of the present day, exaggeration, and have not taken their stand among the feverish followers of what may be called the *intense* style of writing; a style much praised by those who inquire only if a work is calculated to make a strong impression, and omit entirely the more important question, whether that impression be founded on truth or on delusion.

To crown all, Sir Walter Scott commenced in 1814 his brilliant gallery of portraits, which completely exterminated the monstrosities of the Minerva Press, and inconceivably extended the circle of novel-readers. Fictitious composition was now again in the ascendant, and never, in its palmiest days of chivalrous romance or modern fashion, did it command more devoted admiration, or shine with greater lustre.

FRANCES BURNEY (MADAME D'ARBLAY).

FRANCES BURNEY, authoress of 'Evelina' and 'Cecilia,' was the wonder and delight of the generation of novel-readers succeeding that of Fielding and Smollett, and she has maintained her popularity better than most secondary writers of fiction. Her name was in 1842 revived by the publication of her 'Diary and Letters,' containing some clever sketches of society and manners, notices of the court of George III., and anecdotes of Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, &c. Miss Burney was the second daughter of Dr. Burney, author of the 'History of Music.' She was born at Lynn-Regis, in the county of Norfolk, on the 13th of June 1752. Her father was organist in Lynn, but in 1760 he removed to London—where he had previously resided—and numbered among his familiar friends and visitors David Garrick, Sir Robert Strange the engraver, the poets Mason and Armstrong, Barry the painter, and other persons distinguished in art and literature. Such society must have had a highly beneficial effect on his family, and accordingly we find they all distinguished themselves: one son rose to be an admiral; the second

son, Charles Burney, became a celebrated Greek scholar; both the daughters were novelists.*

Fanny was long held to be a sort of prodigy. At eight years of age she did not even know her letters, but she was shrewd and observant. At fifteen she had written several tales, was a great reader, and even a critic. Her authorship was continued in secret, her sister only being aware of the circumstance. In this way, it is said, she composed 'Evelina;' but it was not published till January, 1778, when 'little Fanny' was in her twenty-sixth year; and the wonderful precocity of 'Miss in her teens' may be dismissed as somewhat more than doubtful. The work was offered to Dodsley, the publisher, but rejected, as the worthy bibliopole 'declined looking at anything anonymous.' Another bookseller, named Lowndes, agreed to publish it, and gave £20 for the manuscript. 'Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World,' soon became the talk of the town. Dr. Burney, in the fulness of his heart, told Mrs. Thrale that 'our Fanny' was the author; and Dr. Johnson protested to Mrs. Thrale that there were passages in it which might do honour to Richardson! Miss Burney was invited to Streatham, the country residence of the Thrales, and there she met Johnson and his illustrious band of friends, of whom we have ample notices in the 'Diary.' Wherever she went, to London, Bath, or Tunbridge, 'Evelina' was the theme of praise, and Miss Burney the happiest of authors.

In 1782 appeared her second work, 'Cecilia,' which is more highly finished than 'Evelina,' but less rich in comic characters and dialogue. Miss Burney having gone to reside for a short time with Mrs. Delany, a venerable lady, the friend of Swift, once connected with the court, and who now lived on a pension from their Majesties at Windsor, was introduced to the king and queen, and speedily became a favourite. The result was, that 1786 our authoress was appointed second keeper of the robes to Queen Charlotte, with a salary of £200 a year, a footman, apartments in the palace, and a coach between her and her colleague. The situation was only a sort of splendid slavery. 'I was averse to the union,' said Miss Burney, 'and I endeavoured to escape it; but my friends interfered—they prevailed—and the knot is tied.' The queen appears to have been a kind and considerate mistress; but the stiff etiquette and formality of the court, and the unremitting attention which its irksome duties required, rendered the situation peculiarly disagreeable to one who had been so long flattered and courted by the brilliant society of her day. Her colleague, Mrs. Schwellenberg, a coarse-minded, jealous, disa-

Rear-admiral James Burney accompanied Captain Cook in two of his voyages, and was author of a *History of Voyages of Discovery*, 5 vols. quarto, and an *Account of the Russian Eastern Voyages*. He died in 1820.—Dr. Charles Burney wrote several critical works on the Greek classics, was a prebendary of Lincoln, and one of the king's chaplains. After his death, in 1817, the valuable library of this great scholar was purchased by government for the British Museum.

greeable German favourite, was also a perpetual source of annoyance to her; and poor Fanny at court was worse off than her heroine Cecilia was in choosing among her guardians. Her first official duty was to mix the queen's snuff, and keep her box always replenished; after which she was promoted to the great business of the toilet, helping Her Majesty off and on with her dresses, and being in strict attendance from six or seven in the morning till twelve at night!

From this grinding and intolerable destiny, Miss Burney was emancipated by her marriage, in 1793, with a French refugee officer, the Count D'Arblay. She then resumed her pen, and in 1795 produced a tragedy, entitled 'Edwin and Elgitha,' which was brought out at Drury Lane, and possessed at least one novelty—there were three bishops among the *dramatis personæ*. Mrs. Siddons personated the heroine; but in the dying scene, where the lady is brought from behind a hedge to expire before the audience, and is afterwards carried once more to the back of the hedge, the house was convulsed with laughter! Her next effort was her novel of 'Camilla,' which she published by subscription, and realized by it no less than three thousand guineas. In 1802, Madame D'Arblay accompanied her husband to Paris. The count joined the army of Napoleon; and his wife was forced to remain in France till 1812, when she returned, and purchased, from the proceeds of her novel, a small but handsome villa, named Camilla Cottage. Her success in prose fiction urged her to another trial, and in 1814 she produced 'The Wanderer,' a tedious tale in five volumes, which had no other merit than that of bringing the authoress the large sum of £1500. The only other literary labour of Madame D'Arblay was a Memoir of her father, Dr. Burney, published in 1832. Her husband and her son—the Rev. A. D'Arblay, of Camden Town Chapel, near London—both predeceased her, the former in 1818, and the latter in 1837. Three years after this last melancholy bereavement, Madame D'Arblay herself paid the debt of nature, dying at Bath, in January 1840, at the great age of eighty-eight.

Her 'Diary and Letters,' edited by her niece, were published in 1842 in five volumes. If judiciously condensed, this work would have been both entertaining and valuable; but at least one half of it is filled with unimportant details and private gossip, and the self-admiring weakness of the authoress shines out in almost every page. The early novels of Miss Burney form the most pleasing memorials of her name and history. In them we see her quick in discernment, lively in invention, and inimitable, in her own way, in portraying the humours and oddities of English society. Her good sense and correct feeling are more remarkable than her passion. Her love-scenes are prosaic enough; but in 'shewing up' a party of 'vulgarly genteel' persons, painting the characters in a drawing-room, or catching the follies and absurdities that float on the surface of fashionable society, she had then rarely been equalled. She deals with the palpable

and familiar; and though society has changed since the time of 'Evelina,' and the glory of Ranelagh and Marylebone Gardens has departed, there is enough of real life in her personages, and real morality in her lessons, to interest, amuse, and instruct. Her sarcasm, drollery, and broad humour must always be relished

A Game of Highway Robbery.—From 'Evelina.'

When we had been out near two hours, and expected every moment to stop at the place of our destination, I observed that Lady Howard's servant, who attended us on horseback, rode on forward till he was out of sight, and soon after returning, came up to the chariot window, and delivering a note to Madame Duval, said he had met a boy who was just coming with it to Howard Grove from the clerk of Mr. Tyrell.

While she was reading it, he rode round to the other window, and making a sign for secrecy, put into my hand a slip of paper, on which was written, 'Whatever happens, be not alarmed, for you are safe, though you endanger all mankind!'

I readily imagined that Sir Clement must be the author of this note, which prepared me to expect some disagreeable adventure: but I had no time to ponder upon it, for Madame Duval had no sooner read her own letter, than, in an angry tone of voice, she exclaimed: 'Why, now, what a thing is this; here we're come all this way for nothing!'

She then gave me the note, which informed her that she need not trouble herself to go to Mr. Tyrell's, as the prisoner had had the address to escape. I congratulated her upon this fortunate incident; but she was so much concerned at having rode so far in vain, that she seemed less pleased than provoked. However, she ordered the man to make what haste he could home, as she hoped at least to return before the captain should suspect what had passed.

The carriage turned about, and we journeyed so quietly for near an hour that I began to flatter myself we should be suffered to proceed to Howard Grove without further molestation, when, suddenly, the footman called out: 'John, are we going right?'

'Why, I ain't sure,' said the coachman, 'but I'm afraid we turned wrong.'

'What do you mean by that, sirrah?' said Madame Duval. 'Why, if you lose your way, we shall all be in the dark.'

'I think we should turn to the left,' said the footman.

'To the left!' answered the other. 'No, no; I'm pretty sure we should turn to the right.'

'You had better make some inquiry,' said I.

'*Ma foi*,' cried Madame Duval, 'we're in a fine hole here; they neither of them know no more than the post. However, I'll tell my lady, as sure as you're born, so you'd better find the way.'

'Let's try this road,' said the footman.

'No,' said the coachman; 'that's the road to Canterbury; we had best go straight on.'

'Why, that's the direct London road,' returned the footman, and will lead us twenty miles about.'

'*Pardie!*' cried Madame Duval; 'Why, they won't go one way nor t'other; and, now we're come all this jaunt for nothing, I suppose we shan't get home to-night.'

'Let's go back to the public house,' said the footman, 'and ask for a guide.'

'No, no,' said the other: 'if we stay here a few minutes somebody or other will pass by; and the horses are almost knocked up already.'

'Well, I protest,' cried Madame Duval, 'I'd give a guinea to see them sots horse-whipped. As sure as I'm alive, they're drunk. Ten to one but they'll overturn us next.'

After much debating, they at length agreed to go on until we came to some inn, or met with a passenger who could direct us. We soon arrived at a small farm-house, and the footman alighted and went into it.

In a few minutes he returned, and told us we might proceed, for that he had procured a direction. 'But,' added he, 'it seems there are some thieves herabouts, and

so the best way will be for you to leave your watches and purses with the farmer, whom I know very well, and who is an honest man, and a tenant of my lady's.

'Thieves!' cried Madame Duval, looking aghast; 'the Lord help us! I've no doubt but we shall be all murdered!'

The farmer came to us, and we gave him all that we were worth, and the servants followed our example. We then proceeded; and Madame Duval's anger so entirely subsided, that, in the mildest manner imaginable, she entreated them to make haste, and promised to tell their lady how diligent and obliging they had been. She perpetually stopped them to ask if they apprehended any danger, and was at length so much overpowered by her fears, that she made the footman fasten his horse to the back of the carriage, and then come and seat himself within it. My endeavours to encourage her were fruitless; she sat in the middle, held the man by the arm, and protested that if he did but save her life, she would make his fortune. Her uneasiness gave me much concern, and it was with the utmost difficulty I forbore to acquaint her that she was imposed upon; but the mutual fear of the captain's resentment to me, and of her own to him, neither of which would have any moderation, deterred me. As to the footman, he was evidently in torture from restraining his laughter, and I observed that he was frequently obliged to make most horrid grimaces from pretended fear, in order to conceal his risibility.

Very soon after, 'The robbers are coming!' cried the coachman.

The footman opened the door, and jumped out of the chariot.

Madame Duval gave a loud scream.

I could no longer preserve my silence. 'For Heaven's sake, my dear madam,' said I, 'don't be alarmed; you are in no danger; you are quite safe; there is nothing but—'

Here the chariot was stopped by two men in masks, who at each side put in their hands, as if for our purses. Madame Duval sank to the bottom of the chariot, and implored their mercy. I shrieked involuntarily, although prepared for the attack; one of them held me fast, while the other tore poor Madame Duval out of the carriage, in spite of her cries, threats, and resistance.

I was really frightened, and trembled exceedingly. 'My angel!' cried the man who held me, 'you cannot surely be alarmed. Do you not know me? I shall hold myself in eternal abhorrence if I have really terrified you.'

'Indeed, Sir Clement, you have,' cried I; 'but, for Heaven's sake, where is Madame Duval?—why is she forced away?'

'She is perfectly safe; the captain has her in charge; but suffer me now, my adored Miss Anville, to take the only opportunity that is allowed me to speak upon another, a much dearer, much sweeter subject.'

And then he hastily came into the chariot, and seated himself next to me. I would fain have disengaged myself from him, but he would not let me. 'Deny me not, most charming of women,' cried he—'deny me not this only moment left me to pour forth my soul into your gentle ears, to tell you how much I suffer from your absence, how much I dread your displeasure, and how cruelly I am affected by your coldness.'

'O sir, this is no time for such language; pray, leave me; pray, go to the relief of Madame Duval; I cannot bear that she should be treated with such indignity.'

'And will you—can you command my absence? When may I speak to you, if not now?—does the captain suffer me to breathe a moment out of his sight?—and are not a thousand impertinent people for ever at your elbow?'

'Indeed, Sir Clement, you must change your style, or I will not hear you. The impertinent people you mean are among my best friends, and you would not, if you really wished me well, speak of them so disrespectfully.'

'Wish you well! O Miss Anville, point but out to me how, in what manner, I may convince you of the fervour of my passion—tell me but what services you will accept from me, and you shall find my life, my fortune, my whole soul at your devotion.'

'I want nothing, sir, that you can offer. I beg you not to talk to me so—so strangely. Pray, leave me; and pray, assure yourself you can not take any method so unsuccessful to shew any regard for me as entering into schemes so frightful to Madame Duval, and so disagreeable to myself.'

'The scheme was the captain's; I even opposed it; though I own I could not re-

fuse myself the so-long-wished-for happiness of speaking to you once more without so many of—your friends to watch me. And I had flattered myself that the note I charged the footman to give you would have prevented the alarm you have received.'

'Well, sir, you have now, I hope, said enough; and if you will not go yourself to seek for Madame Duval, at least suffer me to inquire what is become of her.'

'And when may I speak to you again?'

'No matter when: I don't know; perhaps—'

'Perhaps what, my angel?'

'Perhaps never, sir, if you torment me thus.'

'Never! O Miss Anville, how cruel, how piercing to my soul is that icy word! Indeed, I cannot endure such displeasure.'

'Then, sir, you must not provoke it. Pray, leave me directly.'

'I will, madam; but let me at least make a merit of my obedience—allow me to hope that you will in future be less averse to trusting yourself for a few moments alone with me.'

I was surprised at the freedom of this request; but while I hesitated how to answer it, the other mask came up to the chariot door, and in a voice almost stifled with laughter, said: 'I've done for her! The old buck is safe; but we must sheer off directly, or we shall be all aground.'

Sir Clement instantly left me, mounted his horse, and rode off. The captain, having given some directions to his servants, followed him.

I was both uneasy and impatient to know the fate of Madame Duval, and immediately got out of the chariot to seek her. I desired the footman to shew me which way she was gone; he pointed with his finger, by way of answer, and I saw that he dared not trust his voice to make any other. I walked on at a very quick pace, and soon, to my great consternation, perceived the poor lady seated upright in a ditch. I flew to her, with unfeigned concern at her situation. She was sobbing, nay, almost roaring, and in the utmost agony of rage and terror. As soon as she saw me, she redoubled her cries, but her voice was so broken, I could not understand a word she said. I was so much shocked, that it was with difficulty I forbore exclaiming against the cruelty of the captain for thus wantonly ill-treating her, and I could not forgive myself for having passively suffered the deception. I used my utmost endeavours to comfort her, assuring her of our present safety, and begging her to rise and return to the chariot.

Almost bursting with passion, she pointed to her feet, and with frightful violence she actually beat the ground with her hands.

I then saw that her feet were tied together with a strong rope, which was fastened to the upper branch of a tree, even with a hedge which ran along the ditch where she sat. I endeavoured to untie the knot, but soon found it was infinitely beyond my strength. I was therefore obliged to apply to the footman; but being very unwilling to add to his mirth by the sight of Madame Duval's situation, I desired him to lend me a knife. I returned with it, and cut the rope. Her feet were soon disentangled, and then, though with great difficulty, I assisted her to rise. But what was my astonishment, when, the moment she was up, she hit me a violent slap on the face! I retreated from her with precipitation and dread, and she then loaded me with reproaches, which, though almost unintelligible, convinced me that she imagined I had voluntarily deserted her: but she seemed not to have the slightest suspicion that she had not been attacked by real robbers.

I was so much surprised and confounded at the blow, that for some time I suffered her to rave without making any answer; but her extreme agitation and real suffering soon dispelled my anger, which all turned into compassion. I then told her that I had been forcibly detained from following her, and assured her of my real sorrow at her ill-usage.

She began to be somewhat appeased, and I again entreated her to return to the carriage, or give me leave to order that it should draw up to the place where we stood. She made no answer, till I told her that the longer we remained still, the greater would be the danger of her ride home. Struck with this hint, she suddenly, and with hasty steps, moved forward.

Her dress was in such disorder, that I was quite sorry to have her figure exposed to the servants, who all of them, in imitation of their master, hold her in derision; however, the disgrace was unavoidable.

The ditch, happily, was almost dry, or she must have suffered still more seriously; yet so forlorn, so miserable a figure I never before saw. Her head-dress had fallen off; her linen was torn; her negligée had not a pin left in it; her petticoats she was obliged to hold on; and her shoes were perpetually slipping off. She was covered with dirt, weeds, and filth, and her face was really horrible, for the pomatum and powder from her head, and the dust from the road, were quite pasted on her skin by her tears, which, with her rouge, made so frightful a mixture that she hardly looked human.

The servants were ready to die with laughter the moment they saw her; but not all my remonstrances could prevail on her to get into the carriage till she had most vehemently reproached them both for not rescuing her. The footman, fixing his eyes on the ground, as if fearful of again trusting himself to look at her, protested that the robbers avowed that they would shoot him if he moved an inch, and that one of them had stayed to watch the chariot, while the other carried her off; adding that the reason of their behaving so barbarously, was to revenge our having secured our purses. Notwithstanding her anger, she gave immediate credit to what he said, and really imagined that her want of money had irritated the pretended robbers to treat her with such cruelty. I determined therefore to be carefully on my guard not to betray the imposition, which could now answer no other purpose than occasioning an irreparable breach between her and the captain.

Just as we were seated in the chariot, she discovered the loss which her head had sustained, and called out: 'My God! what is become of my hair? Why, the villain has stole all my curls!'

She then ordered the man to run and see if he could find any of them in the ditch. He went, and presently returning, produced a great quantity of hair in such a nasty condition, that I was amazed she would take it; and the man, as he delivered it to her found it impossible to keep his countenance: which she no sooner observed, than all her stormy passions were again raised. She flung the battered curls in his face, saying; 'Sirrah, what do you grin for? I wish you'd been served so yourself, and you wouldn't have found it no such joke; you are the impudentest fellow ever I see, and if I find you dare grin at me any more, I shall make no ceremony of boxing your ears.'

Satisfied with the threat, the man hastily retired, and we drove on.

Miss Burney explains to King George III. the Circumstances attending the Composition of 'Evelina.'

The king went up to the table, and looked at a book of prints, from Claude Lorraine, which had been brought down for Miss Dewes; but Mrs. Delany, by mistake, told him they were for me. He turned over a leaf or two, and then said:

'Pray, does Miss Burney draw, too?'

The *too* was pronounced very civilly.

'I believe not, sir,' answered Mrs. Delany; 'at least she does not tell.'

'Oh,' cried he, laughing, 'that's nothing; she is not apt to tell; she never does tell, you know. Her father told me that himself. He told me the whole history of her "Evelina." And I shall never forget his face when he spoke of his feelings at first taking up the book; he looked quite frightened, just as if he was doing it that moment. I never can forget his face while I live.'

Then coming up close to me, he said: 'But what! what! how was it?'

'Sir?' cried I, not well understanding him.

'How came you—how happened it—what—what?'

'I—I only wrote, sir, for my own amusement—only in some odd idle hours.'

'But your publishing—your printing—how was that?'

'That was only, sir—only because'—

I hesitated most abominably, not knowing how to tell him a long story, and growing terribly confused at these questions; besides, to say the truth, his own 'what! what?' so reminded me of those vile Probationary Odes [by Walcott], that, in the midst of all my flutter, I was really hardly able to keep my countenance.

The *what!* was then repeated, with so earnest a look, that, forced to say something, I stammeringly answered: 'I thought, sir, it would look very well in print.'

I do really flatter myself this is the silliest speech I ever made. I am quite pro-

voked with myself for it; but a fear of laughing made me eager to utter anything, and by no means conscious, till I had spoken, of what I was saying.

He laughed very heartily himself—well he might—and walked away to enjoy it, crying out: ‘Very fair indeed; that’s being very fair and honest.’

Then returning to me again, he said: ‘But your father—how came you to not to shew him what you wrote?’

‘I was too much ashamed of it, sir, seriously.’

‘Literal truth that, I am sure.’

‘And how did he find that out?’

‘I don’t know myself, sir. He never would tell me.’

‘Literal truth again, my dear father, as you can testify.’

‘But how did you get it printed?’

‘I sent it, sir, to a bookseller my father never employed, and that I never had seen myself, Mr. Lowndes, in full hope that by that means he never would hear of it.’

‘But how could you manage that?’

‘By means of a brother, sir.’

‘Oh, you confided in a brother, then?’

‘Yes, sir—that is, for the publication.’

‘What entertainment you must have had from hearing people’s conjectures before you were known! Do you remember any of them?’

‘Yes, sir, many.’

‘And what?’

‘I heard that Mr. Baretti laid a wager it was written by a man; for no woman, he said, could have kept her own counsel.’

This diverted him extremely.

‘But how was it,’ he continued, ‘you thought it most likely for your father to discover you?’

‘Sometimes, sir, I have supposed I must have dropt some of the manuscripts; sometimes that one of my sisters betrayed me.’

‘Oh, your sister? What! not your brother?’

‘No, sir, he could not, for—’

I was going on, but he laughed so much I could not be heard, exclaiming: ‘Vastly well! I see you are of Mr. Baretti’s mind, and think your brother could keep your secret, and not your sister. Well, but,’ cried he presently, ‘how was it first known to you, you were betrayed?’

‘By a letter, sir, from another sister. I was very ill, and in the country; and she wrote me word that my father had taken up a review, in which the book was mentioned, and had put his finger upon its name, and said: “Contrive to get that book for me.”’

‘And when he got it,’ cried the king, ‘he told me he was afraid of looking at it, and never can I forget his face when he mentioned his first opening it. But you have not kept your pen unemployed all this time?’

‘Indeed I have, sir.’

‘But why?’

‘I—I believe I have exhausted myself, sir.’

He laughed aloud at this, and went and told it to Mrs. Delany, civilly treating a plain fact as a mere *bon mot*.

Then returning to me again, he said more seriously: ‘But you have not determined against writing any more?’

‘N—o, sir.’

‘You have made no vow—no real resolution of that sort?’

‘No, sir.’

‘You only wait for inclination?’

How admirably Mr. Cambridge’s speech might have come in here.

‘No, sir.’

A very civil little bow spoke him pleased with this answer, and he went again to the middle of the room, where he chiefly stood, and, addressing us in general, talked upon the different motives of writing, concluding with: ‘I believe there is no constraint to be put upon real genius; nothing but inclination can set it to work. Miss Burney, however, knows best.’ And then hastily returning to me, he cried: ‘What! what?’

'No, sir, I—I—believe not, certainly,' quoth I very awkwardly, for I seemed taking a violent compliment only as my due; but I knew not how to put him off as I would another person.

Margaret Nicholson's Attempt on the Life of George III., August 2, 1786.

An attempt had just been made upon the life of the king! I was almost petrified with horror at the intelligence. If this king is not safe—good, pious, beneficent as he is—if his life is in danger from his own subjects, what is to guard the throne? and which way is a monarch to be secure!

Mrs. Goldsworthy had taken every possible precaution so to tell the matter to the Princess Elizabeth as least to alarm her, lest it might occasion a return of her spasms; but, fortunately, she cried so exceedingly that it was hoped the vent of her tears would save her from these terrible convulsions.

Madaune La Fite had heard of the attempt only, not the particulars; but I was afterwards informed of them in the most interesting manner, namely, how they were related to the queen. And as the newspapers will have told you all else, I shall only and briefly tell that.

No information arrived here of the matter before His Majesty's return, at the usual hour in the afternoon, from the levee. The Spanish minister had hurried off instantly to Windsor, and was in waiting at Lady Charlotte Finch's, to be ready to assure Her Majesty of the king's safety, in case any report anticipated his return.

The queen had the two eldest princesses, the Duchess of Ancaster, and Lady Charlotte Bertie with her when the king came in. He hastened up to her, with a countenance of striking vivacity, and said: 'Here I am!—safe and well, as you see—but I have very narrowly escaped being stabbed! His own conscious safety, and the pleasure he felt in thus personally shewing it to the queen, made him not aware of the effect of so abrupt a communication. The queen was seized with a consternation that at first almost stupefied her, and, after a most painful silence, the first words she could articulate were, in looking round at the duchess and Lady Charlotte, who had both burst into tears, 'I envy you—I can't cry!' The two princesses were for a little while in the same state; but the tears of the duchess proved infectious, and they then wept even with violence.

The king, with the gayest good-humour, did his utmost to comfort them; and then gave a relation of the affair, with a calmness and unconcern that, had any one but himself been his hero, would have been regarded as totally unfeeling.

You may have heard it wrong; I will concisely tell it right. His carriage had just stopped at the garden door at St. James's, and he had just alighted from it, when a decently dressed woman, who had been waiting for him some time, approached him with a petition. It was rolled up, and had the usual superscription—'For the King's Most Excellent Majesty.' She presented it with her right hand; and, at the same moment that the king bent forward to take it, she drew from it, with her left hand, a knife, with which she aimed straight at his heart!

The fortunate awkwardness of taking the instrument with the left hand made her design perceived before it could be executed; the king started back, scarce believing the testimony of his own eyes; and the woman made a second thrust, which just touched his waistcoat before he had time to prevent her; and at that moment one of the attendants, seeing her horrible intent, wrenched the knife from her hand.

'Has she cut my waistcoat?' cried he, in telling it. 'Look! for I have had no time to examine.'

Thank Heaven, however, the poor wretch had not gone quite so far. 'Though nothing,' added the king, in giving his relation, 'could have been sooner done, for there was nothing for her to go through but a thin linen, and fat.'

While the guards and his own people now surrounded the king, the assassin was seized by the populace, who were tearing her away, no doubt to fall the instant sacrifice of her murderous purpose, when the king, the only calm and moderate person then present, called aloud to the mob: 'The poor creature is mad! Do not hurt her! She has not hurt me!' He then came forward, and shewed himself to all the people, declaring he was perfectly safe and unhurt; and then gave positive orders that the woman should be taken care of, and went into the palace, and had his levee.

There is something in the whole of this behaviour upon this occasion that strikes me as proof indisputable of a true and noble courage: for in a moment so extraordinary—an attack, in this country, unheard of before—to settle so instantly that it was the effect of insanity, to feel no apprehension of private plot or latent conspiracy—to stay out, fearlessly, among his people, and so benevolently to see himself to the safety of one who had raised her arm against his life—these little traits, all impulsive, and therefore to be trusted, have given me an impression of respect and reverence that I can never forget, and never think of but with fresh admiration.

If that love of prerogative, so falsely assigned, were true, what an opportunity was here offered to exert it! Had he instantly taken refuge in his palace, ordered out all his guards, stopped every avenue to St. James's, and issued his commands that every individual present at this scene should be secured and examined; who would have dared murmur, or even blame such measures? The insanity of the woman has now fully been proved; but that noble confidence which gave that instant excuse for her was then all his own.

SARAH HARRIET BURNEY, half-sister to Madame D'Arblay, was authoress of several novels, 'Geraldine,' 'Fauconberg,' 'Country Neighbours,' &c. This lady copied the style of her relative, but had not her raciness-of humour, or power of delineating character

WILLIAM BECKFORD.

In 1784 there appeared, in French, the rich oriental story entitled 'Vathek: an Arabian Tale.' A translation into English, with notes critical and explanatory, was published in 1786; and the tale, revised and corrected, has since passed through many editions. Byron praises the work for its correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination. 'As an Eastern tale,' he says, 'even Rasselas must bow before it: his Happy Valley will not bear a comparison with the Hall of Eblis.' It would be difficult to institute a comparison between scenes so very dissimilar—almost as different as the garden of Eden from Pandemonium; but 'Vathek' seems to have powerfully impressed the youthful fancy of Byron. It contains some minute Eastern painting and characters—a Giaour being of the number—uniting energy and fire with voluptuousness, such as Byron loved to draw. The Caliph Vathek, who had 'sullied himself with a thousand crimes,' like the Corsair, is a magnificent 'hilde Harold, and may have suggested the character.

WILLIAM BECKFORD, the author of this remarkable work, was born in 1760. He had as great a passion for building towers as the caliph himself, and both his fortune and his genius have something of oriental splendour about them. His father, Alderman Beckford of Fonthill, was leader of the city of London opposition in the stormy times of Wilkes, Chatham, and the American discontents. The father died in 1770, and when the young heir came of age, he succeeded to a fortune of a million of money, and £100,000 a year. His education had been desultory and irregular—partly under tutors at Geneva—but a literary taste was soon manifested. In his eighteenth year he wrote 'Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters' (published in 1780), being a burlesque guide-book to the gallery of pictures at Fonthill, designed to mislead the old housekeeper and ignorant visitors. Shortly afterwards, he wrote some account of his

early travels, under the title of 'Dreams, Waking Thoughts, and Incidents,' but though printed, this work was never published. In 1780, he made a tour on the continent, which formed the subject of a series of letters, picturesque and poetical, which he published (though not until 1835) under the title of 'Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal.' The high-bred ease, voluptuousness, and classic taste of some of these descriptions and personal adventures have a striking and unique effect. In 1782, he wrote 'Vathek.' 'It took me three days and two nights of hard labour,' he said, 'and I never took off my clothes the whole time.' The description of the Hall of Eblis was copied from the Hall of old Fonthill, and the female characters were portraits of the Fonthill domestics idealised. The work, however, was partly taken from a French romance, 'Abdallah; ou les Aventures du Fils de Hanif,' Paris, 1723. In 1783, Beckford married a daughter of the Earl of Aboyne, who died three years afterwards, leaving two daughters, one of whom became Duchess of Hamilton. He sat for some time in parliament for the borough of Hindon, but his love of magnificence and his voluptuary tastes were ill suited to English society. In 1794, he set off for Portugal with a retinue of thirty servants, and was absent about two years. He is said to have built a palace at Cintra—that 'glorious Eden of the south,' and Byron has referred to it in the first canto of 'Childe Harold.'

There thou, too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
Once formed thy paradise.

The poet, however, had been misled by inaccurate information: Beckford built no 'paradise' at Cintra. But he has left a literary memorial of his residence in Portugal in his 'Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha,' published in 1835. The excursion was made in June 1794, at the desire of the Prince-regent of Portugal. The monastery of Alcobaca was the grandest ecclesiastical edifice in that country, with paintings, antique tombs, and fountains; the noblest architecture, in the finest situation, and inhabited by monks, who lived like princes. The whole of these sketches are interesting, and present a gorgeous picture of ecclesiastical pomp and wealth. Mr. Beckford and his friends were conducted to the kitchen by the abbot, in his costume of High Almoner of Portugal, that they might see what preparations had been made to regale them. The kitchen was worthy of a Vathek! 'Through the centre of the immense and nobly groined hall, not less than 60 feet in diameter, ran a brisk rivulet of the clearest water, containing every sort and size of the finest river-fish. On one side, loads of game and venison were heaped up; on the other, vegetables and fruits in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stores extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheaten flour, whiter than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in vast abundance. which a numerous tribe of lay-

brothers and their attendants were rolling out, and puffing up into a hundred different shapes, singing all the while as blithely as larks in a corn-field.' Alas! this regal splendour is all gone. The magnificent monastery of Alcobaca was plundered and given to the flames by the French troops under Massena in 1811.

In the year 1796, Mr. Beckford returned to England, and took up his residence permanently on his Wiltshire estate. Two burlesque novels from his pen belong to this period—'Modern Novel-writing, or the Elegant Enthusiast,' two volumes, 1796; and 'Azemia,' two volumes, 1797. They are extravagant and worthless productions. At Fonthill, Beckford lived in a style of oriental luxury and seclusion. He built a wall of nine miles round his property, to shut out visitors; but in 1800 his gates were thrown open to receive Lord Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton, in honour of whom he gave a series of splendid fêtes. Next year he sold the furniture and pictures of Fonthill, pulled down the old paternal mansion, with its great Hall, and for years employed himself in rearing the magnificent but unsubstantial Gothic structure known as Fonthill Abbey, and in embellishing the surrounding grounds. The latter were laid out in the most exquisite style of landscape-gardening, aided by the natural inequality and beauty of the ground, and enriched by a lake and fine sylvan scenery. The grand tower of the abbey was 260 feet high, and occupied the owner's care and anxiety for years. The structure was like a romance. 'On one occasion, when this lofty tower was pushing its crest towards heaven, an elevated part of it caught fire, and was destroyed. The sight was sublime; and we have heard that it was a spectacle which the owner of the mansion enjoyed with as much composure as if the flames had not been devouring what it would cost a fortune to repair.' The building was carried on by him with an energy and enthusiasm of which duller minds can hardly form a conception.

At one period, every cart and wagon in the district was pressed into the service, though all the agricultural labour of the country stood still. At another, even the royal works of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, were abandoned, that 460 men might be employed night and day on Fonthill Abbey. These men were made to relieve each other by regular watches; and during the longest and darkest nights of winter, the astonished traveller might see the tower rising under their hands, the trowel and torch being associated for that purpose. This must have had a very extraordinary appearance; and we are told that it was another of those exhibitions which Mr. Beckford was fond of contemplating. He is represented as surveying the work thus expedited, the busy levy of masons, the high and giddy dancing of the lights, and the strange effects produced upon the architecture and woods below, from one of the eminences in the walks, and wasting the coldest hours of December darkness in feasting his sense with

this display of almost superhuman power.'* These details are characteristic of the author of 'Vathek,' and form an interesting illustration of his peculiar taste and genius. In 1822, Mr. Beckford sold Fonthill, and went to live at Bath. There he erected another costly building, Lansdowne House, which had a tower a hundred feet high, crowned with a model of the temple of Lysicrates at Athens, *made of cast-iron*. He had a magnificent gallery built over a junction archway; the grounds were decorated with temples, vases, and statues; and the interior of the house was filled with rare paintings, sculptures, old china, and other articles of virtù. His old porter, a dwarf, continued to attend his master as at Fonthill, and the same course of voluptuous solitude was pursued, 'though now his eightieth year was nigh.' Looking from his new tower one morning, Beckford found the Fonthill tower gone! He was not unprepared for the catastrophe. The master of the works at Fonthill confessed, on his death-bed, that he had not built the tower on an arched foundation; it was built on the sand, he said, and would some day fall. Beckford communicated this to the purchaser, Mr. Farquhar; but the new proprietor, with a philosophic coolness that Beckford must have admired, observed he was quite satisfied it would last his time. It fell, however, shortly afterwards, filling the marble court with the ruins. Of the great Abbey only one turret-gallery now remains, and the princely estate, with its green drive of nine miles, has been broken up and sold as three separate properties. Mr. Beckford died in his house at Bath on the 2d of May 1844. His body was inclosed in a sarcophagus of red granite, inscribed with a passage from 'Vathek': 'Enjoying humbly the most precious gift of Heaven, Hope.' More appropriately might have been engraved on it the old truth, *Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*. Of all the glories and prodigalities of the English Sardanapalus, his slender romance, the work of three days, is the only durable memorial.

* *Literary Gazette*, 1822.—Hazlitt, who visited the spot at the same time, says: 'Fonthill Abbey, after being enveloped in impenetrable mystery for a length of years, has been unexpectedly thrown open to the vulgar gaze, and has lost none of its reputation for magnificence—though perhaps its visionary glory, its classic renown, have vanished from the public mind for ever. It is, in a word, a desert of magnificence, a glittering waste of laborious idleness, a cathedral turned into a toy-shop, an immense museum of all that is most curious and costly, and, at the same time, most worthless, in the productions of art and nature. Ships of pearl and seas of amber are scarce a fable here—a nautilus's shell, surmounted with a gilt triumph of Neptune—tables of agate, cabinets of ebony, and precious stones, painted windows, shedding a gaudy crimson light, satin borders, marble floors, and lamps of solid gold—Chinese pagodas and Persian tapestry—all the splendour of Solomon's temple is displayed to the view in miniature—whatever is far-fetched and dear-bought, rich in the materials, or rare and difficult in the workmanship—but scarce one genuine work of art, one solid proof of taste, one lofty relic of sentiment or imagination.' The collection of *bijouterie* and articles of *virtù* was allowed to be almost unprecedented in extent and value. Mr. Beckford disposed of Fonthill, in 1822, to Mr. Farquhar, a gentleman who had amassed a fortune in India, for £330,000 or £350,000, the late proprietor retaining only his family pictures and a few books—*Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct. 1822.

The outline or plot of 'Vathek' possesses all the wildness of Arabian fiction. The hero is the grandson of Haroun al Raschid (*Aaron the Just*), whose dominions stretched from Africa to India. He is fearless, proud, inquisitive, a *gourmand*, fond of theological controversy, cruel and magnificent in his power as a caliph; in short, an Eastern Henry VIII.

Description of the Caliph Vathek and his Magnificent Palaces.

Vathek, ninth caliph of the race of the Abbasides, was the son of Motassem, and the grandson of Haroun al Raschid. From an early accession to the throne, and the talents he possessed to adorn it, his subjects were induced to expect that his reign would be long and happy. His figure was pleasing and majestic; but when he was angry, one of his eyes became so terrible that no person could bear to behold it; and the wretch upon whom it was fixed instantly fell backward, and sometimes expired. For fear, however, of depopulating his dominions, and making his palace desolate, he but rarely gave way to his anger.

Being much addicted to women and the pleasures of the table, he sought by his affability to procure agreeable companions; and he succeeded the better as his generosity was unbounded and his indulgences unrestrained; for he did not think, with the caliph Omar Ben Abdalaziz, that it was necessary to make a hell of this world to enjoy paradise in the next.

He surpassed in magnificence all his predecessors. The palace of Alkoremi, which his father, Motassem, had erected on the hill of Pied Horses, and which commanded the whole city of Samarah, was in his idea far too scanty; he added, therefore, five wings, or rather other palaces, which he destined for the particular gratification of each of the senses. In the first of these were tables continually covered with the most exquisite dainties, which were supplied both by night and by day, according to their constant consumption; whilst the most delicious wines, and the choicest cordials, flowed forth from a hundred fountains that were never exhausted. This palace was called the Eternal, or Unsatiating Banquet. The second was styled the Temple of Melody, or the Nectar of the Soul. It was inhabited by the most skilful musicians and admired poets of the time, who not only displayed their talents within, but dispersing in bands without, caused every surrounding scene to reverberate their songs, which were continually varied in the most delightful succession.

The palace named the Delight of the Eyes, or the Support of Memory, was one entire enchantment. Rarities, collected from every corner of the earth, were there found in such profusion as to dazzle and confound, but for the order in which they were arranged. One gallery exhibited the pictures of the celebrated Mœni, and statues that seemed to be alive. Here a well-managed perspective attracted the sight; there the magic of optics agreeably deceived it; whilst the naturalist, on his part, exhibited in their several classes the various gifts that Heaven had bestowed on our globe. In a word, Vathek omitted nothing in this palace that might gratify the curiosity of those who resorted to it, although he was not able to satisfy his own, for of all men he was the most curious.

The Palace of Perfumes, which was termed likewise the Incentive to Pleasure, consisted of various halls, where the different perfumes which the earth produces were kept perpetually burning in censers of gold. Flambeaux and aromatic lamps were here lighted in open day. But the too powerful effects of this agreeable delirium might be alleviated by descending into an immense garden, where an assemblage of every fragrant flower diffused through the air the purest odours.

The fifth palace, denominated the Retreat of Mirth, or the Dangerous, was frequented by troops of young females, beautiful as the Hours, and not less seducing, who never failed to receive with caresses all whom the caliph allowed to approach them, and enjoy a few hours of their company.

Notwithstanding the sensuality in which Vathek indulged, he experienced no abatement in the love of his people, who thought that a sovereign giving himself up to pleasure was as able to govern as one who declared himself an enemy to it. But the unquiet and impetuous disposition of the caliph would not allow him to rest there. He had studied so much for his amusement in the lifetime of his father, as to acquire a

great deal of knowledge, though not a sufficiency to satisfy himself; for he wished to know everything, even sciences that did not exist. He was fond of engaging in disputes with the learned, but did not allow them to push their opposition with warmth. It stopped with presents the mouths of those whose mouths could be stopped; whilst others, whom his liberality was unable to subdue, he sent to prison to cool their blood—a remedy that often succeeded.

Vathek discovered also a predilection for theological controversy; but it was not with the orthodox that he usually held. By this means he induced the zealots to oppose him, and then persecuted them in return; for he resolved, at any rate, to have reason on his side.

The great prophet, Mohammed, whose vicars the caliphs are, beheld with indignation from his abode in the seventh heaven the irreligious conduct of such a vicegerent. 'Let us leave him to himself,' said he to the genii, who are always ready to receive his commands; 'let us see to what lengths his folly and impiety will carry him; if he run into excess, we shall know how to chastise him. Assist him, therefore, to complete the tower, which, in imitation of Nimrod, he hath begun; not, like that great warrior, to escape being drowned, but from the insolent curiosity of penetrating the secrets of Heaven: he will not divine the fate that awaits him.'

The genii obeyed; and, when the workman had raised their structure a cubit in the daytime, two cubits more were added in the night. The expedition with which the fabric arose was not a little flattering to the vanity of Vathek: he fancied that even insensible matter shewed a forwardness to subserve his designs, not considering that the successes of the foolish and wicked form the first rod of their chastisement.

His pride arrived at its height when, having ascended for the first time the fifteen hundred stairs of his tower, he cast his eyes below, and beheld men not larger than pismires, mountains than shells, and cities than bee-hives. The idea which such an elevation inspired of his own grandeur completely bewildered him; he was almost ready to adore himself, till, lifting his eyes upward, he saw the stars as high above him as they appeared when he stood on the surface of the earth. He consoled himself, however, for this intruding and unwelcome perception of his littleness, with the thought of being great in the eyes of others; and flattered himself that the light of his mind would extend beyond the reach of his sight, and extort from the stars the decrees of his destiny.

After some horrible sacrifices, related with great power, Carathis reads from a roll of parchment an injunction that Vathek should depart from his palace surrounded by all the pageants of majesty, and set forward on his way to Istakar. 'There,' added the writing of the mysterious Giaour, 'I await thy coming: that is the region of wonders: there shalt thou receive the diadem of Gian Ben Gian, the talismans of Soliman, and the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans: there shalt thou be solaced with all kinds of delight. But beware how thou enterest any dwelling on thy route, or thou shalt feel the effects of my anger.' The degenerate commander of the true believers sets off on his journey with much pomp. After various adventures and scenes of splendid voluptuousness, one of the beneficent genii, in the guise of a shepherd, endeavours to arrest Vathek in his mad career, and warns him that beyond the mountains Eblis and his accursed *djins* hold their infernal empire. That moment, he said, was the last of grace allowed him, and as soon as the sun, then obscured by clouds, recovered his splendour, if his heart was not changed, the time of mercy assigned to him would be passed forever. Vathek audaciously spurned from him the warning and the counsel. 'Let the sun appear,' he said; 'let him illumine my career! it matters not where it may end.' At the approach of night, most of his

attendants escaped ; but Nouronihar, whose impatience, if possible, exceeded his own, importuned him to hasten his march, and lavished on him a thousand caresses to beguile all reflection.

The Hall of Eblis.

In this manner they advanced by moonlight till they came within view of the two towering rocks that form a kind of portal to the valley, at the extremity of which rose the vast ruins of Istakar. Aloft, on the mountain, glimmered the fronts of various royal mausoleums, the horror of which was deepened by the shadows of night. They passed through two villages, almost deserted ; the only inhabitants remaining being a few feeble old men, who, at the sight of horses and litters, fell upon their knees and cried out : O heaven ! is it then by these phantoms that we have been for six months tormented ! Alas ! it was from the terror of these spectres, and the noise beneath the mountains, that our people have fled, and left us at the mercy of the maleficent spirits !' The caliph, to whom these complaints were but unpromising auguries, drove over the bodies of these wretched old men, and at length arrived at the foot of the terrace of black marble. There he descended from his litter, handing down Nouronihar ; both, with beating hearts, stared wildly around them, and expected, with an apprehensive shudder, the approach of the Giaour. But nothing as yet announced his appearance.

A deathlike stillness reigned over the mountain and through the air. The moon dilated on a vast platform the shades of the lofty columns which reached from the terrace almost to the clouds. The gloomy watch-towers, whose number could not be counted, were covered by no roof ; and their capitals, of an architecture unknown in the records of the earth, served as an asylum for the birds of night, which, alarmed at the approach of such visitants, fled away croaking.

The chief of the eunuchs, trembling with fear, besought Vathek that a fire might be kindled. 'No,' replied he ; 'there is no time left to think of such trifles ; abide where thou art, and expect my commands.' Having thus spoken, he presented his hand to Nouronihar, and, ascending the steps of a vast staircase, reached the terrace, which was flagged with squares of marble, and resembled a smooth expanse of water, upon whose surface not a blade of grass ever dared to vegetate. On the right rose the watch-towers, ranged before the ruins of an immense palace, whose walls were embossed with various figures. In front stood forth the colossal forms of four creatures, composed of the leopard and the griffin, and though but of stone, inspired emotions of terror. Near these were distinguished, by the splendour of the moon, which streamed full on the place, characters like those on the sabres of the Giaour, and which possessed the same virtue of changing every moment. These, after vacillating for some time, fixed at last in Arabic letters, and prescribed to the caliph the following words : 'Vathek ! thou hast violated the conditions of my parchment, and deservest to be sent back ; but in favour to thy companion, and as the need for what thou hast done to obtain it, Eblis permitteth that the portal of his palace shall be opened, and the subterranean fire will receive thee into the number of its adorers.

He scarcely had read these words before the mountain against which the terrace was reared trembled, and the watch-towers were ready to topple headlong upon them. The rock yawned, and disclosed within it a staircase of polished marble that seemed to approach the abyss. Upon each stair were planted two large torches, like those Nouronihar had seen in her vision ; the camphorated vapour of which ascended and gathered itself into a cloud under the hollow of the vault. . . .

The caliph and Nouronihar beheld each other with amazement at finding themselves in a place which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious and lofty that at first they took it for an immeasurable plain. But their eyes at length growing familiar to the grandeur of the surrounding objects, they extended their view to those at a distance, and discovered rows of columns and arcades which gradually diminished till they terminated in a point radiant as the sun when he darts his last beams athwart the ocean. The pavement, strewed over with gold-dust and saffron, exhaled so subtle an odour as almost overpowered them. They, however, went on, and observed an infinity of censers, in which, ambergris and the wood of aloes were continually burning.

In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who

severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding anything around them. They had all the livid paleness of death. Their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors that glimmer by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on, absorbed in profound reverie; some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about like tigers wounded with poisoned arrows; whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along more frantic than the wildest maniac. They all avoided each other; and though surrounded by a multitude that no one could number, each wandered at random, unheeded of the rest, as if alone on a desert where no foot had trodden. . . .

After some time, Vathek and Nouronihar perceived a gleam brightening through the drapery, and entered a vast tabernacle hung round with the skins of leopards. An infinity of elders, with streaming beards, and afrits in complete armour, had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence, on the top of which, upon a globe of fire, sat the formidable Eblis. His person was that of a young man, whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant vapours. In his large eyes appeared both pride and despair; his flowing hair retained some resemblance to that of an angel of light. In his hand, which thunder had blasted, he swayed the iron sceptre that causes the monster Ouranbad, the afrits, and all the powers of the abyss, to tremble. At his presence, the heart of the caliph sank within him, and he fell prostrate on his face. Nouronihar, however, though greatly dismayed, could not help admiring the person of Eblis, for she expected to have seen some stupendous giant. Eblis, with a voice more mild than might be imagined, but such as penetrated the soul, and filled it with the deepest melancholy, said: 'Creatures of clay, I receive you into mine empire; ye are numbered amongst my adorers; enjoy whatever this palace affords; the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans; their fulminating sabres; and those talismans that compel the dives to open the subterranean expanses of the mountain of Kaf, which communicate with these. There, insatiable as your curiosity may be, shall you find sufficient objects to gratify it. You shall possess the exclusive privilege of entering the fortresses of Ahernan, and the halls of Argenk, where are portrayed all creatures endowed with intelligence and the various animals that inhabited the earth prior to the creation of that contemptible being whom ye denominate the father of mankind.'

Vathek and Nouronihar, feeling themselves revived and encouraged by this harangue, eagerly said to the Giaour: 'Bring us instantly to the place which contains these precious talismans.' 'Come,' answered this wicked dive, with his malignant grin, 'come and possess all that my sovereign hath promised, and more.' He then conducted them into a long aisle adjoining the tabernacle, preceding them with hasty steps and followed by his disciples with the utmost alacrity. They reached at length a hall of great extent, and covered with a lofty dome, around which appeared fifty portals of bronze, secured with as many fastenings of iron. A funeral gloom prevailed over the whole scene. Here, upon two beds of incorruptible cedar, lay recumbent the fleshless forms of the pre-Adamite kings who had been monarchs of the whole earth. They still possessed enough of life to be conscious of their deplorable condition. Their eyes retained a melancholy motion; they regarded one another with looks of the deepest dejection, each holding his right hand motionless on his heart. At their feet were inscribed the events of their several reigns, their power, their pride, and their crimes; Soliman Dakl, and Soliman, called Ghan Ben Ghan, who, after having chained up the dives in the dark caverns of Kaf, became so presumptuous as to doubt of the Supreme Power. All these maintained great state, though not to be compared with the eminence of Soliman Ben Daoud.

This king, so renowned for his wisdom, was on the loftiest elevation, and placed immediately under the dome. He appeared to possess more animation than the rest. Though, from time to time, he laboured with profound sighs, and, like his companions, kept his right hand on his heart, yet his countenance was more composed, and he seemed to be listening to the sullen roar of a cataract, visible in part through one of the grated portals. This was the only sound that intruded on the silence of these doleful mansions. A range of brazen vases surrounded the elevation. 'Remove the covers from these cabalistic depositories,' said the Giaour to Vathek, 'and avail thyself of the talismans which will break asunder all these gates of bronze, and not only render thee master of the treasures contained within them, but also of the spirits by which they are guarded.'

The caliph, whom this ominous preliminary had entirely disconcerted, approached

the vases with faltering footsteps, and was ready to sink with terror when he heard the groans of Soliman. As he proceeded, a voice from the livid lips of the prophet articulated these words: 'In my lifetime, I filled a magnificent throne, having on my right hand twelve thousand seats of gold, where the patriarchs and the prophets heard my doctrines; on my left, the sages and doctors, upon as many thrones of silver, were present at all my decisions. Whilst I thus administered justice to innumerable multitudes, the birds of the air, hovering over me, served as a canopy against the rays of the sun. My people flourished, and my palace rose to the clouds. I created a temple to the Most High, which was the wonder of the universe; but I basely suffered myself to be seduced by the love of women, and a curiosity that could not be restrained by sublunary things. I listened to the counsels of Aherman, and the daughter of Pharaoh; and adored fire, and the hosts of heaven. I forsook the holy city, and commanded the genii to rear the stupendous palace of Istaker, and the terrace of the watch-towers, each of which was consecrated to a star. There for a while I enjoyed myself in the zenith of glory and pleasure. Not only men, but supernatural beings, were subject also to my will. I began to think, as these unhappy monarchs around had already thought, that the vengeance of Heaven was asleep, when at once the thunder burst my structures asunder, and precipitated me hither, where, however, I do not remain, like the other inhabitants, totally destitute of hope; for an angel of light hath revealed that, in consideration of the piety of my early youth, my woes shall come to an end when this cataract shall for ever cease to flow. Till then, I am in torments—ineffable torments! an unrelenting fire preys on my heart.' . . .

Such was, and such should be, the punishment of unrestrained passions and atrocious deeds! Such shall be the chastisement of that blind curiosity which would transgress those bounds the wisdom of the Creator has prescribed to human knowledge; and such the dreadful disappointment of that restless ambition, which, aiming at discoveries reserved for beings of a supernatural order, perceives not, through its inflated pride, that the condition of man upon earth is to be—humble and ignorant.

There is astonishing force and grandeur in some of these conceptions. The catastrophe possesses a sort of epic sublimity, and the spectacle of the vast multitude incessantly pacing those halls, from which all hope has fled, is worthy the genius of Dante. The numberless graces of description, the piquant allusions, the humour and satire, and the wild yet witty spirit of mockery and derision—like the genius of Voltaire—which is spread over the work, we must leave to the reader. The romance altogether places Beckford among the first of our imaginative writers, independently of the surprise which it is calculated to excite as the work of a youth of twenty-two, who had never been in the countries he describes with so much animation and accuracy.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, the dramatist, was author of three novels, 'Arundel,' 'Henry,' and 'John de Lancaster.' The learning, knowledge of society—including foreign manners—and the dramatic talents of this author, would seem to have qualified him in an eminent degree for novel-writing; but this was by no means the case. His fame must rest on his comedies of 'The West Indian,' 'The Wheel of Fortune,' and 'The Jew.' Cumberland was the son of Mr. Denison Cumberland, bishop of Clonfert, and afterwards of Kilmore. His mother was Joanna, daughter of the celebrated Dr. Bentley, and said to be the Phœbe of Byrom's fine pastoral, 'My

Time, O ye Muses, was happily spent.' Cumberland was born in 1732. He was designed for the church; but in return for some services rendered by his father, the young student was appointed private secretary to the Marquis of Halifax, whom he accompanied to Ireland. Through the influence of his patron, he was made crown-agent for the province of Nova Scotia; and he was afterwards appointed, by Lord George Germain, secretary to the Board of Trade. The dramatic performances of Cumberland written about this time, were highly successful, and introduced him to all the literary and distinguished society of his day. The character of him by Goldsmith in his 'Retaliation,' where he is praised as

The Terence of England, the mender of hearts,

is one of the finest compliments ever paid by one author to another. In the year 1780, Cumberland was employed on a secret mission to Spain, in order to endeavour to detach that country from the hostile confederacy against England. He seems to have been misled by the Abbe Ilussey, chaplain to the king of Spain; and after residing a twelvemonth at Madrid, he was recalled, and payment of his drafts refused. A sum of £5000 was due him; but as Cumberland had failed in the negotiation, and had exceeded his commission through excess of zeal, the minister harshly refused to remunerate him. Thus situated, the unfortunate dramatist was compelled to sell his paternal estate, and retire into private life. He took up his abode at Tunbridge, and there poured forth a variety of dramas, essays, and other works, among which were two epic poems, 'Calvary' and 'The Exodiad,' the latter written in conjunction with Sir James Bland Burgess. None of these efforts can be said to have overstepped the line of mediocrity; for though our author had erudition, taste, and accomplishments, he wanted, in all but two or three of his plays, the vivifying power of genius.

Cumberland's 'Memoirs of his own Life'—for which he obtained £500—are graphic and entertaining, but too many of his anecdotes of his contemporaries will not bear a rigid scrutiny. Cumberland died on the 7th of May 1811. His first novel, 'Arundel' (1789), was hurriedly composed; but the scene being partly in college and at court, and treating of scenes and characters in high life, the author drew upon his recollections, and painted vigorously what he had felt and witnessed. His second work, 'Henry' (1795), which he polished with great care, to imitate the elaborate style of Fielding, was less happy; for Cumberland was not so much at home in low life, and his portraits are grossly overcharged. The character of Ezekiel Dow, a Methodist preacher, is praised by Sir Walter Scott as not only an exquisite but a just portrait. The resemblance to Fielding's Parson Adams is, however, too marked, while the Methodistic traits introduced are, however faithful, less pleasing than the learned simplicity

and *bonhomie* of the worthy parson. Another peculiarity of the author is thus touched upon by Scott: 'He had a peculiar taste in love-affairs, which induced him to reverse the natural and usual practice of courtship, and to throw upon the softer sex the task of wooing, which is more gracefully, as well as naturally, the province of the man.' In these wooing scenes, too, there is a great want of delicacy and propriety: Cumberland was not here a 'mender of hearts.' The third novel of our author was the work of his advanced years, and is of a very inferior description. It would be unjust not to add, that the prose style of Cumberland in his Memoirs and ordinary narratives, where humour is not attempted is easy and flowing—the style of a scholar and gentleman.

MRS. FRANCES SHERIDAN.

MRS. FRANCES SHERIDAN (1724–1766) was the authoress of two novels, 'Sidney Biddulph' and 'Nourjahad,' and two comedies, 'The Discovery' and 'The Dupe.' The latter are common-place productions, but the novels evince fine imaginative powers and correct moral taste. 'Sidney Biddulph' is a pathetic story; the heroine goes to her grave 'unrelieved but resigned,' as Boswell has said, and Johnson doubted whether the accomplished authoress had a right to make her readers suffer so much. 'Nourjahad' is an eastern romance, also with a moral tendency, but containing some animated incidents and description. Mrs. Sheridan was the wife of Thomas Sheridan, popular as an actor and elocutionist, and author of an 'Orthoepical Dictionary of the English Language.' Dr. Parr, with characteristic enthusiasm, pronounced Mrs. Sheridan to be 'quite celestial,' and Charles James Fox considered 'Sidney Biddulph' to be the best of all modern novels. Yet, perhaps, this amiable and gifted woman is now best known from being the mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

THOMAS HOLCROFT, whose singular history and dramatic performances we have already noticed, was author of several once popular novels. The first was published in 1780, under the title of 'Alwyn, or the Gentleman Comedian.' This had, and deserved to have, but little success. His second, 'Anna St. Ives,' in seven volumes (1792), was well received, and attracted attention from its political bearings no less than the force of its style and character. The principal characters are, as Hazlitt remarks, merely the vehicles of certain general sentiments, or machines put into action, as an experiment to shew how these general principles would operate in particular situations. The same intention is manifested in his third novel, 'Hugh Trevor,' the first part of which appeared in 1794, and the remainder in 1797. In 'Hugh Trevor,' Holcroft, like Godwin, depicted the vices and distresses which he conceived to be gene-

rated by the existing institutions of society. There are some good sketches, and many eloquent and just observations, in the work, and those who have read it in youth will remember the vivid impression that some parts are calculated to convey. The political doctrines inculcated by the author are captivating to young minds, and were enforced by Holcroft in the form of well-contrasted characters, lively dialogue, and pointed satire. He was himself a true believer in the practicability of such an Utopian or ideal state of society. The song of 'Gaffer Gray,' in 'Hugh Trevor,' which glances ironically at the inhumanity of the rich, has a forcible simplicity and truth in particular cases, which made it a favourite with the public.

Gaffer Gray.

Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,	The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray?	Gaffer Gray;
And why does thy nose look so blue?	Warmly fenced both in back and in front
'Tis the weather that's cold,	'He will fasten his locks,
'Tis I'm grown very old,	And will threaten the stocks,
And my doublet is not very new,	Should he ever more find me in want,
Well-a-day!	Well-a-day!
Then line thy worn doublet with ale,	The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray;	Gaffer Gray;
And warm thy old heart with a glass.	And the season will welcome you there.
'Nay, but credit I've none,	'His fat beeves and his beer
And my money's all gone;	And his merry new year,
Then say how may that come to pass?	Are all for the flush and the fair,
Well-a-day!	Well-a-day!
He away to the house on the brow,	My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray,	Gaffer Gray;
And knock at the jolly priest's door.	What then? While it lasts, man, we'll live,
'The priest often preaches,	'The poor man alone,
Against worldly riches.	When he hears the poor moan,
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,	Of his morsel a morsel will give,
Well-a-day!	Well-a-day!

Holcroft wrote another novel, 'Bryan Perduc,' but it is greatly inferior to his former productions. His whole works, indeed, were eclipsed by those of Godwin, and have now fallen out of notice.

ROBERT BAGE.

Another novelist of a similar stamp was ROBERT BAGE, a Quaker, who, like Holcraft, imbibed the principles of the French Revolution, and inculcated them in various works of fiction. Bage was born at Darley, in Derbyshire, on the 29th of February 1728. His father was a paper-maker, and his son continued in the same occupation through life. His manufactory was at Elford, near Tamworth, where he realised a decent competence. During the last eight years of his life, Bage resided at Tamworth, where he died on the 1st of September 1801. The works of this author are—'Mount Kenneth,' 1781; 'Barham Downs,' 1784; 'The Fair Syrian,' 1787; James Wallace, 1788; 'Man as He is,' 1792; 'Hermsprong, or Man as He is

Not,' 1796. Bage's novels are decidedly inferior to those of Holcraft, and it is surprising that Sir Walter Scott should have admitted them into his 'British Novelists,' and at the same time excluded so many superior works. 'Barham Downs' and 'Hernsprong' are the most interesting of the series, and contain some good satirical portraits, though the plots of both are crude and defective.

SOPHIA AND HARRIET LEE.

These ladies, authoresses of 'The Canterbury Tales,' a series of striking and romantic fictions, were the daughters of Mr. Lee, a gentleman who had been articled to a solicitor, but who adopted the stage as a profession. Sophia was born in London in 1750. She was the elder of the sisters, and the early death of her mother devolved upon her the cares of the household. She secretly cultivated, however, a strong attachment to literature. Sophia's first appearance as an author was not made till her thirtieth year, when she produced her comedy, 'The Chapter of Accidents,' which was brought out at the Haymarket Theatre by the elder Colman, and received with great applause. The profits of this piece were devoted by Miss Lee towards establishing a Seminary for young ladies at Bath, which was rendered the more necessary by the death of her father in 1781. Thither, accordingly, the sisters repaired, and their talents and prudence were rewarded by rapid and permanent success.

In 1784, Sophia published the first volume of 'The Recess, or a Tale of other Times;' which was soon followed by the remainder of the tale, the work having instantly become popular. The time selected by Miss Lee as the subject of her story was that of Queen Elizabeth, and her production may be considered one of the earliest of our historical romances. 'The Recess' is tinged with a melancholy and contemplative spirit; and the same feeling is displayed in her next work, a tragedy entitled 'Almeyda, Queen of Grenada,' produced in 1796. In the succeeding year, Harriet Lee published the first volume of 'The Canterbury Tales,' which ultimately extended to five volumes. Two only of the stories were written by Sophia Lee—namely, 'The Young Lady's Tale, or the Two Emily's,' and 'The Clergyman's Tale.' They are characterised by great tenderness and feeling. But the more striking features of 'The Canterbury Tales,' and the great merit of the collection, belong to Harriet Lee. 'Kruitznor, or the German's Tale,' fell into the hands of Byron when he was about fourteen. 'It made a deep impression upon me,' he says, 'and may indeed be said to contain the germ of much that I have since written.' While residing at Pisa in 1821, Byron dramatised Miss Lee's romantic story, and published his version of it under the title of 'Werner, or the Inheritance.' The incidents, and much of the language of the play, are directly copied from the novel, and the public were unanimous in considering Harriet Lee as more interesting, passionate, and even more poetical,

than her illustrious imitator. 'The story,' says one of the critics to whom Byron's play recalled the merits of Harriet Lee, 'is one of the most powerfully conceived, one of the most picturesque, and at the same time instructive stories, that we are acquainted with. Indeed, thus led as we are to name Harriet Lee, we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without saying that we have always considered her works as standing upon the verge of the very first rank of excellence; that is to say, as inferior to no English novels whatever, excepting those of Fielding, Sterne, Smollett, Richardson, Defoe, Radcliffe, Godwin, Edgeworth, and the author of "Waverley." It would not, perhaps, be going too far to say, that "The Canterbury Tales" exhibit more of that species of invention, which, as we have already remarked, was never common in English literature, than any of the works even of those first-rate novelists we have named, with the single exception of Fielding. "Kruitzner, or the German's Tale," possesses mystery, and yet clearness, as to its structure, strength of characters, and, above all, the most lively interest, blended with, and subservient to, the most affecting of moral lessons. The main idea which lies at the root of it is the horror of an erring father, who, having been detected in vice by his son, has dared to defend his own sin, and so to perplex the son's notions of moral rectitude, on finding that the son in his turn has pushed the false principles thus instilled to the last and worst extreme—on hearing his own sophistries flung in his face by a murderer.*

The short and spirited style of these tales, and the frequent dialogues they contain, impart to them something of a dramatic force and interest, and prevent their tiring the patience of the reader, like too many of the three-volume novels. In 1803, Miss Sophia Lee retired from the duties of her scholastic establishment, having earned an independent provision for the remainder of her life. Shortly afterwards she published 'The Life of a Lover,' a tale which she had written early in life, and which is marked by juvenility of thought and expression, though with her usual warmth and richness of description. In 1807, a comedy from her pen, called 'The Assignment,' was performed at Drury Lane; but played only once, the audience conceiving that some of the satirical portraits were aimed at popular individuals.

Miss Harriet Lee, besides 'The Canterbury Tales,' wrote two dramas, 'The New Peerage,' and 'The Three Strangers.' The plot of the latter is chiefly taken from her German tale. The play was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre in December 1835, but was barely tolerated for one night.

A tablet is erected to the memory of these accomplished sisters in Clifton Church—where they are buried—from which it appears that Sophia Lee was born in May 1750, and died March 13, 1824. Her

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xii.

sister, Harriet Lee—who long resided in the neighbourhood of Bristol, a valued and respected lady—was born April 11, 1766, and died August 1, 1851.

Introduction to 'The Canterbury Tales.'

There are people in the world who think their lives well employed in collecting shells; there are others not less satisfied to spend theirs in classing butterflies. For my own part, I always preferred animate to inanimate nature; and would rather post to the antipodes to mark a new character, or develop a singular incident, than become a Fellow of the Royal Society by enriching museums with nondescripts. From this account you, my gentle reader, may, without any extraordinary penetration, have discovered that I am among the eccentric part of mankind, by the courtesy of each other, and themselves, ycleped poets—a title which, however mean or contemptible it may sound to those not honoured with it, never yet was rejected by a single mortal on whom the suffrage of mankind conferred it; no, though the laurel-leaf of Apollo, barren in its nature, was twined by the frozen fingers of Poverty, and shed upon the brow it crowned her chilling influence. But when did it so? Too often destined to deprive its graced owner of every real good by an enchantment which we know not how to define, it comprehends in itself such a variety of pleasures and possessions, that well may one of us cry—

Thy lavish charter, Taste, appropriates all we see!

Happily, too, we are not like *virtuosi* in general, encumbered with the treasures gathered in our peregrinations. Compact in their nature, they lie all in the small cavities of our brain, which are, indeed, often so small, as to render it doubtful whether we have any at all. The few discoveries I have made in that richest of mines, the human soul, I have not been churl enough to keep to myself; nor, to say truth, unless I can find out some other means of supporting my corporeal existence than animal food, do I think I shall ever be able to afford that sullen affectation of superiority.

Travelling, I have already said, is my taste; and, to make my journeys pay for themselves, my object. Much against my good liking, some troublesome fellows, a few months ago, took the liberty of making a little home of mine their own; nor, till I had coined a small portion of my brain in the mint of my worthy friend George Robinson, could I induce them to depart. I gave a proof of my politeness, however, in leaving my house to them, and retired to the coast of Kent, where I fell to work very busily. Gay with the hope of shutting my door on these unwelcome visitants, I walked in a severe frost from Deal to Dover, to secure a seat in the stage-coach to London. One only was vacant: and having engaged it, 'mangre the freezing of the bitter sky,' I wandered forth to note the memorabilia of Dover, and was soon lost in one of my fits of exquisite abstraction.

With reverence I looked up to the cliff which our immortal bard has, with more fancy than truth, described: with toil mounted, by an almost endless staircase, to the top of a castle, which added nothing to my poor stock of ideas but the length of our Virgin Queen's pocket-pistol—that truly Dutch present: cold and weary, I was pacing towards the inn, when a sharp-visaged barber popped his head over his shop-door to reconnoitre the inquisitive stranger. A brisk fire, which I suddenly cast my eye on, invited my frozen hands and feet to its precincts. A civil question to the honest man produced on his part a civil invitation; and having placed me in a snug seat, he readily gave me the benefit of all his oral tradition.

'Sir,' he said, 'it is mighty lucky you came across me. The vulgar people of this town have no genius, sir—no taste; they never shew the greatest curiosity in the place. Sir, we have here the tomb of a poet!'

'The tomb of a poet?' cried I, with a spring that electrified my informant no less than myself. 'What poet lies here? and where is he buried?'

'Ay, that is the curiosity,' returned he exultingly. I smiled; his distinction was so like a barber. While he had been speaking, I recollected he must allude to the grave of Churchill—that vigorous genius who, well calculated to stand forth the champion of freedom, has recorded himself the slave of party and the victim of spleen! So, however, thought not the barber, who considered him as the first of human beings.

'This great man, sir,' continued he, 'who lived and died in the cause of liberty, is interred in a very remarkable spot, sir; if you were not so cold and so tired, sir, I could shew it you in a moment.' Curiosity is an excellent greatcoat; I forgot I had no other, and strode after the barber to a spot surrounded by ruined walls, in the midst of which stood the white marble tablet marked with Churchill's name—to appearance its only distinction.

'Cast your eyes on the walls,' said the important barber; 'they once inclosed a church as you may see!'

On inspecting the crumbling ruins more narrowly, I did indeed discern the traces of Gothic architecture.

'Yes, sir,' cried my friend the barber, with the conscious pride of an Englishman, throwing out a gaunt leg and arm, 'Churchill, the champion of liberty, is interred here! Here, sir, in the very ground where King John did homage for the crown he disgraced.'

The idea was grand. In the eye of fancy, the slender pillars again lifted high the vaulted roof that rang with solemn chantings. I saw the insolent legate seated in scarlet pride; I saw the sneers of many a mitred abbot; I saw, bareheaded, the mean, the prostrate king; I saw, in short, everything but the barber, whom, in my flight and swell of soul, I had outwalked and lost. Some more curious traveller may again pick him up, perhaps, and learn more minutely the fact.

Waking from my reverie, I found myself on the pier. The pale beams of a powerless sun girt the fluctuating waves and the distant spires of Calais, which I now clearly surveyed. What a new train of images here sprung up in my mind, borne away by succeeding impressions with no less rapidity! From the Monk of Sterne I travelled up in five minutes to the inflexible Edward III., sentencing the noble burghers; and having seen them saved by the eloquence of Philippa, I wanted no better seasoning for my mutton-chop, and pitied the empty-headed peer who was stamping over my little parlour in fury at the cook for having over-roasted his pheasant.

The coachman now shewed his ruby face at the door, and I jumped into the stage, where were already seated two passengers of my own sex, and one of—would I could say the fairer! But, though truth may not be spoken at all times, even upon paper, one now and then may do her justice. Half a glance discovered that the good lady opposite to me had never been handsome, and now added the injuries of time to the severity of nature. Civil but cold compliments having passed, I closed my eyes to expand my soul; and, while fabricating a brief poetical history of England, to help short memories, was something astonished to find myself tugged violently by the sleeve; and not less so to see the coach empty, and hear an obstinate waiter insist upon it that we were at Canterbury, and the supper ready to be put on the table. It had snowed, I found, for some time; in consideration of which mine host had prudently suffered the fire nearly to go out. A dim candle was on the table, without snuffers, and a bell-string hanging over it, at which we pulled, but it had long ceased to operate on that noisy convenience. Alas, poor Shenstone! how often, during these excursions, do I think of thee. Cold, indeed, must have been thy acceptance in society, if thou couldst seriously say:

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his various course has been,
Must sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.

Had the gentle bard told us that, in this sad substitute for home, despite of all our impatience to be gone, we must stay not only till wind and weather, but landlords, postillions, and hostlers choose to permit, I should have thought he knew more of travelling; and stirring the fire, snuffing the candles, reconnoitering the company, and modifying my own humour, should at once have tried to make the best of my situation. After all, he is a wise man who does at first what he must do at last; and I was just breaking the ice on finding that I had nursed the fire to the general satisfaction, when the coach from London added three to our party; and common civility obliged those who came first to make way for the yet more frozen travellers. We supped together; and I was something surprised to find our two coachmen allowed us such ample time to enjoy our little bowl of punch; when lo! with dolorous countenances, they came to give us notice that the snow was so heavy, and already

so deep, as to make our proceeding by either road dangerous, if not utterly impracticable.

'If that is really the case,' cried I mentally, 'let us see what we may hope from the construction of the seven heads that constitute our company.' Observe, gentle reader, that I do not mean the outward and visible form of those heads; for I am not amongst the new race of physiognomists who exhaust invention only to ally their own species to the animal creation, and would rather prove the skull of a man resembled an ass, than, looking within, find in the intellect a glorious similitude of the Deity. An elegant author more justly conveys my idea of physiognomy, when he says, that 'different sensibilities gather into the countenance and become beauty there, as colours mount in a tulip and enrich it.' It was my interest to be as happy as I could, and that can only be when we look around with a wish to be pleased; nor could I ever find a way of unlocking the human heart but by frankly inviting others to peep into my own. And now for my survey.

In the chimney-corner sat my old gentlewoman, a little alarmed at a coffin that had popped from the fire, instead of a purse; *ergo*, superstition was her weak side. In sad conformity to declining years, she had put on her spectacles, taken out her knitting, and thus humbly retired from attention, which she had long, perhaps been hopeless of attracting. Close by her was placed a young lady from London, in the bloom of nineteen: a cross on her bosom shewed her to be a Catholic, and a peculiar accent an Irishwoman: her face, especially her eyes, might be termed handsome; of those, archness would have been the expression, had not the absence of her air proved that their sense was turned inward, to contemplate in her heart some chosen cherished image. Love and romance reigned in every lineament.

A French abbé had, as is usual with gentlemen of that country, edged himself into the seat by the belle, to whom he continually addressed himself with all sorts of *petits soins*, though fatigue was obvious in his air; and the impression of some danger escaped gave a wild sharpness to every feature. 'Thou hast comprised,' thought I, 'the knowledge of a whole life in perhaps the last month; and then, perhaps, didst thou first study the art of thinking, or learn the misery of feeling!' Neither of these seemed, however, to have troubled his neighbour, a portly Englishman, who, though with a sort of surly good-nature he had given up his place at the fire, yet contrived to engross both candles, by holding before them a newspaper, where he dwelt upon the article of stocks, till a bloody duel in Ireland induced communication, and enabled me to discover that, in spite of the importance of his air, credulity might be reckoned amongst his characteristics.

The opposite corner of the fire had been, by general consent, given up to one of the London travellers, whose age and infirmities challenged regard, while his aspect awakened the most melting benevolence. Suppose an anchorite, sublimed by devotion and temperance from all human frailty, and you will see this interesting aged clergyman: so pale, so pure was his complexion, so slight his figure, though tall that it seemed as if his soul was gradually divesting itself of the covering of mortality, that when the hour of separating it from the body came, hardly should the greedy grave claim aught of a being so ethereal! 'Oh, what lessons of patience and sanctity couldst thou give,' thought I, 'were it my fortune to find the key of thy heart!'

An officer in the middle of life occupied the next seat. Martial and athletic in his person, of a countenance open and sensible, tanned, as it seemed, by severe service, his forehead only retained its whiteness; yet that, with assimilating graceful manners, rendered him very prepossessing.

That seven sensible people, for I include myself in that description, should tumble out of two stage-coaches, and be thrown together so oddly, was, in my opinion, an incident; and why not make it really one? I hastily advanced, and, turning my back to the fire, fixed the eyes of the whole company—not on my person, for that was now singular—not, I would fain hope, upon my coat, which I had forgotten till that moment was threadbare: I had rather of the three imagine my assurance the object of general attention. However, no one spoke, and I was obliged to second my own motion.

'Sir,' cried I to the Englishman, who, by the time he had kept the paper, had certainly spelt its contents, 'do you find anything entertaining in that newspaper?'

'No, sir,' returned he most laconically.

'Then you might perhaps find something entertaining out of it,' added I.

'Perhaps I might,' retorted he in a provoking accent, and surveying me from top

to toe. The Frenchman laughed—so did I—it is the only way when one has been more witty than wise. I returned presently, however, to the attack.

‘How charmingly might we fill a long evening,’ resumed I, with, as I thought, a most ingratiating smile, ‘if each of the company would relate the most remarkable story he or she ever knew or heard of!’

‘Truly, we might make a long evening that way,’ again retorted my torment, the Englishman. ‘However, if you please, we will waive your plan, sir, till to-morrow; and then we shall have the additional resort of our dreams, if our memories fail us.’

DR. JOHN MOORE.

DR. JOHN MOORE, author of ‘Zeluco’ and other works, was born at Stirling in 1729. His father was one of the clergymen of that town, but died in 1737, leaving seven children to the care of his excellent widow. Mrs. Moore removed to Glasgow, where her relations resided, possessed of considerable property. After the usual education at the university of Glasgow, John began the study of medicine and surgery under Mr. Gordon, a surgeon of extensive practice, with whom Smollett had been apprenticed a few years before. In his nineteenth year, Moore accompanied the Duke of Argyll’s regiment abroad, and attended the military hospitals at Maestricht in the capacity of surgeon’s mate. Thence he went to Flushing and Breda; and on the termination of hostilities, he accompanied General Braddock to England. Soon afterwards, he became household surgeon to the Earl of Albemarle, the British ambassador at the court of Versailles. His old master, Mr. Gordon, now invited him to become a partner in his business in Glasgow, and, after two years’ residence in Paris, Moore accepted the invitation. He practised for many years in Glasgow with great success. In 1772, he was induced to accompany the young Duke of Hamilton to the continent, where they resided five years, in France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. Returning in 1778, Moore removed his family to London, and commenced physician in the metropolis. In 1779, he published ‘A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany,’ in two volumes, which was received with general approbation. In 1781, appeared his ‘Views of Society and Manners in Italy;’ in 1785, ‘Medical Sketches;’ and in 1786 his ‘Zeluco: Various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, Foreign and Domestic.’ The object of this novel was to prove that, in spite of the gayest and most prosperous appearances, inward misery always accompanies vice. The hero of the tale was the only son of a noble family in Sicily, spoiled by maternal indulgence, and at length rioting in every prodigality and vice. The idea of such a character was probably suggested by Smollett’s Count Fathom, but Moore took a wider range of character and incident. He made his hero accomplished and fascinating, thus avoiding the feeling of contempt with which the abject villainy of Fathom is unavoidably regarded; and he traced, step by step, through a succession of scenes and adventures, the progress of depravity, and the effects of uncontrolled passion. The incident of the favourite

sparrow, which Zeluco squeezed to death when a boy, because it did not perform certain tricks which he had taught it, lets us at once into the pampered selfishness and passionate cruelty of his disposition.

The scene of the novel is laid chiefly in Italy; and the author's familiarity with foreign manners enabled him to impart to his narrative numerous new and graphic sketches. Zeluco also serves in the Spanish army; and at another time is a slave-owner in the West Indies. The latter circumstance gives the author an opportunity of condemning the system of slavery with eloquence and humanity, and presenting some affecting pictures of suffering and attachment in the negro race. The death of Hanno, the humane and generous slave, is one of Moore's most masterly delineations. The various scenes and episodes in the novel relieve the disagreeable shades of a character constantly deepening in vice; for Zeluco has no redeeming trait to link to our sympathy or forgiveness. Moore visited Scotland in the summer of 1786, and in the commencement of the following year, took a warm interest in the genius and fortunes of Burns. It is to him that we owe the precious 'Autobiography' of the poet, one of the most interesting and powerful sketches that ever was written. In their correspondence we see the colossal strength and lofty mind of the peasant bard, even when placed by the side of the accomplished and learned traveller and man of taste.

In August 1792, Dr. Moore accompanied the Earl of Lauderdale to Paris, and witnessed some of the early excesses of the French Revolution. Of this tour he published an account, entitled 'A Journal during a Residence in France, from the beginning of August to the middle of December 1792,' &c. The first volume of this work was published in 1793, and a second in 1794. In 1795, Dr. Moore, wishing to give a retrospective detail of the circumstances which tended to hasten the Revolution, drew up a carefully digested narrative, entitled 'A View of the Causes and Progress of the French Revolution,' in two volumes. This is a valuable work, and it has been pretty closely followed by Sir Walter Scott in his animated and picturesque survey of the events preceding the career of Napoleon. In 1796, Dr. Moore produced a second novel, 'Edward: Various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, chiefly in England.' As Zeluco was a model of villainy, Edward is a model of virtue. In the following year, Moore furnished a life of his friend Smollett for a collective edition of his works. In 1800 appeared his last production, 'Mordaunt: Sketches of Life, Character, and Manners in Various Countries, including the Memoirs of a French Lady of Quality.' In this novel our author, following the example of Richardson, and Smollett's 'Humphry Clinker,' threw his narrative into the form of letters, part being dated from the continent, and part from England. A tone of languor and insipidity pervades the story, and there is little of plot or incident to keep alive attention.

Dr. Moore died at Richmond on the 21st of January 1802. A complete edition of his works has been published in seven volumes, with *Memoirs of his Life and Writings* by Dr. Robert Anderson. Of all the writings of Dr. Moore, his novel of 'Zeluco' is the most popular. Mr. Dunlop has given the preference to 'Edward.' The latter may boast of more variety of character, and is distinguished by judicious observation and witty remark, but it is deficient in the strong interest and forcible painting of the first novel. Zeluco's murder of his child in a fit of frantic jealousy, and the discovery of the circumstance by means of the picture, is conceived with great originality, and has a striking effect. It is the poetry of romance. The attachment between Laura and Carlostein is also described with tenderness and delicacy, without degenerating into German sentimentalism or immorality. Of the lighter sketches, the scenes between the two Scotchmen, Targe and Buchanan, are perhaps the best; and their duel about Queen Mary is an inimitable piece of national caricature. There is no great aiming at moral effect in Moore's novels, unless it be in depicting the wretchedness of vice, and its tragic termination in the character of Zeluco. He was an observer rather than an inventor; he noted more than he felt. The same powers of observation displayed in his novels, and his extensive acquaintance with mankind, rendered him an admirable chronicler of the striking scenes of the French Revolution. Numerous as are the works since published on this great event, the journals and remarks of Dr. Moore may still be read with pleasure and instruction. It may here be mentioned, that the distinguished Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna, was the eldest son of the novelist.

Dispute and Duel between the Two Scotch Servants in Italy.—From 'Zeluco.'

[Duncan Targe, a hot Highlander, who had been out in the Forty-five, and George Buchanan, born and educated among the Whigs of the west of Scotland, both serving-men in Italy, meet and dine together during the absence of their masters. After dinner, and the bottle having circulated freely, they disagree as to politics, Targe being a keen Jacobite, and the other a staunch Whig.]

Buchanan filled a bumper, and gave for the toast, 'The Land of Cakes!'

This immediately dispersed the cloud which began to gather on the other's brow.

Targe drank the toast with enthusiasm, saying: 'May the Almighty pour his blessings on every hill and valley in it! That is the worst wish, Mr. Buchanan, that I shall ever wish to that land.'

'It would delight your heart to behold the flourishing condition it is now in,' replied Buchanan; 'it was fast improving when I left it, and I have been credibly informed since that it is now a perfect garden.'

'I am very happy to hear it,' said Targe.

'Indeed,' added Buchanan, 'it has been in a state of rapid improvement ever since the Union.'

'Confound the Union!' cried Targe; 'it would have improved much faster without it.'

'I am not quite clear on that point, Mr. Targe,' said Buchanan.

'Depend upon it,' replied Targe, 'the Union was the worst treaty that Scotland ever made.'

'I shall admit,' said Buchanan, 'that she might have made a better; but, bad as it is, our country reaps some advantage from it.'

'All the advantages are on the side of England.'

'What do you think, Mr. Targe,' said Buchanan, 'of the increase of trade since the Union, and the riches which have flowed into the Lowlands of Scotland from that quarter?'

'Think!' cried Targe; 'why, I think they have done a great deal of mischief to the Lowlands of Scotland.'

'How so, my good friend?' said Buchanan.

'By spreading luxury among the inhabitants, the never-failing forerunner of effeminacy of manners. Why, I was assured,' continued Targe, 'by Sergeant Lewis Macneil, a Highland gentleman in the Prussian service, that the Lowlanders, in some parts of Scotland, are now very little better than so many English.'

'O fie!' cried Buchanan; 'things are not come to that pass as yet, Mr. Targe: your friend the sergeant assuredly exaggerates.'

'I hope he does,' replied Targe. 'But you must acknowledge,' continued he, 'that, by the Union, Scotland has lost her existence as an independent state; her name is swallowed up in that of England. Only read the English newspapers; they mention England, as if it were the name of the whole island. They talk of the English army, the English fleet, the English everything. They never mention Scotland, except when one of our countrymen happens to get an office under government; we are then told, with some stale gibe, that the person is a Scotchman; or, which happens still more rarely, when any of them are condemned to die at Tyburn, particular care is taken to inform the public that the criminal is originally from Scotland! But if fifty Englishmen get places, or are hanged, in one year, no remarks are made.'

'No,' said Buchanan; 'in that case it is passed over as a thing of course.'

The conversation then taking another turn, Targe, who was a great genealogist, descanted on the antiquity of certain gentlemen's families in the Highlands; which, he asserted, were far more honourable than most of the noble families either in Scotland or England. 'Is it not shameful,' added he, 'that a parcel of mushroom lords, mere sprouts from the dunghills of law or commerce, the grandsons of grocers and attorneys, should take the pass of gentlemen of the oldest families in Europe?'

'Why, as for that matter,' replied Buchanan, 'provided the grandsons of grocers or attorneys are deserving citizens, I do not perceive why they should be excluded from the king's favour more than other men.'

'But some of them never drew a sword in defence of either their king or country,' rejoined Targe.

'Assuredly,' said Buchanan, 'men may deserve honour and pre-eminence by other means than by drawing their swords.'

[He then instances his celebrated namesake, George Buchanan, whom he praises warmly as having been the best Latin scholar in Europe; while Targe upbraids him for want of honesty.]

'In what did he ever shew any want of honesty?' said Buchanan.

'In calumniating and endeavouring to blacken the reputation of his rightful sovereign, Mary, Queen of Scots,' replied Targe, 'the most beautiful and accomplished princess that ever sat on a throne.'

'I have nothing to say either against her beauty or her accomplishments,' resumed Buchanan; 'but surely, Mr. Targe, you must acknowledge that she was a—?'

'Have a care what you say, sir!' interrupted Targe; 'I'll permit no man that ever wore breeches to speak disrespectfully of that unfortunate queen!'

'No man that either wore breeches or a phylabeg,' replied Buchanan, 'shall prevent me from speaking the truth when I see occasion!'

'Speak as much truth as you please, sir,' rejoined Targe; 'but I declare that no man shall calumniate the memory of that beautiful and unfortunate princess in my presence while I can wield a claymore.'

'If you should wield fifty claymores, you cannot deny that she was a Papist!' said Buchanan.

'Well, sir,' replied Targe, 'what then? She was, like other people, of the religion in which she was bred.'

'I do not know where you may have been bred, Mr. Targe,' said Buchanan; 'for aught I know, you may be an adherent to the worship of the scarlet lady yourself. Unless that is the case, you ought not to interest yourself in the reputation of Mary, Queen of Scots.'

'I fear you are too nearly related to the false slanderer whose name you bear!' said Targe.

'I glory in the name; and should think myself greatly obliged to any man who could prove my relation to the great George Buchanan!' cried the other.

'He was nothing but a disloyal calumniator,' cried Targe, 'who attempted to support falsehoods by forgeries, which, I thank Heaven, are now fully detected!'

'You are thankful for a very small mercy,' resumed Buchanan; 'but since you provoke me to it, I will tell you, in plain English, that your bonny Queen Mary was the strumpet of Bothwell, and the murderer of her husband!'

No sooner had he uttered the last sentence, than Targe flew at him like a tiger, and they were separated with difficulty by Mr. N——'s groom, who was in the adjoining chamber, and had heard the altercation.

'I insist on your giving me satisfaction, or retracting what you have said against the beautiful Queen of Scotland!' cried Targe.

'As for retracting what I have said,' replied Buchanan, 'that is no habit of mine; but with regard to giving you satisfaction, I am ready for that to the best of my ability; for let me tell you, sir, though I am not a Highlander, I am a Scotchman as well as yourself, and not entirely ignorant of the use of the claymore; so name your hour, and I will meet you to-morrow morning.'

'Why not directly?' cried Targe; 'there is nobody in the garden to interrupt us.'

'I should have chosen to have settled some things first; but since you are in such a hurry, I will not balk you. I will step home for my sword and be with you directly,' said Buchanan.

The groom interposed, and endeavoured to reconcile the two enraged Scots, but without success. Buchanan soon arrived with his sword, and they retired to a private spot in the garden. The groom next tried to persuade them to decide their difference by fair boxing. This was rejected by both the champions as a mode of fighting unbecoming gentlemen. The groom asserted that the best gentlemen in England sometimes fought in that manner, and gave as an instance a boxing-match, of which he himself had been a witness, between Lord G.'s gentleman and a gentleman-farmer at York races about the price of a mare.

'But our quarrel,' said Targe, 'is about the reputation of a queer.'

'That, for certain,' replied the groom, 'makes a difference.'

Buchanan unsheathed his sword.

'Are you ready, sir?' cried Targe.

'That I am. Come on, sir,' said Buchanan; 'and the Lord be with the righteous.'

'Amen!' cried Targe; and the conflict began.

Both the combatants understood the weapons they fought with; and each parried his adversary's blows with such dexterity that no blood was shed for some time. At length Targe, making a feint at Buchanan's head, gave him suddenly a severe wound in the thigh.

'I hope you are now sensible of your error?' said Targe, dropping his point.

'I am of the same opinion I was!' cried Buchanan; 'so keep your guard.' So saying, he advanced more briskly than ever upon Targe, who, after warding off several strokes, wounded his antagonist a second time. Buchanan, however, shewed no disposition to relinquish the combat. But this second wound being in the forehead, and the blood flowing with profusion into his eyes, he could no longer see distinctly, but was obliged to flourish his sword at random, without being able to perceive the movements of his adversary, who, closing with him, became master of his sword, and with the same effort threw him to the ground; and, standing over him, he said: 'This may convince you, Mr. Buchanan, that yours is not the righteous cause! You are in my power; but I will act as the queen whose character I defend would order were she alive. I hope you will live to repent of the injustice you have done to that amiable and unfortunate princess.' He then assisted Buchanan to rise. Buchanan made no immediate answer: but when he saw Targe assisting

the groom to stop the blood which flowed from his wounds, he said: 'I must acknowledge, Mr. Targe, that you behave like a gentleman.'

After the bleeding was in some degree diminished by the dry lint which the groom, who was an excellent farrier, applied to the wounds, they assisted him to his chamber, and then the groom rode away to inform Mr. N—— of what had happened. But the wound becoming more painful, Targe proposed sending for a surgeon. Buchanan then said that the surgeon's mate belonging to one of the ships of the British squadron then in the bay, was, he believed, on shore, and as he was a Scotchman, he would like to employ him rather than a foreigner. Having mentioned where he lodged, one of Mr. N——'s footmen went immediately to him. He returned soon after, saying that the surgeon's mate was not at his lodging, nor expected for some hours. 'But I will go and bring the French surgeon,' continued the footman.

'I thank you, Mr. Thomas,' said Buchanan; 'but I will have patience till my own countryman returns.'

'He may not return for a long time,' said Thomas. 'You had best let me run for the French surgeon, who, they say, has a great deal of skill.'

'I am obliged to you, Mr. Thomas,' added Buchanan; 'but neither Frenchman nor Spanishman shall dress my wounds when a Scottishman is to be found for love or money.'

'They are to be found, for the one or the other, as I am credibly informed, in most parts of the world,' said Thomas.

'As my countrymen,' replied Buchanan, 'are distinguished for letting slip no means of improvement, it would be very strange if many of them did not use that of travelling, Mr. Thomas.'

'It would be very strange, indeed, I own it,' said the footman.

'But are you certain of this young man's skill in his business when he does come?' said Targe.

'I confess I have had no opportunity to know anything of his skill,' answered Buchanan. 'but I know for certain that he is sprung from very respectable people. His father is a minister of the gospel, and it is not likely that his father's son will be deficient in the profession to which he was bred.'

'It would be still less likely had the son been bred to preaching!' said Targe.

'That is true,' replied Buchanan; 'but I have no doubt of the young man's skill: he seems to be a very dounce [discreet] lad. It will be an encouragement to him to see that I prefer him to another, and also a comfort to me to be attended by my countryman.'

'Countryman or not countryman,' said Thomas, 'he will expect to be paid for his trouble as well as another.'

'Assuredly,' said Buchanan; 'but it was always a maxim with me, and shall be to my dying day, that we should give our own fish-guts to our own sea-mews.'

'Since you are so fond of your own sea-mews,' said Thomas, 'I am surprised you were so eager to destroy Mr. Targe there.'

'That proceeded from a difference in politics, Mr. Thomas,' replied Buchanan, 'in which the best of friends are apt to have a misunderstanding; but though I am a Whig, and he is a Tory, I hope we are both honest men; and as he behaved generously when my life was in his power, I have no scruple in saying that I am sorry for having spoken disrespectfully of any person, dead or alive, for whom he has an esteem.'

'Mary, Queen of Scots, acquired the esteem of her very enemies,' resumed Targe. 'The elegance and engaging sweetness of her manners were irresistible to every heart that was not steeled by prejudice or jealousy.'

'She is now in the hands of a Judge,' said Buchanan, 'who can neither be seduced by fair appearances, nor imposed on by forgeries and fraud.'

'She is so, Mr. Buchanan,' replied Targe; 'and her rival and accusers are in the hands of the same Judge.'

'We had best leave them all to His justice and mercy, then, and say no more on the subject,' added Buchanan; 'for if Queen Mary's conduct on earth was what you believe it was, she will receive her reward in heaven, where her actions and sufferings are recorded.'

'One thing more I will say,' rejoined Targe, 'and that is only to ask of you

whether it is probable that a woman whose conscience was loaded with crimes imputed to her could have closed the varied scene of her life, and have met death with such serene and dignified courage, as Mary did?’

‘I always admired that last awful scene,’ replied Buchanan, who was melted by the recollection of Mary’s behaviour on the scaffold; ‘and I will freely acknowledge that the most innocent person that ever lived, or the greatest hero recorded in history, could not face death with greater composure than the queen of Scotland: she supported the dignity of a queen while she displayed the meekness of a Christian.’

‘I am exceedingly sorry, my dear friend, for the misunderstanding that happened between us!’ said Targe affectionately, and holding forth his hand in token of reconciliation: ‘and I am now willing to believe that your friend, Mr. George Buchanan, was a very great poet, and understood Latin as well as any man alive!’ Here the two friends shook hands with the utmost cordiality.

MRS. INCHBALD.

MRS. INCHBALD, the dramatist, attained deserved celebrity by her novels, ‘A Simple Story,’ in four volumes, published in 1791, and ‘Nature and Art,’ two volumes, 1796. As this lady affected plainness and precision in style, and aimed at drawing sketches from nature she probably designated her first novel *simple*, without duly considering that the plot is intricate and involved, and that some of her characters—as Lord and Lady Elmwood—belong to the ranks of the aristocracy. There are many striking and passionate scenes in the novel, and notwithstanding the disadvantage attending a double plot, the interest is well sustained. The authoress’s knowledge of dramatic rules and effect may be seen in the skilful grouping of her personages, and in the liveliness of the dialogue. Her second work is much simpler and coarser in texture. Its object may be gathered from the concluding maxim: ‘Let the poor no more be their own persecutors, no longer pay homage to wealth—instantaneously the whole idolatrous worship will cease, the idol will be broken.’ Mrs. Inchbald illustrated this by her own practice; yet few of her readers can feel aught but mortification and disappointment at the *dénouement* of the tale, wherein the pure and noble-minded Henry after the rich promise of his youth and his intellectual culture, finally settles down with his father to ‘cheerful labour in fishing, or the tending of a garden, the produce of which they carry to the next market-town.’ The following is a brief but striking allusion to the miseries of low London service:

Service in London.

In romances, and in some plays, there are scenes of dark and unwholesome mines, wherein the labourer works during the brightest day by the aid of artificial light. There are, in London, kitchens equally dismal, though not quite so much exposed to damp and noxious vapours. In one of these under ground, hidden from the cheerful light of the sun, poor Agnes was doomed to toil from morning till night, subjected to the command of a dissatisfied mistress, who, not estimating as she ought the misery incurred by serving her, constantly threatened her servants with a dismissal, at which the unthinking wretches would tremble merely from the sounds of the words; for to have reflected—to have considered what their purport was—to be released from a dungeon, relieved from continual upbraidings and vile drudgery, must have been a subject of rejoicing; and yet, because these good tidings were delivered as a menace, custom had made the hearer fearful of the consequence. So,

death being described to children as a disaster, even poverty and shame will start from it with affright; whereas, had it been pictured with its benign aspect, it would have been feared but by few, and many would welcome it with gladness.

Mr. Rogers, in the notes to his poem of 'Human Life,' quotes, as from 'an excellent writer,' the following sentence from Mrs. Inchbald's 'Nature and Art':

Estimates of Happiness.

Some persons, I know, estimate happiness by fine houses, gardens, and parks—others by pictures, horses, money, and various things wholly remote from their own species; but when I wish to ascertain the real felicity of any rational man, I always inquire *whom he has to love*. If I find he has nobody, or does not love those he has—even in the midst of all his profusion of finery and grandeur, I pronounce him a being deep in adversity.

The Judge and the Victim.—From 'Nature and Art.'

The day at length is come on which Agnes shall have a sight of her beloved William! She who has watched for hours near his door, to procure a glimpse of him going out or returning home; who has walked miles to see his chariot pass; she now will behold him, and he will see her, by command of the laws of his country. Those laws, which will deal with rigour towards her, are in this one instance still indulgent.

The time of the assizes at the county town in which she is imprisoned is arrived—the prisoners are demanded at the shire-hall—the jail-doors are opened—they go in sad procession. The trumpet sounds—it speaks the arrival of the judge, and that judge is William.

The day previous to her trial, Agnes had read, in the printed calendar of the prisoners, his name as the learned judge before whom she was to appear. For a moment she forgot her perilous state in the excess of joy which the still unconquerable love she bore to him permitted her to taste, even on the brink of the grave! After-reflection made her check those worldly transports, as unfit for the present solemn occasion. But, alas! to her, earth and William were so closely united, that till she forsook the one, she could never cease to think, without the contending passions of hope, of fear, of love, of shame, and of despair, on the other.

Now fear took the place of her first immoderate joy; she feared that, although much changed in person since he had seen her, and her real name now added to many an *alias*—yet she feared that some well-known glance of the eye, turn of the action, or accent of speech, might recall her to his remembrance; and at that idea, shame overcame all her other sensations—for still she retained pride, in respect to his opinion, to wish him not to know Agnes was that wretch she felt she was! Once a ray of hope beamed on her, that if he knew her—if he recognized her—he might possibly befriend her cause; and life bestowed through William's friendship seemed a precious object! But, again, that rigorous honour she had often heard him boast, that firmness to his word, of which she had fatal experience, taught her to know he would not, for any improper compassion, any unmanly weakness, forfeit his oath of impartial justice.

In meditations such as these she passed the sleepless night.

When, in the morning, she was brought to the bar, and her guilty hand held up before the righteous judgment-seat of William, imagination could not form two figures, or two situations more incompatible with the existence of former familiarity than the judge and the culprit; and yet, these very persons had passed together the most blissful moments that either ever tasted! Those hours of tender dalliance were now present to her mind—his thoughts were more nobly employed in his high office; nor could the haggard face, hollow eye, desponding countenance, and meagre person of the poor prisoner, once call to his memory, though her name was uttered among a list of others which she had assumed, his former youthful, lovely Agnes!

She heard herself arraigned, with trembling limbs and downcast looks, and many witnesses had appeared against her, before she ventured to lift her eyes up to her awful judge; she then gave one fearful glance, and discovered William, unpitied

but beloved William, in every feature! It was a face she had been used to look on with delight, and a kind of absent smile of gladness now beamed on her poor wan visage.

When every witness on the part of the prosecutor had been examined, the judge addressed himself to her: 'What defence have you to make?' It was William spoke to Agnes! The sound was sweet; the voice was mild, was soft, compassionate, encouraging. It almost charmed her to a love of life! Not such a voice as when William last addressed her; when he left her undone and pregnant, vowing never to see or speak to her more. She would have hung upon the present word for ever. She did not call to mind that this gentleness was the effect of practice, the art of his occupation; which, at times, is but a copy, by the unfeeling, of the benevolent brethren of the bench. In the present judge, tenderness was not designed for consolation of the culprit, but for the approbation of the auditors.

There were no spectators, Agnes, by your side when last he parted from you—if there had, the awful William would have been awed to marks of pity.

Stunned with the enchantment of that well-known tongue directed to her, she stood like one just petrified—all vital power seemed suspended. Again he put the question, and with these additional sentences, tenderly and emphatically delivered: 'Recollect yourself; have you no witnesses? no proof on your behalf?' A dead silence followed these questions. He then mildly but forcibly added: 'What have you to say?' Here a flood of tears burst from her eyes, which she fixed earnestly upon him, as if pleading for mercy, while she faintly articulated: 'Nothing, my lord.' After a short pause, he asked her, in the same forcible but benevolent tone: 'Have you no one to speak to your character?' The prisoner answered: 'No.' A second gush of tears followed this reply, for she called to mind by whom her character had first been blasted.

He summed up the evidence, and every time he was obliged to press hard upon the proofs against her, she shrank, and seemed to stagger with the deadly blow—writhed under the weight of his minute justice, more than from the prospect of a shameful death. The jury consulted but a few minutes; the verdict was, 'Guilty.' She heard it with composure. But when William placed the fatal velvet on his head, and rose to pronounce the fatal sentence, she started with a kind of convulsive motion, retreated a step or two back, and lifting up her hands, with a scream exclaimed: 'Oh, not from you!' The piercing shriek which accompanied these words prevented their being heard by part of the audience; and those who heard them thought little of their meaning, more than that they expressed her fear of dying. Serene and dignified, as if no such exclamation had been uttered, William delivered the final speech ending with 'Dead, dead, dead.' She fainted as he closed the period, and was carried back to prison in a swoon; while he adjourned the court to go to dinner.

It, unaffected by the scene he had witnessed. William sat down to dinner with an appetite, let not the reader conceive that the most distant suspicion had struck his mind of his ever having seen, much less familiarly known, the poor offender whom he had just condemned. Still, this forgetfulness did not proceed from the want of memory for Agnes. In every peevish or heavy hour passed with his wife, he was sure to think of her; yet it was self-love, rather than love of her, that gave rise to these thoughts. He felt the lack of female sympathy and tenderness to soften the fatigue of studious labour, to soothe a sullen, a morose disposition—he felt he wanted comfort for himself, but never once considered what were the wants of Agnes.

In the chagrin of a barren bed, he sometimes thought, too, even on the child that Agnes bore him; but whether it was male or female, whether a beggar in the streets or dead, various and important public occupation forbade him to inquire. Yet the widow, and the orphan frequently shared William's ostentatious bounty. He was the president of many excellent charities, gave largely, and sometimes instituted benevolent societies for the unhappy; for he delighted to load the poor with obligation, and the rich with praise.

There are persons like him who love to do everything good but that which their immediate duty requires. There are servants that will serve every one more cheerfully than their masters, there are men who will distribute money liberally to all except their creditors; and there are wives who will love all mankind better than their own husbands. *Duty* is a familiar word which has little effect upon an ordinary mind; and as ordinary minds make a vast majority, we have acts of generosity,

self-denial, and honesty, where smaller pains would constitute greater virtues. Had William followed the common dictates of charity, had he adopted private pity instead of public munificence, had he cast an eye at home before he sought abroad for objects of compassion, Agnes had been preserved from an ignominious death, and he had been preserved from—*remorse*, the tortures of which he for the first time proved on reading a printed sheet of paper, accidentally thrown in his way a few days after he had left the town in which he had condemned her to die.

March 10, 179—.

‘The last dying Words, Speech, and Confession, birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour, of Agnes Primrose, who was executed this morning between the hours of ten and twelve, pursuant to the sentence passed upon her by the Honourable Justice Norwynne.

‘Agnes Primrose was born of honest parents, in the village of Anfield, in the county of —’ [William started at the name of the village and county]; but being led astray by the arts and flattery of seducing man, she fell from the paths of virtue, and took to bad company, which instilled into her young heart all their evil ways, and at length brought her to this untimely end. So she hopes her death will be a warning to all young persons of her own sex, how they listen to the praises and courtship of young men, especially of those who are their betters; for they only court to deceive. But the said Agnes freely forgives all persons who have done her injury or given her sorrow, from the young man who first won her heart, to the jury who found her guilty, and the judge who condemned her to death.

‘And she acknowledges the justice of her sentence, not only in respect of her crime for which she suffers, but in regard to many other heinous sins of which she has been guilty, more especially that of once attempting to commit a murder upon her own helpless child; for which guilt she now considers the vengeance of God has overtaken her, to which she is patiently resigned, and departs in peace and charity with all the world, praying the Lord to have mercy on her parting soul.’

POSTSCRIPT TO THE CONFESSION.

‘So great was this unhappy woman’s terror of death and the awful judgment that was to follow, that when sentence was pronounced upon her she fell into a swoon, from that into convulsions, from which she never entirely recovered, but was delirious to the time of her execution, except that short interval in which she made her confession to the clergyman who attended her. She has left one child, a youth almost sixteen, who has never forsaken his mother during all the time of her imprisonment, but waited on her with true filial duty; and no sooner was her final sentence passed than he began to droop, and now lies dangerously ill near the prison from which she is released by death. During the loss of her senses, the said Agnes Primrose raved continually of her child; and, asking for pen, ink, and paper, wrote an incoherent petition to the judge, recommending the youth to his protection and mercy: but notwithstanding this insanity, she behaved with composure and resignation when the fatal morning arrived in which she was to be launched into eternity. She prayed devoutly during the last hour, and seemed to have her whole mind fixed on the world to which she was going. A crowd of spectators followed her to the fatal spot, most of whom returned weeping at the recollection of the fervency with which she prayed, and the impression which her dreadful state seemed to make upon her.’

No sooner had the name of ‘Anfield’ struck William, than a thousand reflections and remembrances flashed on his mind to give him full conviction who it was he had judged and sentenced. He recollected the sad remains of Agnes, such as he once had known her; and now he wondered how his thoughts could have been absent from an object so pitiable, so worthy of his attention, as not to give him even suspicion who she was, either from her name or from her person, during the whole trial. But wonder, astonishment, horror, and every other sensation was absorbed by—*remorse*. It wounded, it stabbed, it rent his hard heart as it would do a tender one: it hocked on his firm inflexible mind as it would on a weak and pliant brain! Spirit of Agnes! look down, and behold all your wrongs revenged! William feels—*remorse*.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

The novels of MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH aimed more at delineating affections than manners, and they all evinced superior merit. The first, 'Emmeline,' published in 1788, had an extensive sale. 'Ethelinde' (1789) and 'Celestina' (1791) were also received with favour and approbation. These were followed by 'Desmond' (1792), 'The Old English Manor-house' (1793), 'The Wanderings of Warwick,' 'The Banished Man,' 'Montalbert,' 'Marchmont,' 'The Young Philosopher' (1798), &c. She wrote also 'Rural Walks,' and other works. Her best is 'The Old English Manor-house,' in which her descriptive powers are found united to an interesting plot and well-sustained *dramatis personæ*. She took a peculiar pleasure in caricaturing lawyers, having herself suffered deeply from the 'law's delay;' and as her husband had ruined himself and family by foolish schemes and projects, she is supposed to have drawn him in the projector who hoped to make a fortune by manuring his estate with old wigs! Sir Walter Scott, 'in acknowledgment of many pleasant hours derived from the perusal of Mrs. Smith's works,' included her in his 'British Novelists,' and prefixed an interesting criticism and memoir. He alludes to her defective narratives or plots, but considers her characters to be conceived with truth and force, though none bears the stamp of actual novelty. He adds: 'She is uniformly happy in supplying them with language fitted to their station of life; nor are there many dialogues to be found which are at once so entertaining, and approach so nearly to truth and reality.'

ANN RADCLIFFE.

MRS. ANN RADCLIFFE—who may be denominated the Salvator Rosa of British novelists—was born in London, of respectable parents, on the 9th of July 1764. Her maiden name was Ward. In her twenty-third year she married Mr. William Radcliffe, a student of law, but who afterwards became the editor and proprietor of a weekly paper, the 'English Chronicle.' Two years after her marriage, in 1789, Mrs. Radcliffe published her first novel, 'The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne,' the scene of which she laid in Scotland during the remote and warlike times of the feudal barons. This work gave but little indication of the power and fascination which the authoress afterwards evinced. She had made no attempt to portray national manners or historical events—in which, indeed, she never excelled—and the plot was wild and unnatural. Her next effort, made in the following year, was more successful. 'The Sicilian Romance' attracted attention by its romantic and numerous adventures, and the copious descriptions of scenery it contained. These were depicted with the glow and richness of a poetical fancy. 'Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, and even Walpole,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'though writing upon an imaginative subject, are decidedly prose authors.'

Mrs. Radcliffe has a title to be considered as the first poetess of romantic fiction; that is, if actual rhythm shall not be deemed essential to poetry.* Actual rhythm was also at the command of the accomplished authoress. She has interspersed various copies of verses throughout her works, but they are less truly poetical than her prose. They have great sameness of style and diction, and are often tedious, because introduced in scenes already too protracted with description or sentiment.

In 1791 appeared 'The Romance of the Forest,' exhibiting the powers of the novelist in full maturity. To her wonderful talent in producing scenes of mystery and surprise, aided by external phenomena and striking description, she now added the powerful delineation of passion. Her painting of the character of La Motte, hurried on by an evil counsellor, amidst broken resolutions and efforts at recall, to the most dark and deliberate guilt and cruelty, approaches in some respects to the genius of Godwin. Delineation of character, however, was not the forte of Mrs. Radcliffe: her strength lay in description and in the interest of her narrative. Like the great painter with whom she has been compared, she loved to sport with the romantic and the terrible—with the striking imagery of the mountain-forest and the lake—the obscure solitude—the cloud and the storm—wild banditti—ruined castles—and with those half-discovered glimpses or visionary shadows of the invisible world which seem at times to cross our path, and which still haunt and thrill the imagination. This peculiar faculty was more strongly evinced in Mrs. Radcliffe's next romance, 'The Mysteries of Udolpho,' published in 1794, which was the most popular of her performances, and is justly considered her best.

Mrs. Barbauld seems to prefer 'The Romance of the Forest' as more complete in character and story; but in this opinion few will concur: it wants the sublimity and boldness of the later work. The interest, as Scott remarks, 'is of a more agitating and tremendous nature, the scenery of a wilder and terrific description, the characters distinguished by fiercer and more gigantic features. Montoni, a lofty-souled desperado and captain of condottieri, stands beside La Motte and his marquis like one of Milton's fiends beside a witch's familiar. Adeline is confined within a ruined manor-house, but her sister-heroine, Emily, is imprisoned in a huge castle like those of feudal times; the one is attacked and defended by bands of armed banditti, the other only threatened by constables and thieftakers. The scale of the landscape is equally different; the quiet

* This honour more properly belongs to Sir Philip Sidney; and does not even John Bunyan demand a share of it? In Smollett's novels there are many poetical conceptions and descriptions. Indeed, on this point Sir Walter partly contradicts himself, for he elsewhere states that Smollett expended in his novels many of the ingredients both of grave and humorous poetry. Mrs. Radcliffe gave a greater prominence to poetical description than any of her predecessors.

and limited woodland scenery of the one work forming a contrast with the splendid and high-wrought descriptions of Italian mountain grandeur which occur in the other.' This parallel applies very strikingly to the critic's own poems, the 'Lay' and 'Marmion.' The latter, like Mrs. Radcliffe's second romance, has blemishes of construction and style from which the first is free; but it has the breadth and magnificence, and the careless freedom of a master's hand, in a greater degree than can be found in the first production. About this time Mrs. Radcliffe made a journey through Holland and the western frontier of Germany, returning down the Rhine, of which she published an account in 1795, adding to it some observations during a tour to the lakes of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland. The picturesque fancy of the novelist is seen in these sketches, with their usual luxuriance and copiousness of style.

In 1797, Mrs. Radcliffe made her last appearance in fiction. 'The Mysteries of Udolpho' had been purchased by her publisher for what was then considered an enormous sum, £500; but her new work brought her £800. It was entitled 'The Italian,' and displayed her powers in undiminished strength and brilliancy. Having exhausted the characteristics of feudal pomp and tyranny in her former productions, she adopted a new machinery in 'The Italian,' having selected a period when the Church of Rome was triumphant and unchecked. The grand Inquisition, the confessional, the cowed monk, the dungeon, and the rack, were agents as terrible and impressive as ever shone in romance. Mrs. Radcliffe took up the popular notions on this subject without adhering to historical accuracy, and produced a work which, though very unequal in its execution, contains the most vivid and appalling of all her scenes and paintings. The opening of the story has been praised by all critics, for the exquisite art with which the authoress contrives to excite and prepare the mind of the reader. It is as follows:

English Travellers visit a Neapolitan Church.

Within the shade of the portico, a person with folded arms, and eyes directed towards the ground, was pacing behind the pillars the whole extent of the pavement, and was apparently so engaged by his own thoughts as not to observe that strangers were approaching. He turned, however, suddenly, as if startled by the sound of steps, and then, without further pausing, glided to a door that opened into the church, and disappeared.

There was something too extraordinary in the figure of this man, and too singular in his conduct, to pass unnoticed by the visitors. He was of a tall thin figure, bending forward from the shoulders; of a sallow complexion and harsh features, and had an eye which, as it looked up from the cloak that muffled the lower part of his countenance, was expressive of uncommon ferocity.

The travellers, on entering the church, looked round for the stranger who had passed thither before them, but he was nowhere to be seen; and through all the shade of the long aisles only one other person appeared. This was a friar of the adjoining convent, who sometimes pointed out to strangers the objects in the church which were most worthy of attention, and who now, with this design, approached the party that had just entered.

When the party had viewed the different shrines, and whatever had been judged

worthy of observation, and were returning through an obscure aisle towards the portico, they perceived the person who had appeared upon the steps passing towards a confessional on the left, and as he entered it, one of the party pointed him out to the friar, and enquired who he was. The friar, turning to look after him, did not immediately reply; but on the question being repeated, he inclined his head, as in a kind of obeisance, and calmly replied: 'He is an assassin.'

'An assassin!' exclaimed one of the Englishmen; 'an assassin, and at liberty?' An Italian gentleman who was of the party smiled at the astonishment of his friend.

'He has sought sanctuary here,' replied the friar; 'within these walls he may not be hurt.'

'Do your altars, then, protect a murderer?' said the Englishman.

'He could find shelter nowhere else,' answered the friar meekly. . . .

'But observe yonder confessional,' added the Italian, 'that beyond the pillars on the left of the aisle, below a painted window. Have you discovered it? The colours of the glass throw, instead of a light, a shade over that part of the church, which perhaps prevents your distinguishing what I mean.'

The Englishman looked whither his friend pointed, and observed a confessional of oak, or some very dark wood, adjoining the wall, and remarked also that it was the same which the assassin had just entered. It consisted of three compartments, covered with a black canopy. In the central division was the chair of the confessor, elevated by several steps above the pavement of the church; and on either hand was a small closet or box, with steps leading up to a grated partition, at which the penitent might kneel, and, concealed from observation, pour into the ear of the confessor the consciousness of crimes that lay heavy at his heart.

'You observe it?' said the Italian.

'I do,' replied the Englishman; 'it is the same which the assassin had passed into, and I think it one of the most gloomy spots I ever beheld: the view of it is enough to strike a criminal with despair.'

'We in Italy are not so apt to despair,' replied the Italian smilingly.

'Well, but what of this confessional?' inquired the Englishman. 'The assassin entered it.'

'He has no relation with what I am about to mention,' said the Italian; 'but I wish you to mark the place, because some very extraordinary circumstances belong to it.'

'What are they?' said the Englishman.

'It is now several years since the confession which is connected with them was made at that very confessional,' added the Italian; 'the view of it, and the sight of the assassin, with your surprise at the liberty which is allowed him, led me to a recollection of the story. When you return to the hotel, I will communicate it to you, if you have no pleasanter mode of engaging your time.'

'After I have taken another view of this solemn edifice,' replied the Englishman, 'and particularly of the confessional you have pointed to my notice.'

While the Englishman glanced his eye over the high roofs and along the solemn perspectives of the Santa del Pianto, he perceived the figure of the assassin stealing from the confessional across the choir, and, shocked on again beholding him, he turned his eyes, and hastily quitted the church.

The friends then separated, and the Englishman, soon after returning to his hotel, received the volume. He read as follows.

After such an introduction, who could fail to continue the perusal of the story? Scott has said that one of the fine scenes in 'The Italian,' where Schedoni, the monk—an admirably drawn character—is 'in the act of raising his arm to murder his sleeping victim, and discovers her to be his own child, is of a new, grand, and powerful character; and the horrors of the wretch who, on the brink of murder, has just escaped from committing a crime of yet more exaggerated horror, constitute the strongest painting which has been produced by Mrs. Radcliffe's pencil, and form a crisis well fitted to be

actually embodied on canvas by some great master.' Most of this lady's novels abound in pictures and situations as striking and as well grouped as those of the artist and melodramatist. The latter years of Mrs. Radcliffe were spent in retirement, partly induced by ill health. She had for a long period been afflicted with spasmodic asthma, and an attack proved fatal to her on the 7th of February, 1823. She died in London, and was interred in a vault of the chapel-of-ease at Bayswater, belonging to St. George's, Hanover Square. A posthumous romance by Mrs. Radcliffe, entitled '*Gaston de Blondeville*,' was published under the editorial superintendence of Serjeant Talfourd; and her Poems were collected and published in 1834.

The success which crowned Mrs. Radcliffe's romances led several writers to copy her peculiar manner, but none approached to the original either in art or genius. The style of which she may be considered the founder is powerfully attractive, and few are able to resist the fascinations of her narrative; but that style is obviously a secondary one. To delineate character in the many-coloured changes of life, to invent natural, lively, and witty dialogues and situations, and to combine the whole, as in '*Tom Jones*,' in a regular progressive story, complete in all its parts, is a greater intellectual effort than to construct a romantic plot where the author is not confined to probability or to the manners and institutions of any particular time or country. When Scott transports us back to early times and to Scottish life and character, we feel he is embodying history, animating its records with his powerful imagination, and introducing us to actual scenes and persons such as once existed. His portraits are not of one, but of various classes. There is none of this reality about Mrs. Radcliffe's creations. Her scenes of mystery and gloom will not bear the light of sober investigation. Deeply as they affect the imagination at the time, after they have been once unfolded before the reader, they break up like dreams in his recollection. The remembrance of them is confused, though pleasant, and we have no desire to return to what enchanted us, unless it be for some passages of pure description. The want of moral interest and of character and dialogue, natural and truthful, is the cause of this evanescence of feeling. When the story is unravelled, the great charm is over—the talisman ceases to operate when we know the materials of which it is composed.

Mrs. Radcliffe restricted her genius by an arbitrary rule of composition: she made the whole of her mysterious circumstances resolve into natural causes. The seemingly supernatural agencies are explained to be palpable and real: every mystery is cleared up, and often by means very trifling or disproportioned to the end. In one sense, this restriction increases our admiration of the writer, as evincing, in general, the marvellous ingenuity with which she prepares, invents, and arranges the incidents for immediate effect as well

as subsequent explanation. Every feature in the surrounding landscape or objects described—every subordinate circumstance in the scene, however minute, is so disposed as to deepen the impression and keep alive curiosity. This prelude, as Mrs. Barbauld has remarked, ‘like the tuning of an instrument by a skilful hand, has the effect of producing at once in the mind a tone of feeling correspondent to the future story.’ No writer has excelled, and few have approached, Mrs. Radcliffe in this peculiar province. A higher genius, however, would have boldly seized upon supernatural agency as a proper element of romance. Mrs. Radcliffe had never been in Italy when she wrote ‘*The Mysteries of Udolpho*,’ yet her paintings of Italian scenery, and of the mountains of Switzerland, are conceived with equal truth and richness of colouring. And what poet or painter has ever surpassed (Byron has imitated) her account of the first view of Venice, as seen by her heroine Emily, ‘with its islets, palaces, and terraces rising out of the sea; and as they glided on, the grander features of the city appearing more distinctly—its terraces crowned with airy yet majestic fabrics, touched with the splendour of the setting sun, appearing as if they had been called up from the ocean by the wand of an enchanter rather than reared by human hands!’ Her pictures are innumerable, and they are always introduced with striking effect. The romantic colouring which Mrs. Radcliffe could throw over actual objects, at the same time preserving their symmetry and appearance entire, is finely displayed in her English descriptions, one of which (Hardwick) is included among our extracts.

Description of the Castle of Udolpho.

Towards the close of the day, the road wound into a deep valley. Mountains, whose shaggy steep appeared to be inaccessible, almost surrounded it. To the east, a vista opened, and exhibited the Apennines in their darkest horrors; and the long perspective of retiring summits rising over each other, their ridges clothed with pines, exhibited a stronger image of grandeur than any that Emily had yet seen. The sun had just sunk below the top of the mountains she was descending, whose long shadow stretched athwart the valley; but his sloping rays, shooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a yellow gleam the summits of the forest that hung upon the opposite steep, and streamed in full splendour upon the towers and battlements of a castle that spread its extensive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. The splendour of these illumined objects was heightened by the contrasted shade which involved the valley below.

‘There,’ said Montoni, speaking for the first time in several hours. ‘is Udolpho.’ Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the castle, which she understood to be Montoni’s; for, though it was now lighted up by the setting sun, the Gothic greatness of its features, and its mouldering walls of dark gray stone, rendered it a gloomy and sublime object. As she gazed, the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were still tipped with splendour. From these, too, the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn duskiness of evening. Silent, lonely, and sublime, it seemed to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invade its solitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obscurity, and Emily continued to gaze till its clustering towers were alone seen rising over the tops of the woods, beneath whose thick shade the carriage soon after began to ascend.

The extent and darkness of these tall woods awakened terrific images in her mind, and she almost expected to see banditti start up from under the trees. At length the carriages emerged upon a heathy rock, and soon after reached the castle gates, where the deep tone of the portal bell, which was struck upon to give notice of their arrival, increased the fearful emotions that had assailed Emily. While they waited till the servant within should come to open the gates, she anxiously surveyed the edifice; but the gloom that overspread it allowed her to distinguish little more than a part of its outline, with the massy walls of the ramparts, and to know that it was vast, ancient, and dreary. From the parts she saw, she judged of the heavy strength and extent of the whole. The gateway before her, leading into the courts, was of gigantic size, and was defended by two round towers, crowned by overhanging turrets embattled, where, instead of banners, now waved long grass and wild plants that had taken root among the monltering stones, and which seemed to sigh, as the breeze rolled past, over the desolation around them. The towers were united by a curtain, pierced and embattled also, below which appeared the pointed arch of a huge portcullis surmounting the gates; from these the walls of the ramparts extended to other towers, overlooking the precipice, whose shattered outline, appearing on a gleam that lingered in the west, told of the ravages of war. Beyond these, all was lost in the obscurity of evening.

Hardwick, in Derbyshire.

Northward, beyond London, we may make one stop after a country not otherwise necessary to be noticed, to mention Hardwick, in Derbyshire, a seat of the Duke of Devonshire, once the residence of the Earl of Shrewsbury, to whom Elizabeth deputed the custody of the unfortunate Mary. It stands on an easy height, a few miles to the left of the road from Mansfield to Chesterfield, and is approached through shady lanes, which conceal the view of it till you are on the confines of the park. Three towers of hoary gray then rise with great majesty among old woods, and their summits appear to be covered with the lightly shivered fragments of battlements, which, however, are soon discovered to be perfectly carved open work, in which the letters E. S. frequently occur under a coronet, the initials and the memorials of the vanity of Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, who built the present edifice. Its tall features, of a most picturesque tint, were finally disclosed between the luxuriant woods and over the lawns of the park, which every now and then let in a glimpse of the Derbyshire hills.

In front of the great gates of the castle court, the ground, adorned by old oaks, suddenly sinks to a darkly shadowed glade, and the view opens over the vale of Scarsdale, bounded by the wild mountains of the Peak. Immediately to the left of the present residence, some ruined features of the ancient one, enwreathed with the rich drapery of ivy, give an interest to the scene, which the later but more historical structure heightens and prolongs. We followed, not without emotion, the walk which Mary had so often trodden, to the folding-doors of the great hall, whose lofty grandeur, aided by silence, and seen under the influence of a lowering sky, suited the temper of the whole scene. The tall windows, which half subdue the light they admit, just allowed us to distinguish the large figures in the tapestry above the oak wainscoting, and shewed a colonnade of oak supporting a gallery along the bottom of the hall, with a pair of gigantic elk's horns flourishing between the windows opposite to the entrance. The scene of Mary's arrival, and her feelings upon entering this solemn shade, came involuntarily to the mind; the noise of horses' feet, and many voices from the court; her proud, yet gentle and melancholy look, as, led by my lord-keeper, she passed slowly up the hall; his somewhat obsequious, yet jealous and vigilant air, while, awed by her dignity and beauty, he remembers the terrors of his own queen; the silence and anxiety of her maids, and the bustle of the surrounding attendants.

From the hall, a staircase ascends to the gallery of a small chapel, in which the chairs and cushions used by Mary still remain, and proceeds to the first story, where only one apartment bears memorials of her imprisonment—the bed, tapestry, and chairs having been worked by herself. This tapestry is richly embossed with emblematic figures, each with its title worked above it, and having been scrupulously preserved, is still entire and fresh.

Over the chimney of an adjoining dining-room, to which, as well as to other

apartments on this floor, some modern furniture has been added, is this motto, carved in oak: 'There is only this: To fear God, and keep his commandments.' So much less valuable was timber than workmanship when this mansion was constructed, that where the staircases are not of stone, they are formed of solid oaken steps, instead of planks; such is that from the second or state story to the roof, whence, on clear days, York and Lincoln cathedrals are said to be included in the extensive prospect. This second floor is that which gives its chief interest to the edifice. Nearly all the apartments of it were allotted to Mary; some of them for state purposes; and the furniture is known, by other proof than its appearance, to remain as she left it. The chief room, or that of audience, is of uncommon loftiness, and strikes by its grandeur, before the veneration and tenderness arise which its antiquities and the plainly told tale of the sufferings they witnessed excite.

An Italian Landscape.

These excursions sometimes led to Puzzuoli, Baia, or the woody cliffs of Pansilippo; and as, on their return, they glided along the moonlight bay, the melodies of Italian strains seemed to give enchantment to the scenery of its shore. At this cool hour the voices of the vine-dressers were frequently heard in trio, as they reposed after the labour of the day on some pleasant promontory under the shade of poplars; or the brisk music of the dance from fishermen on the margin of the waves below. The boatmen rested on their oars, while their company listened to voices modulated by sensibility to finer eloquence than it is in the power of art alone to display; and at others, while they observed the airy natural grace which distinguishes the dance of the fishermen and peasant-girls of Naples. Frequently, as they glided round a promontory, whose shaggy masses impended far over the sea, such magic scenes of beauty unfolded, adorned by these dancing groups on the bay beyond, as no pencil could do justice to. The deep clear waters reflected every image of the landscape; the cliffs, branching into wild forms, crowned with groves, whose rough foliage often spread down their steep in picturesque luxuriance; the ruined villa on some bold point peeping through the trees; peasants' cabins hanging on the precipices, and the dancing figures on the strand—all touched with the silvery tint and soft shadows of moonlight. On the other hand, the sea, trembling with a long line of radiance, and shewing in the clear distance the sails of vessels stealing in every direction along its surface, presented a prospect as grand as the landscape was beautiful.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

Among the most successful imitators of Mrs. Radcliffe's peculiar manner and class of subjects, was MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS, whose wild romance, 'The Monk,' published in 1796, was received with mingled astonishment, censure, and applause. The first edition was soon disposed of; and in preparing a second, Lewis threw out some indelicate passages which had given much offence. He might have carried his retrenchments further with benefit both to the story and its readers. 'The Monk' was a youthful production, written, as the author states in his rhyming preface, when he 'scarce had seen his twentieth year.' It has all the marks of youth, except modesty. Lewis was the boldest of *hobgoblin* writers, and dashed away fearlessly among scenes of monks and nuns, church processions, Spanish Cavaliers, maidens and duennas, sorcerers and enchantments, the Inquisition, the Wandering Jew, and even Satan himself, whom he brings in to execute justice visibly and without compunction. The hero, Ambrosio, is abbot of the Capuchins at Madrid, and from his reputed sanctity and humility, and his eloquent preaching, he is surnamed the Man of Holiness. Ambrosio conceives himself to be exempted from the failings of humanity, and is severe in his

saintly judgments. He is full of religious enthusiasm and pride, and thinks himself proof against all temptation. The hint of this character was taken from a paper in the 'Guardian,' and Lewis filled up the outline with considerable energy and skilful delineation. The imposing presence, strong passions, and wretched downfall of Ambrosio, are not easily forgotten by the readers of the novel. The haughty and susceptible monk is tempted by an infernal spirit—the Mephistopheles of the tale—who assumes the form of a young and beautiful woman, and after various efforts, completely triumphs over the virtue and the resolutions of Ambrosio. He proceeds from crime to crime, till he is stained with the most atrocious deeds, his evil genius, Matilda, being still his prompter and associate, and aiding him by her powers of conjuration and sorcery. He is at length caught in the toils, detected in a deed of murder, and is tried, tortured, and convicted by the Inquisition.

While trembling at the approaching *auto da fé*, at which he is sentenced to perish, Ambrosio is again visited by Matilda, who gives him a certain mysterious book, by reading which he is able to summon Lucifer to his presence. Ambrosio ventures on this desperate expedient. The Evil One appears—appropriately preceded by thunder and earthquake—and the wretched monk, having sold his hope of salvation to recover his liberty, is borne aloft far from his dungeon, but only to be dashed to pieces on a rock. Such is the outline of the monk's story, in which there is certainly no shrinking from the supernatural machinery that Mrs. Radcliffe adopted only in semblance, without attempting to make it real. Lewis relieved his narrative by episodes and love-scenes, one of which—the Bleeding Nun—is told with great animation. He introduces us also to a robber's hut in a forest, in which a striking scene occurs, evidently suggested by a similar one in Smollet's 'Count Fathom.' Besides his excessive use of conjurations and spirits to carry on his story, Lewis resorted to another class of horrors, which is simply disgusting—namely, loathsome images of mortal corruption and decay, the festering relics of death and the grave.

The only other tale by Lewis which has been reprinted is 'The Bravo of Venice,' a short production, in which there is enough of banditti, disguises, plots, and mysterious adventures—the dagger and the bowl—but nothing equal to the best parts of 'The Monk.' The style is more chaste and uniform, and some Venetian scenes are picturesquely described. The hero, Abellino, is at one time a beggar, at another a bandit, and ends by marrying the lovely niece of the Doge of Venice—a genuine character for the mock-heroic of romance. In none of his works does Lewis evince a talent for humour.

Scene of Conjuration by the Wandering Jew.

[Raymond, in 'The Monk,' is pursued by a spectre representing a bleeding nun, which appears at one o'clock in the morning, repeating a certain chant, and pressing her lips to his. Every succeeding visit inspires him with greater horror, and he be-

comes melancholy and deranged in health. His servant, Theodore, meets with a stranger, who tells him to bid his master wish for him when the clock strikes one, and the tale, as related by Raymond, proceeds. The ingenuity with which Lewis avails himself of the ancient legend of the Wandering Jew, and the fine description of the conjuration, are worthy of note.]

He was a man of majestic presence; his countenance was strongly marked, and his eyes were large, black, and sparkling; yet there was a something in his look which, the moment that I saw him, inspired me with a secret awe, not to say horror. He was dressed plainly, his hair was unpowdered, and a band of black velvet, which encircled his forehead, spread over his features an additional gloom. His countenance wore the marks of profound melancholy, his step was slow, and his manner grave, stately, and solemn. He saluted me with politeness, and having replied to the usual compliments of introduction, he motioned to Theodore to quit the chamber. The page instantly withdrew. 'I know your business,' said he, without giving me time to speak. 'I have the power of releasing you from your nightly visitor; but this cannot be done before Sunday. On the hour when the Sabbath morning breaks, spirits of darkness have least influence over mortals. After Saturday, the nun shall visit you no more.' 'May I not inquire,' said I, 'by what means you are in possession of a secret which I have carefully concealed from the knowledge of every one?' 'How can I be ignorant of your distress, when their cause at this moment stands before you?' I started. The stranger continued; 'Though to you only visible for one hour in the twenty-four, neither day nor night does she ever quit you; nor will she ever quit you till you have granted her request.' 'And what is that request?' 'That she must herself explain; it lies not in my knowledge. Wait with patience for the night of Saturday; all shall be then cleared up.' I dared not press him further. He soon after changed the conversation, and talked of various matters. He named people who had ceased to exist for many centuries, and yet with whom he appeared to have been personally acquainted. I could not mention a country, however distant, which he had not visited; nor could I sufficiently admire the extent and variety of his information. I remarked to him, that having travelled, seen, and known so much, must have given him infinite pleasure. He shook his head mournfully. 'No one,' he replied, 'is adequate to comprehending the misery of my lot! Fate obliges me to be constantly in movement; I am not permitted to pass more than a fortnight in the same place. I have no friend in the world, and, from the restlessness of my destiny, I never can acquire one. Fain would I lay down my miserable life, for I envy those who enjoy the quiet of the grave; but death eludes me, and flies from my embrace. In vain do I throw myself in the way of danger. I plunge into the ocean—the waves throw me back with abhorrence upon the shore; I rush into fire—the flames recoil at my approach; I oppose myself to the fury of banditti—their swords become blunted, and break against my breast. The hungry tiger shudders at my approach, and the alligator flies from a monster more horrible than itself. God has set his seal upon me, and all his creatures respect this fatal mark.' He put his hand to the velvet which was bound round his forehead. 'There is in his eyes an expression of fury, despair, and malevolence, that struck horror to my very soul. An involuntary convulsion made me shudder. The stranger perceived it. 'Such is the curse imposed on me,' he continued; 'I am doomed to inspire all who look on me with terror and detestation. You already feel the influence of the charm, and with every succeeding moment will feel it more. I will not add to your sufferings by my presence. Farewell till Saturday. As soon as the clock strikes twelve, expect me at your chamber.'

Having said this, he departed, leaving me in astonishment at the mysterious turn of his manner and conversation. His assurances that I should soon be relieved from the apparition's visits produced a good effect upon my constitution. Theodore, whom I rather treated as an adopted child than a domestic, was surprised, at his return, to observe the amendment in my looks. He congratulated me on this symptom of returning health, and declared himself delighted at my having received so much benefit from my conference with the Great Mogul. Upon inquiry I found that the stranger had already passed eight days in Ratisbon. According to his own account, therefore, he was only to remain there six days longer. Saturday was still at a distance of three. Oh, with what impatience did I expect its arrival! In the interim, the bleeding nun continued her nocturnal visits: but hoping soon to be re-

leased from them altogether, the effects which they produced on me became less violent than before.

The wished-for night arrived. To avoid creating suspicion, I retired to my bed at my usual hour; but as soon as my attendants had left me, I dressed myself again, and prepared for the stranger's reception. He entered my room upon the turn of midnight. A small chest was in his hand, which he placed near the stove. He saluted me without speaking; I returned the compliment, observing an equal silence. He then opened the chest. The first thing which he produced was a small wooden crucifix; he sunk upon his knees, gazed upon it mournfully, and cast his eyes towards heaven. He seemed to be praying devoutly. At length he bowed his head respectfully, kissed the crucifix thrice, and quitted his kneeling posture. He next drew from the chest a covered goblet; with the liquor which it contained, and which appeared to be blood, he sprinkled the floor; and then dipping in it one end of the crucifix, he described a circle in the middle of the room. Round about this he placed various reliques, skulls, thighbones, &c. I observed that he disposed them all in the form of crosses. Lastly, he took out a large Bible, and beckoned me to follow him into the circle. I obeyed.

'Be cautious not to utter a syllable!' whispered the stranger: 'step not out of the circle, and as you love yourself, dare not to look upon my face.' Holding the crucifix in one hand, the Bible in the other, he seemed to read with profound attention. The clock struck one: as usual, I heard the spectre's steps upon the staircase, but I was not seized with the accustomed shivering. I waited her approach with confidence. She entered the room, drew near the circle, and stopped. The stranger, muttered some words, to me unintelligible. Then raising his head from the book, and extending the crucifix towards the ghost, he pronounced in a voice distinct and solemn: 'Beatrice! Beatrice! Beatrice!' 'What wouldst thou?' replied the apparition in a hollow faltering tone. 'What disturbs thy sleep? Why dost thou afflict and torture this youth? How can rest be restored to thy unquiet spirit?' 'I dare not tell: I must not tell. Fain would I repose in my grave, but stern commands force me to prolong my punishment!' 'Knowest thou this blood? Knowest thou in whose veins it flowed? Beatrice! Beatrice! in his name I charge thee to answer me.' 'I dare not disobey my taskers.' 'Darest thou disobey me?' He spoke in a commanding tone, and drew the sable band from his forehead. In spite of his injunction to the contrary, curiosity would not suffer me to keep my eyes off his face: I raised them, and beheld a burning cross impressed upon his brow. For the horror with which this object inspired me I cannot account, but I never felt its equal. My senses left me for some moments; a mysterious dread overcame my courage; and had not the exorciser caught my hand I should have fallen out of the circle. When I recovered myself, I perceived that the burning cross had produced an effect no less violent upon the spectre. Her countenance expressed reverence and horror, and her visionary limbs were shaken by fear. 'Yes,' she said at length, 'I tremble at that mark! I respect it! I obey you! Know, then, that my bones lie still unburied—they rot in the obscurity of Lindenberg-hole. None but this youth has the right of consigning them to the grave. His own lips have made over to me his body and his soul; never will I give back his promise; never shall he know a night, devoid of terror unless he engages to collect my mouldering bones, and deposit them in the family vault of his Andalusian castle. Then let thirty masses be said for the repose of my spirit, and I trouble this world no more. Now let me depart; those flames are scorching.'

He let the hand drop slowly which held the crucifix, and which till then he had pointed towards her. The apparition bowed her head, and her form melted into air.

WILLIAM GODWIN.

WILLIAM GODWIN, author of 'Caleb Williams,' was one of the most remarkable men of his times. The boldness of his speculations and opinions, and his apparent depth and ardour of feeling, were curiously contrasted with his plodding habits, his imperturbable temper, and the quiet obscure simplicity of his life and manners. The most startling and astounding theories were propounded by him

with undoubting confidence; and sentiments that, if reduced to action, would have overturned the whole framework of society, were complacently dealt out by their author as if they had merely formed an ordinary portion of a busy literary life. Godwin was born at Wisbeach, in Cambridgeshire, on the 3d of March 1756. His father was a dissenting minister—a pious Nonconformist—and thus the future novelist may be said to have been nurtured in a love of religious and civil liberty, without perhaps much reverence for existing authority. He soon, however, far overstepped the pale of dissent. After receiving the necessary education at the dissenting college at Hoxton, Mr. Goodwin became minister of a congregation in the vicinity of London. He also officiated for some time at Stowmarket, in Suffolk. About the year 1782, having been five years a Nonconformist preacher, he settled in London, and applied himself wholly to literature. His first work was entitled 'Sketches of History, in Six Sermons;' and he shortly afterwards became principal writer in the *New Annual Register*. He was a zealous political reformer; and his talents were so well known or recommended, that he obtained the large sum of £700 for his next publication. This was his famed 'Inquiry concerning Political Justice, and its Influences on General Virtue and Happiness,' published in 1793.

Mr. Godwin's work was a sincere advocacy of an intellectual republic—a splendid argument for universal philanthropy and benevolence, and for the omnipotence of mind over matter. His views of the perfectibility of man and the regeneration of society—all private affections and interests being merged in the public good—were clouded by no misgivings, and he wrote with the force of conviction, and with no ordinary powers of persuasion and eloquence. The 'Inquiry' was highly successful, and went through several editions. In a twelvemonth afterwards appeared his novel of 'Things as they Are, or the Adventures of Caleb Williams.' His object here was also to inculcate his peculiar doctrines, and to comprehend 'a general review of the modes of domestic and unrecorded despotism, by which man becomes the destroyer of man.' His hero, Williams, tells his own tale of suffering and of wrong—of innocence persecuted and reduced to the brink of death and infamy by aristocratic power, and by tyrannical or partially administered laws; but his story is so fraught with interest and energy, that we lose sight of the political object or satire, and think only of the characters and incidents that pass in review before us. The imagination of the author overpowered his philosophy; he was a greater inventor than logician. His character of Falkland is one of the finest in the whole range of English fictitious composition. The opinions of Godwin were soon brought still more prominently forward. His friends, Holcroft, Thelwall, Horne Tooke, and others, were thrown into the Tower, on a charge of high treason. The novelist had joined none of their soci-

eties, and however obnoxious to those in power, had not rendered himself amenable to the laws of the country.*

Godwin, however, was ready with his pen. Judge Eyre, in his charge to the grand jury, had laid down principles very different from those of our author, and the latter instantly published 'Cursory Strictures' on the judge's charge, so ably written that the pamphlet is said to have mainly led to the acquittal of the accused party. In 1796 Mr. Godwin issued a series of essays on Education, Manners, and Literature, entitled 'The Inquirer.' In the following year he married Mary Wollstonecraft, author of 'The Vindication of the Rights of Women,' &c., a lady in many respects as remarkable as her husband, and who died after having given birth to a daughter (Mrs. Shelley), still more justly distinguished. Godwin's contempt of the ordinary modes of thinking and acting in this country was displayed by this marriage. His wife brought with her a natural daughter, the fruit of a former connection. She had lived with Godwin for some time before their marriage; and the 'principal motive,' he says, 'for complying with the ceremony was the circumstance of Mary's being in a state of pregnancy.' Such an open disregard of the ties and principles that sweeten life and adorn society astonished even Godwin's philosophic and reforming friends. But whether acting in good or in bad taste, he seems always to have been fearless and sincere. He wrote 'Memoirs of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin,'—who died in about half a year after her marriage, at the early age of thirty-eight—and in this curious work all the details of her life and conduct are minutely related. We are glad, after this mental pollution, to meet Godwin again as a novelist—

He bears no token of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames

In 1799 appeared his 'St Leon,' a story of the 'miraculous class,' as he himself states, and designed to mix human feelings and passions with incredible situations. His hero attains the possession of the philosopher's stone, and secures exhaustless wealth by the art of

* If we may credit a curious entry in Sir Walter Scott's diary, Godwin must have been early mixed up with the English Jacobins. 'Canning's conversion from popular opinions,' says Scott, 'was strangely brought round. While he was studying in the Temple, and rather entertaining revolutionary opinions, Godwin sent to say that he was coming to breakfast with him, to speak on a subject of the highest importance. Canning knew little of him, but received his visit, and learned to his astonishment that, in expectation of a new order of things, the English Jacobins designed to place him, Canning, at the head of the revolution. He was much struck, and asked time to think what course he should take; and having thought the matter over, he went to Mr. Pitt, and made the Anti-Jacobin confession of faith, in which he persevered until——. Canning himself mentioned this to Sir W. Knighton upon occasion of giving a place in the Charter house, of some ten pounds a year, to Godwin's brother. He could scarce do less for one who had offered him the dictator's carnle-chair.'—*Lockhart's Life of Scott*. This occurrence must have taken place before 1793, as in that year Canning was introduced by Pitt into Parliament.

transmuting metals into gold, and at the same time he learns the secret of the *elixir vite*, by which he has the power of renewing his youth. These are, indeed, 'incredible situations;' but the romance has many attractions—splendid description and true pathos. Its chief defect is an excess of the terrible and marvellous. In 1800 Mr. Godwin produced his unlucky tragedy of 'Antonio,' in 1801, 'Thoughts on Dr. Parr's Spital Sermon,' being a reply to some attacks made upon him, or rather on his code of morality, by Parr, Makintosh, and others. In 1803 he brought out a voluminous 'Life of Chaucer,' in two quarto volumes. With Mr. Godwin the great business of this world was to write books, and whatever subject he selected, he treated it with a due sense of its importance, and pursued it into all its ramifications with intense ardour and application. The 'Life of Chaucer' was ridiculed by Sir Walter Scott in the 'Edinburgh Review,' in consequence of its enormous bulk and its extraneous dissertations; but it is creditable to the author's taste and research. The student of our early literature will find in it many interesting facts connected with a chivalrous and romantic period of our history—much sound criticism, and a fine relish for true poetry. In 1804 Mr. Godwin produced his novel of 'Fleetwood, or the New Man of Feeling.' The title was unfortunate, as reminding the reader of the *old* Man of Feeling, by far the more interesting and amiable of the two. Mr. Godwin's hero is self-willed and capricious, a morbid egotist, whose irritability and frantic outbursts of passion move contempt rather than sympathy. Byron has said:

Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
But only give a bust of marriages.

This cannot be said of Mr. Godwin. Great part of 'Fleetwood' is occupied with the hero's matrimonial troubles and afflictions; but they only exemplify the noble poet's further observation—'no one cares for matrimonial cooings.' The better parts of the novel consist of the episode of the Macneills, a tale of family pathos, and some detached descriptions of Welsh scenery. For some years Mr. Godwin was little heard of. He had married again, and, as a more certain means of maintenance, had opened a bookseller's shop in London, under the assumed name of 'Edward Baldwin.' In this situation he sent forth a number of children's books, small histories and other compilations, some of them by himself. Charles Lamb mentions an English Grammar, in which Hazlitt assisted. He tried another tragedy, 'Faulkner,' in 1807, but it was unsuccessful. Next year he published an 'Essay on Sepulchres,' written in a fine meditative spirit, with great beauty of expression; and in 1815, 'Lives of Edward and John Phillips, the nephews of Milton.' The latter is also creditable to the taste and research of the author, and illustrates our poetical history about the time of the Restoration. In 1817 Mr. Godwin again entered the arena of fiction. He had paid a visit to Scotland, and engaged with Constable for another novel, 'Mandeville,' a tale of the

times of Cromwell. The style of this work is measured and stately, and it abounds in that moral anatomy in which the author delighted, but often carried beyond truth and nature. The vindictive feelings delineated in 'Mandeville' are pushed to a revolting extreme. Passages of energetic and beautiful composition—reflective and descriptive—are to be found in the novel; and we may remark, that as the author advanced in years, he seems to have cultivated more sedulously the graces of language and diction. The staple of his novels, however, was taken from the depths of his own mind—not from extensive surveys of mankind or the universe; and it was obvious that the oft-drawn-upon fountain began to dry up, notwithstanding the luxuriance of the foliage that shaded it.

We next find Mr. Godwin combating the opinions of Malthus upon Population (1820), and then setting about an elaborate 'History of the Commonwealth.' The great men of that era were exactly suited to his taste. Their resolute energy of character, their overthrow of the monarchy, their republican enthusiasm, and strange notions of faith and the saints, were well adapted to fire his imagination and stimulate his research. The 'History' extended to four large volumes, which were published at intervals between 1824 and 1828. It is evident that Mr. Godwin tasked himself to produce authorities for all he advanced. He took up, as might be expected, strong opinions; but in striving to be accurate and minute, he became too specific and chronological for the interest of his narrative. It was truly said that the style of his 'History' 'creeps and hitches in dates and authorities.' In 1830 Mr. Godwin published 'Cloudesley,' a tale in three volumes. Reverting to his brilliant performance as a novelist, he made his new hero, like 'Caleb Williams,' a person of humble origin, and he arrays him against his patron; but there the parallel ends. The elastic vigour, the verisimilitude, the crowding incidents, the absorbing interest, and the overwhelming catastrophe of the first novel, are not to be found in 'Cloudesley.' There is even little delineation of character. Instead of these, we have fine English, 'clouds of reflections without any new occasion to call them forth; an expanded flow of words without a single pointed remark.' The next production of this veteran author was a metaphysical treatise, 'Thoughts on Man,' &c.; and his last work (1834) a compilation, entitled 'Lives of the Necromancers.' In his later years, Mr. Godwin enjoyed a small government office, yeoman-usher of the Exchequer, which was conferred upon him by Earl Grey's ministry. In the residence attached to this appointment, in New Palace Yard, he terminated his long and laborious scholastic life on the 7th of April 1836. No man ever panted more ardently, or toiled more heroically, for literary fame; and we think that, before he closed his eyes, he must have been conscious that he had left something so written to after-times as they should not willingly let it die.

'Caleb Williams' is unquestionably the most interesting and origi-

nal of Mr. Godwin's novels, and is altogether a work of extraordinary art and power. It has the plainness of narrative and the apparent reality of the fictions of Defoe or Swift. A brief glance at the story will shew the materials with which Godwin 'framed his spell.' Caleb Williams, an intelligent young peasant, is taken into the house of Mr. Falkland, the lord of the manor, in the capacity of amanuensis, or private secretary. His master is kind and compassionate, but stately and solemn in manner. An air of mystery hangs about him; his address is cold, and his sentiments impenetrable; and he breaks out occasionally into fits of causeless jealousy and tyrannical violence. One day Williams surprises him in a closet, where he heard a deep groan expressive of intolerable anguish, then the lid of a trunk hastily shut, and the noise of fastening a lock. Finding he was discovered, Falkland flies into a transport of rage, and threatens the intruder with instant death if he does not withdraw. The astonished youth retires, musing on this strange scene. His curiosity is awakened, and he learns part of Falkland's history from an old confidential steward—that his master was once the gayest of the gay, and had achieved honour and fame abroad, until on his return he was persecuted with a malignant destiny. His nearest neighbour, Tyrrel, a man of estate equal to his own, but of a coarse and violent temper, became jealous of Falkland's superior talents and accomplishments, and conceived a deadly enmity at him. The series of events detailing the progress of this mutual hatred—particularly the episode of Miss Melville—are developed with great skill, but all is creditable to the high-minded and chivalrous Falkland. The conduct of Tyrrel becomes at length so atrocious, that the country gentlemen shun his society. He intrudes himself, however, into a rural assembly, an altercation ensues, and Falkland indignantly upbraids him, and bids him begone. Amidst the hootings and reproaches of the assembly, Tyrrel retires, but soon returns inflamed with liquor, and with one blow of his muscular arm levels Falkland to the ground. His violence is repeated, till he is again forced to retreat. This complication of ignominy, base, humiliating, and public, stung the proud and sensitive Falkland to the soul: he left the room; but one other event closed the transactions of that memorable evening—Tyrrel was found dead in the street, having been murdered, stabbed with a knife—at a distance of a few yards from the assembly house.

From this crisis in Falkland's history commenced his gloomy and unsociable melancholy—life became a burden to him. A private investigation was made into the circumstances of the murder; but Falkland, after a lofty and eloquent denial of all knowledge of the crime, was discharged with every circumstance of honour, and amidst the plaudits of the people. A few weeks afterwards, a peasant, named Hawkins, and his son were taken up on some slight suspicion, tried, condemned, and executed for the murder. Justice

was satisfied, but a deepening gloom had settled on the solitary Falkland. Williams heard all this, and joined in pitying the noble sufferer; but the question occurred to him—was it possible, after all, that his master should be the murderer? The idea took entire possession of his mind. He determined to place himself as a watch upon Falkland—a perpetual stimulus urged him on. Circumstances, also, were constantly occurring to feed his morbid inquisitiveness. At length a fire broke out in the house during Falkland's absence, and Williams was led to the room containing the mysterious trunk. With the energy of uncontrollable passion he forced it open, and was in the act of lifting up the lid, when Falkland entered, wild, breathless, and distraction in his looks. The first act of the infuriated master was to present a pistol at the head of the youth, but he instantly changed his resolution, and ordered him to withdraw.

Next day, Falkland disclosed the secret. 'I am the blackest of villains; I am the murderer of Tyrrel; I am the assassin of the Hawkinses!' He made Williams swear never to disclose the secret, on pain of death or worse. 'I am,' said Falkland, 'as much the fool of fame as ever; I cling to it as my last breath: though I be the blackest of villains, I will leave behind me a spotless and illustrious name: there is no crime so malignant, no scene of blood so horrible, in which that object cannot engage me.' Williams took the oath and submitted. His spirit, however, revolted at the servile submission that was required of him, and in time he escaped from the house. He was speedily taken, and accused, at the instance of Falkland, of abstracting valuable property from the trunk he had forced open on the day of the fire. He was cast into prison. The interior of the prison, and its wretched inmates, are then described with great minuteness. Williams, to whom the confinement became intolerable, escaped. He is first robbed and then sheltered by a band of robbers—he is forced to flee for his life—assumes different disguises—is again in prison, and again escapes; but misery and injustice meet him at every step. He had innocently fastened on himself a second enemy, a villain named Gines, who from a highwayman had become a thief-taker; and the incessant exertions of this fellow, tracking him from place to place like a blood-hound, are related with uncommon spirit and effect. The whole of these adventures possess an enchaining interest, and cannot be perused without breathless anxiety. The innocence of Williams, and the manifestations of his character—artless, buoyant, and fast maturing under this stern discipline—irresistibly attract and carry forward the reader. The connection of Falkland and Williams is at last wound up in one scene of overpowering interest, in which the latter comes forward publicly as the accuser of his former master. The place is the hall of a magistrate of the metropolitan town of Falkland's county.

Concluding Scene of 'Caleb Williams.'

I can conceive of no shock greater than that I received from the sight of Mr. Falkland. His appearance on the last occasion on which we met had been haggard, ghost-like, and wild, energy in his gestures, and frenzy in his aspect. It was now the appearance of a corpse. He was brought in, in a chair, unable to stand, fatigued and almost destroyed by the journey he had just taken. His visage was colourless; his limbs destitute of motion, almost of life. His head reclined upon his bosom, except that now and then he lifted it up, and opened his eyes with a languid glance, immediately after which he sank back into his former apparent insensibility. He seemed not to have three hours to live. He had kept his chamber for several weeks, but the summons of the magistrate had been delivered to him at his bedside, his orders respecting letters and written papers being so peremptory that no one dared to disobey them. Upon reading the paper, he was seized with a very dangerous fit; but as soon as he recovered, he insisted upon being conveyed, with all practicable expedition, to the place of appointment. Falkland, in the most helpless state, was still Falkland, firm in command, and capable to extort obedience from every one that approached him.

What a sight was this to me! Here was Falkland, solemnly brought before a magistrate to answer to a charge of murder. Here I stood, having already declared myself the author of the charge, gravely and sacredly pledged to support it. This was my situation; and thus situated I was called upon immediately to act. My whole frame shook. I would eagerly have consented that that moment should have been the last of my existence. I, however, believed that the conduct now most indispensably incumbent on me was to lay the emotions of my soul naked before my hearers. I looked first at Mr. Falkland, and then at the magistrate and attendants, and then at Mr. Falkland again. My voice was suffocated with agony. I began: 'Would to God it were possible for me to retire from this scene without uttering another word! I would brave the consequences—I would submit to any imputation of cowardice, falsehood, and profligacy, rather than add to the weight of misfortune with which Mr. Falkland is overwhelmed. But the situation, and the demands of Mr. Falkland himself, forbid me. He in compassion for whose fallen state I would willingly forget every interest of my own, would compel me to accuse, that he might enter upon his justification. I will confess every sentiment of my heart. Mr. Falkland well knows—I affirm it in his presence—how unwillingly I have proceeded to this extremity. I have revered him; he was worthy of reverence. From the first moment I saw him, I conceived the most ardent admiration. He condescended to encourage me; I attached myself to him with the fullness of affection. He was unhappy; I exerted myself with youthful curiosity to discover the secret of his woe. This was the beginning of misfortune. What shall I say? He was indeed the murderer of Tyrrel! He suffered the Hawkinses to be executed, knowing they were innocent, and that he alone was guilty! After successive surmises, after various indiscretions on my part, and indications on his, he at length confided to me at full the fatal tale! Mr. Falkland! I most solemnly conjure you to recollect yourself! Did I ever prove myself unworthy of your confidence? The secret was a most painful burden to me; it was the extremest folly that led unthinkingly to gain possession of it; but I would have died a thousand deaths rather than betray it. It was the jealousy of your own thoughts, and the weight that hung upon your mind, that led you to watch my motions, and conceive alarm from every particle of my conduct. You began in confidence—why did you not continue in confidence? . . .

'I fell at last into the hands of the miscreants. In this terrible situation I, for the first time, attempted, by turning informer, to throw the weight from myself. Happily for me, the London magistrate listened to my tale with insolent contempt. I soon, and long, repented of my rashness, and rejoiced in my miscarriage. I acknowledge that in various ways Mr. Falkland shewed humanity towards me during this period. He would have prevented my going to prison at first; he contributed to my subsistence during my detention; he had no share in the pursuit that had been set on foot against me; he at length procured my discharge when brought forward for trial. But a great part of his forbearance was unknown to me; I supposed him to be my unrelenting pursuer. I could not forget that, whoever heaped calamities on me in the sequel, they all originated in his forged accusation. The prosecution against me

for felony was now at an end. Why were not my sufferings permitted to terminate then, and I allowed to hide my weary head in some obscure yet tranquil retreat? Had I not sufficiently proved my constancy and fidelity? Would not a compromise in this situation have been most wise and most secure? But the restless and jealous anxiety of Mr. Falkland would not permit him to repose the least atom of confidence. The only compromise that he proposed was, that, with my own hand, I should sign myself a villain. I refused this proposal, and have ever since been driven from place to place, deprived of peace, of honest fame, even of bread. For a long time I persisted in the resolution that no emergency should convert me into the assailant. In an evil hour I at last listened to my resentment and impatience, and the hateful mistake into which I fell has produced the present scene. I now see that mistake in all its enormity. I am sure that if I had opened my heart to Mr. Falkland, if I had told to him privately the tale that I have now been telling, he could not have resisted my reasonable demand. After all his precautions, he must have ultimately depended upon my forbearance. Could he be sure, that if I were at last worked up to disclose everything I knew, and to enforce it with all the energy I could exert, I should obtain no credit? If he must in every case be at my mercy, in which mode ought he to have sought his safety—in conciliation, or in inexorable cruelty? Mr. Falkland is of a noble nature. Yes! in spite of the catastrophe of Tyrrel, of the miserable end of the Hawkineses, and of all that I have myself suffered, I affirm that he has qualities of the most admirable kind. It is therefore impossible that he could have resisted a frank and fervent expostulation, the frankness and fervour in which the whole soul was poured out. I despaired while it was yet time to have made the just experiment; but my despair was criminal, was treason against the sovereignty of truth. I have told a plain and unadulterated tale. I came hither to curse, but I remain to bless. I came to accuse, but am compelled to applaud. I proclaim to all the world that Mr. Falkland is a man worthy of affection and kindness, and that I am myself the basest and most odious of mankind! Never will I forgive myself the iniquity of this day. The memory will always haunt me and embitter every hour of my existence. In thus acting I have been a murderer—a cool, deliberate, unfeeling murderer. I have said what my accursed precipitation has obliged me to say. Do with me as you please. I ask no favour. Death would be a kindness compared to what I feel!’

Such were the accents dictated by my my remorse. I poured them out with uncontrollable impetuosity, for my heart was pierced, and I was compelled to give vent to its anguish. Every one that heard me was petrified with astonishment. Every one that heard me was melted into tears. They could not resist the ardour with which I praised the great qualities of Falkland; they manifested their sympathy in the tokens of my penitence.

How shall I describe the feelings of this unfortunate man! Before I began, he seemed sunk and debilitated, incapable of any strenuous impression. When I mentioned the murder, I could perceive in him an involuntary shuddering, though it was counteracted, partly by the feebleness of his frame, and partly by the energy of his mind. This was an allegation he expected, and he had endeavoured to prepare himself for it. But there was much of what I said of which he had had no previous conception. When I expressed the anguish of my mind, he seemed at first startled and alarmed, lest this should be a new expedient to gain credit to my tale. His indignation against me was great for having retained all my resentment towards him, thus, as it might be, in the last hour of his existence. It was increased when he discovered me, as he supposed, using a pretence of liberality and sentiment to give new edge to my hostility. But as I went on, he could no longer resist. He saw my sincerity; he was penetrated with my grief and compunction. He rose from his seat, supported by the attendants, and—to my infinite astonishment—threw himself into my arms!

‘Williams,’ said he, ‘you have conquered! I see too late the greatness and elevation of your mind. I confess that it is to my fault, and not yours, that it is to the excess of jealousy that was ever burning in my bosom that I owe my ruin. I could have resisted any plan of malicious accusation you might have brought against me. But I see that the artless and manly story you have told has carried conviction to every hearer. All my prospects are concluded. All that I most ardently desired is for ever frustrated. I have spent a life of the basest cruelty to cover one act of momentary vice, and to protect myself against the prejudices of my species. I stand

now completely detected. My name will be consecrated to infamy, while your heroism, your patience, and your virtues will be for ever admired. You have inflicted on me the most fatal of all mischiefs, but I bless the hand that wounds me. And now'—turning to the magistrate—'and now do with me as you please. I am prepared to suffer all the vengeance of the law.'

Sir Walter Scott has objected to what may be termed the matter-incident in 'Caleb Williams,' and calls it an instance of the author's coarseness and bad taste—namely that a gentleman passionately addicted to the manners of ancient chivalry should become a midnight assassin when an honourable revenge was in his power. Mr. Godwin might have defended himself by citing the illustrious critic's own example: the forgery by Marmion is less consistent with the manners of chivalry than the assassination by Falkland. Without the latter, the novel could have little interest—it is the key-stone of the arch. Nor does it appear so unsuited to the character of the hero, who, though smitten with a romantic love of fame and honour, is supposed to have lived in modern times, and has been wound up to a pitch of frenzy by the public brutality of Tyrrel. The deed was instantaneous—the knife, he says, fell in his way. There was no time for reflection, nor was Tyrrel a person whom he could think of meeting on equal terms in open combat. He was a noisome pest and nuisance, despatched in a moment of fury by one whom he had injured, insulted, and trampled upon solely because of his worth and his intellectual superiority.

We have incidentally alluded to the other novels of Godwin. 'St. Leon' will probably descend to posterity in company with 'Caleb Williams,' but we cannot conceive that a *torso* of any of the others will be preserved. They have all a strong family likeness. What Dugald Stewart supposed of human invention generally, that it was limited, like a barrel-organ, to a specific number of tunes, is strictly true of Mr. Godwin's fictions. In 'St. Leon,' however, we have a romantic story with much fine writing. Setting aside the 'incredible' conception on which it proceeds, we find the subordinate incidents natural and justly proportioned. The possessor of the philosopher's stone is an interesting visionary—a French Falkland of the sixteenth century, and as unfortunate, for his miraculous gifts entail but misery on himself, and bring ruin to his family. Even exhaustless wealth is in itself no blessing; and this is the moral of the story. The adventures of the hero, both warlike and domestic, are related with much gorgeousness and amplitude. The character of the heroic Marguerite, the wife of Leon, is one of the author's finest delineations. Bethlem Gabor is also a vigorous and striking sketch, though introduced too late in the novel to relieve the flagging interest after the death of Marguerite. The thunder-storm which destroys the property of Leon is described with great power and vividness; and his early distresses and losses at the gaming-table are also in the author's best manner. The scene may be said to shift too often, and the want of

fortitude and energy in the character of the hero lessens our sympathy for his reverses. At the same time his tenderness and affection as a husband and father are inexpressibly touching, when we see them, in consequence of his strange destiny, lead to the ruin of those for whom alone he wishes to live.

St. Leon's Escape from the Auto da Fé.

[St. Leon is imprisoned by the Inquisition on suspicion of exercising the powers of necromancy, and is carried with other prisoners to feed the flames at an *auto da fé* at Valladolid.]

Our progress to Valladolid was slow and solemn, and occupied a space of no less than four days. On the evening of the fourth day we approached that city. The king and his court came out to meet us; he saluted the inquisitor-general with all the demonstrations of the deepest submission and humility; and then, having yielded him the place of honour, turned round his horse, and accompanied us back to Valladolid. The cavalcade that attended the king broke into two files, and received us in the midst of them. The whole city seemed to empty itself on this memorable occasion, and the multitudes that crowded along the road, and were scattered in the neighbouring fields, were innumerable. The day was now closed, and the procession went forward amidst the light of a thousand torches. We, the condemned of the Inquisition, had been conducted from the metropolis upon tumbrils; but as we arrived at the gates of Valladolid, we were commanded, for the greater humiliation, to alight and proceed on foot to the place of our confinement, as many as could not walk without assistance being supported by the attendants. We were neither chained nor bound; the practice of the Inquisition being to deliver the condemned upon such occasions into the hands of two sureties each, who placed their charge in the middle between them; and men of the most respectable characters were accustomed, from religious motives, to sue for this melancholy office.

Dejected and despairing, I entered the streets of the city, no object present to the eyes of my mind but that of my approaching execution. The crowd was vast, the confusion inexpressible. As we passed by the end of a narrow lane, the horse of one of the guards, who rode exactly in a line with me, plunged and reared in a violent manner, and at length threw his rider upon the pavement. Others of the horse-guards attempted to catch the bridle of the enraged animal; they rushed against each other; several of the crowd were thrown down, and trampled under the horses' feet. The shrieks of these, and the loud cries and exclamations of the bystanders, mingled in confused and discordant chorus; no sound, no object could be distinguished. From the excess of the tumult, a sudden thought darted into my mind, where all, an instant before, had been relaxation and despair. Two or three of the horses pushed forward in a particular direction; a moment after, they re-fled with equal violence, and left a wide transitory gap. My project was no sooner conceived than executed. Weak as I had just now felt myself, a supernatural tide of strength seemed to come over me; I sprung away with all imaginable impetuosity, and rushed down the lane I have just mentioned. Every one amidst the confusion was attentive to his personal safety, and several minutes elapsed before I was missed.

In the lane everything was silent, and the darkness was extreme. Man, woman, and child, were gone out to view the procession. For some time I could scarcely distinguish a single object: the doors and windows were all closed. I now chanced to come to an open door; within I saw no one but an old man, who was busy over some metallic work at a chafing-dish of fire. I had no room for choice; I expected every moment to hear the myrmidons of the Inquisition at my heels. I rushed in; I impetuously closed the door, and bolted it; I then seized the old man by the collar of his shirt with a determined grasp, and swore vehemently that I would annihilate him that instant if he did not consent to afford me assistance. Though for some time I had perhaps been feebler than he, the terror that now drove me on rendered me comparatively a giant. He entreated me to permit him to breathe, and promised to do whatever I should desire. I looked round the apartment, and saw a rapier

hanging against the wall, of which I instantly proceeded to make myself master. While I was doing this, my involuntary host, who was extremely terrified at my procedure, nimbly attempted to slip by me and rush into the street. With difficulty I caught hold of his arm, and pulling him back, put the point of my rapier to his breast, solemnly assuring him that no consideration on earth should save him from my fury if he attempted to escape a second time. He immediately dropped on his knees, and with the most piteous accents entreated me to spare his life. I told him that I was no robber, that I did not intend him the slightest harm; and that, if he would implicitly yield to my direction, he might assure himself he never should have reason to repent his compliance. By this declaration the terrors of the old man were somewhat appeased. I took the opportunity of this calm to go to the street door, which I instantly locked, and put the key in my bosom.

We were still engaged in discussing the topics I have mentioned, when I was suddenly alarmed by the noise of some one stirring in the inner apartment. I had looked into this room, and had perceived nothing but the bed upon which the old man nightly reposed himself. I sprang up, however, at the sound, and perceiving that the door had a bolt on the outside, I eagerly fastened it. I then turned to Mordecai—that was the name of my host: ‘Wretch,’ said I, ‘did not you assure me that there was no one but yourself in the house?’ ‘Oh,’ cried Mordecai, ‘it is my child! it is my child! she went into the inner apartment, and has fallen asleep on the bed.’ ‘Be-ware,’ I answered; ‘the slightest falsehood more shall instantly be expiated in your blood.’ ‘I call Abraham to witness,’ rejoined the once more terrified Jew, ‘it is my child! only my child!’ ‘Tell me,’ cried I, with severity of accent, ‘how old is this child?’ ‘Only five years,’ said Mordecai: ‘my dear Leah died when she was a year old, and though we had several children, this single one has survived her.’ ‘Speak to your child: let me hear her voice!’ He spoke to her; and she answered: ‘Father, I want to come out.’ I was satisfied it was the voice of a little girl. I turned to the Jew: ‘Take care,’ said I, ‘how you deceive me now; is there no other person in that room?’ He imprecated a curse on himself if there were. I opened the door with caution, and the little girl came forward. As soon as I saw her, I seized her with a rapid motion, and returned to my chair. ‘Man,’ said I, ‘you have trifled with me too rashly; you have not considered what I am escaped from, and what I have to fear; from this moment this child shall be the pledge of my safety; I will not part with her an instant as long as I remain in your house; and with this rapier in my hand, I will pierce her to the heart the moment I am led to imagine that I am no longer in safety.’ The Jew trembled at my resolution; the emotions of a father worked in his features and glistened in his eye. ‘At least let me kiss her,’ said he. ‘Be it so,’ replied I; ‘one embrace, and then, till the dawn of the coming day, she remains with me.’ I released my hold; the child rushed to her father, and he caught her in his arms. ‘My dear Leah,’ cried Mordecai, ‘now a sainted spirit in the bosom of our father Abraham! I call God to witness between us, that if all my caution and vigilance can prevent it, not a hair of this child shall be injured!—Stranger, you little know by how strong a motive you have now engaged me to your cause. We poor Jews, hunted on the face of the earth, the abhorrence and execration of mankind, have nothing but family affections to support us under our multiplied disgraces; and family affections are entwined with our existence, the fondest and best loved part of ourselves.—The God of Abraham bless you, my child!—Now, sir, speak! what is it you require of me?’

I told the Jew that I must have a suit of clothes conformable to the appearance of a Spanish cavalier, and certain medical ingredients that I named to him, together with his chaufu-dish of coals to prepare them; and that done, I would then impose on him no further trouble. Having received his instructions, he immediately set out to procure what I demanded. He took with him the key of the house; and as soon as he was gone, I retired with the child into the inner department, and fastened the door. At first I applied myself to tranquillise the child, who had been somewhat alarmed at what she had heard and seen; this was no very difficult task. She presently left me, to amuse herself with some playthings that lay scattered in the corner of the apartment. My heart was now comparatively at ease; I saw the powerful hold I had on the fidelity of the Jew, and firmly persuaded myself that I had no treachery to fear on his part. Thus circumstanced, the exertion and activity with which I had lately been imbued, left me, and I sensibly sunk into a sort of slumber.

Now for the first time I was at leisure to attend to the state of my strength and

my health. My confinement in the Inquisition, and the treatment I had experienced, had before rendered me feeble and almost helpless; but these appeared to be circumstances scarcely worthy of attention in the situation in which I was then placed. The impulse I felt in the midst of the confusion in the grand street of Valladolid, produced in me an energy and power of exertion which nothing but the actual experience of the fact could have persuaded me was possible. This energy, once begun, appeared to have the faculty of prolonging itself, and I did not relapse into inability till the occasion seem to be exhausted which called for my exertion. I examined myself by a mirror with which Mordecai furnished me; I found my hair as white as snow, and my face ploughed with a thousand furrows. I was now fifty-four, an age which, with moderate exercise and a vigorous constitution, often appears like the prime of human existence; but whoever had looked upon me in my present condition, would not have doubted to affirm that I had reached the eightieth year of my age. I examined with dispassionate remark the state of my intellect: I was persuaded that it had subsided into childishness. My mind had been as much cribbed and innured as my body. I was the mere shadow of a man, of no more power and worth than that which a magic lantern produces upon a wall. Let the reader judge of what I had passed through and known within those cursed walls by the effects; I have already refused, I continue to refuse, to tell how those effects were produced. Enough of compassion; enough of complaint; I will confine myself, as far as I am able, to simple history.

I was now once again alone. The little girl, who had been unusually disturbed and roused at an unseasonable hour, sunk into a profound sleep. I heard the noise which Mordecai made in undressing himself, and composing his limbs upon a mattress which he had dragged for the present occasion into the front room, and spread before the hearth. I soon found by the hardness of his breathing that he also was asleep. I unfolded the papers he had brought me; they consisted of various medical ingredients I had directed him to procure; there were also two or three phials containing syrups and essences. I had near me a pair of scales with which to weigh my ingredients, a vessel of water, the chafing-dish of my host, in which the fire was nearly extinguished, and a small taper, with some charcoal to re-light the fire in case of necessity. While I was occupied in surveying these articles and arranging my materials, a sort of torpor came suddenly over me, so as to allow me no time for resistance. I sunk upon the bed. I remained thus for about half-an-hour, seemingly without the power of collecting my thoughts. At length I started, felt alarmed, and applied my utmost force of mind to rouse my exertions. While I drove, or attempted to drive, my animal spirits from limb to limb, and from part to part, as if to inquire into the general condition of my frame, I became convinced that I was dying. Let not the reader be surprised at this; twelve years' imprisonment in a narrow and unwholesome cell may well account for so sudden a catastrophe. Strange and paradoxical as it may seem, I believe it will be found in the experiment, that the calm and security which succeed to great internal injuries are more dangerous than the pangs and hardships that went before. I was now thoroughly alarmed; I applied myself with all vigilance and expedition to the compounding my materials. The fire was gone out; the taper was glimmering in the socket: to swallow the julep, when I had prepared it, seemed to be the last effort of which my organs and muscles were capable. It was the elixir of immortality, exactly made up according to the prescription of the stranger.

Whether from the potency of the medicine or the effect of imagination, I felt revived the moment I had swallowed it. I placed myself deliberately in Mordecai's bed, and drew over me the bed-clothes. I fell asleep almost instantly.

My sleep was not long: in a few hours I awaked. With difficulty I recognized the objects about me and recollected where I had been. It seemed to me that my heart had never beat so vigorously, nor my spirits flowed so gay. I was all elasticity and life; I could scarcely hold myself quiet; I felt impelled to bound and leap like a kid upon the mountains. I perceived that my little Jewess was still asleep; she had been unusually fatigued the night before. I know not whether Mordecai's hour of rising were come; if it were, he was careful not to disturb his guest. I put on the garments he had prepared; I gazed upon the mirror he had left in my apartment. I can recollect no sensation in the course of my life so unexpected and surprising as what I felt at that moment. The evening before I had seen my hair white, and my face ploughed with furrows; I looked fourscore. What I beheld now was, totally

different, yet altogether familiar; it was myself—myself as I had appeared on the day of my marriage with Marguerite de Damville; the eyes, the mouth, the hair, the complexion, every circumstance, point by point, the same. I leaped a gulf of thirty-two years. I waked from a dream, troublesome and distressful beyond all description; but it vanished like the shades of night upon the burst of a glorious morning in July, and left not a trace behind. I knew not how to take away my eyes from the mirror before me.

I soon began to consider that, if it were astonishing to me that, through all the regions of my countenance, I could discover no trace of what I had been the night before, it would be still more astonishing to my host. This sort of sensation I had not the smallest ambition to produce: one of the advantages of the metamorphosis I had sustained consisted in its tendency, in the eyes of all that saw me, to cut off every species of connection between my present and my former self. It fortunately happened that the room in which I slept, being constructed upon the model of many others in Spain, had a stair at the further end, with a trap-door in the ceiling, for the purpose of enabling the inhabitant to ascend on the roof in the cool of the day. The roofs were flat, and so constructed that there was little difficulty in passing along them from house to house, from one end of the residence of my kind host in a way perfectly unceremonious, determined, however, speedily to transmit to him the reward I had promised. It may easily be believed that Mordecai was not less rejoiced at the absence of a guest whom the vigilance of the Inquisition rendered an uncommonly dangerous one, than I was to quit his habitation. I closed the trap after me, and clambered from roof to roof to a considerable distance. At length I encountered the occasion of an open window, and fortunately descended, unseen by any human being, into the street.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.

A successful imitator of the style of Godwin appeared in America. **CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN** (1771–1810), a native of Philadelphia, was author of several novels, which were collected and republished in 1828 in seven volumes. He was also an extensive contributor to the periodical literature of America, and author of a number of political pamphlets. His best novels are 'Wieland' (1798), 'Arthur Mervyn' (1800), 'Edgar Huntly,' 'Clara Howard,' and 'Jane Talbot' (all in 1801). In romantic narrative, Brown was often successful, but he failed in the delineation of character.

MRS. OPIE.

MRS. AMELIA OPIE (1769–1853) (Miss Alderson of Norwich) commenced her literary career in 1801, when she published her domestic and pathetic tale of 'The Father and Daughter.' Without venturing out of ordinary life, Mrs. Opie invested her narrative with deep interest, by her genuine painting of nature and passion, her animated dialogue, and feminine delicacy of feeling. Her first novel went through eight editions, and is still popular. A long series of works of fiction proceeded from the pen of this lady. Her 'Simple Tales,' in four volumes, 1806; 'New Tales,' four volumes, 1818; 'Temper, or Domestic Scenes,' a tale, in three volumes; 'Tales of Real Life,' three volumes; 'Tales of the Heart,' four volumes; 'Madeline' (1822), are all marked by the same characteristics—the portraiture of domestic life, drawn with a view to regulate the heart and affections. In 1828 Mrs. Opie published a moral treatise. en-

titled 'Detraction Displayed,' in order to expose that 'most common of all vices,' which, she says justly, is found 'in every class or rank in society, from the peer to the peasant, from the master to the valet, from the mistress to the maid, from the most learned to the most ignorant, from the man of genius to the meanest capacity.' The tales of this lady have been thrown into the shade by the brilliant fictions of Scott, the stronger moral delineations of Miss Edgeworth, and the generally masculine character of our more modern literature. She is, like Mackenzie, too uniformly pathetic and tender. 'She can do nothing well,' says Jeffrey, 'that requires to be done with formality, and therefore has not succeeded in copying either the concentrated force of weighty and deliberate reason, or the severe and solemn dignity of majestic virtue. To make amends, however, she represents admirably everything that is amiable, generous, and gentle.' Perhaps we should add to this the power of exciting and harrowing the feelings in no ordinary degree. Some of her short tales are full of gloomy and terrific pain tings, alternately resembling those of Godwin and Mrs. Radcliffe.

In Miss Sedgwick's 'Letters from Abroad' (1841), we find the following notice of the then venerable novelist: 'I owed Mrs. Opie a grudge for having made me in my youth cry my eyes out over her stories; but her fair-cheerful face forced me to forget it. She long ago forswore the world and its vanities, and adopted the Quaker faith and costume; but I fancied that her elaborate simplicity, and the fashionable little train to her pretty satin gown, indicated how much easier it is to adopt a theory than to change one's habits.'

Mrs. Opie survived till 1853, and was in her eighty-fourth year at the time of her death. An interesting volume of 'Memorials' of the accomplished authoress, selected from her letters, diaries, and other manuscripts, by Miss Brightwell, was published in 1854. After the death of her husband in 1807, Mrs. Opie resided chiefly in her native town of Norwich, but often visited London, where her company was courted by the literary and fashionable circles. In 1825 she was formally admitted into the Society of Friends or Quakers, but her liveliness of character and goodness of heart were never diminished. Her old age was eminently cheerful and happy.

ANNA MARIA PORTER—JANE PORTER.

ANNA MARIA PORTER (1780-1832) was a daughter of an Irish officer, who died shortly after her birth, leaving a widow and several children, with but a small patrimony for their support. Mrs. Porter took her family into Scotland while Anna Maria was still in her nurse-maid's arms, and there, with her only and elder sister Jane, and their brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, she received the rudiments of her education. Sir Walter Scott, when a student at college, was intimate with the family, and, we are told, 'was very fond of either

teasing the little female student when very gravely engaged with her book, or more often fondling her on his knees, and telling her stories of witches and warlocks, till both forgot their former playful merriment in the marvellous interest of the tale.' Mrs. Porter removed to Ireland, and subsequently to London, chiefly with a view to the education of her children. Anna Maria became an authoress at the age of twelve. Her first work bore the appropriate title of 'Artless Tales,' the first volume being published in 1793, and a second in 1795. In 1797 she came forward again with a tale entitled 'Walsh Colville;' and in the following year a novel in three volumes, 'Octavia,' was produced. A numerous series of works of fiction now proceeded from Miss Porter—'The Lake of Killarney,' 1804; 'A Sailor's Friendship and a Soldier's Love,' 1805; 'The Hungarian Brothers,' 1807; 'Don Sebastian, or the House of Braganza,' 1809; 'Ballad Romances, and other Poems,' 1811; 'The Recluse of Norway,' 1814; 'The Village of Mariendorpt,' 'The Fast of St. Magdalen,' 'Tales of Pity for Youth,' 'The Knight of St. John,' 'Roche Blanche,' and 'Honor O'Hara.' Altogether, the works of this lady amount to about fifty volumes. In private life Miss Porter was much beloved for her unostentatious piety and active benevolence. She died at Bristol while on a visit to her brother, Dr. Porter of that city, on the 21st of June 1832, aged fifty-two. The most popular, and perhaps the best of Miss Porter's novels is her 'Don Sebastian.' In all of them she portrays the domestic affections, and the charms of benevolence and virtue, with warmth and earnestness; but in 'Don Sebastian' we have an interesting though melancholy plot, and characters finely discriminated and drawn.

MISS JANE PORTER, sister of Anna Maria, is authoress of two romances, 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' 1803, and 'The Scottish Chiefs,' 1810; both were highly popular. The first is the best, and contains a good plot and some impassioned scenes. The second fails entirely as a picture of national manners—the Scottish patriot Wallace, for example, being represented as a sort of drawing-room hero—but is written with great animation and picturesque effect. It appeals to the tender and heroic passions, and in vivid scene-painting, both these ladies have evinced genius, but their works want the permanent interest of real life, variety of character, and dialogue. A third novel by Miss Porter has been published, entitled 'The Pastor's Fireside.' Late in life she wrote a work, 'Sir Edward Seaward's Diary,' which has a good deal of the truthfulness of style and incident so remarkable in Defoe. Miss Jane Porter died at Bristol in 1850, aged seventy-four.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

MARIA EDGEWORTH, one of our best painters of national manners, whose works stimulated the genius of Scott, and have delighted and instructed generations of readers, was born January 1, 1767, at Hare

Hatch, near Reading, in Berkshire. She was of a respectable Irish family, long settled at Edgeworthstown, county of Longford, and it was on their property, that Goldsmith was born. Her father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth (1744-1817), was himself a man attached to literary pursuits, and took great pleasure in exciting and directing the talents of his daughter.* Whenever the latter thought of writing any essay or story, she always submitted to him the first rough plans; and his

* Mr. Edgeworth wrote a work on *Professional Education*, one volume, quarto, 1808; also some papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*, including an essay on Spring and Wheel Carriages, and an account of a telegraph which he invented. This gentleman was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was afterwards sent to Oxford. Before he was twenty, he ran off with Miss Elers, a young lady of Oxford, to whom he was married at Gretna Green. He then embarked on a life of fashionable gaiety and dissipation, and in 1770 succeeded, by the death of his father, to his Irish property. During a visit to Lichfield he became enamoured of Miss Honora Sneyd, a cousin of Anna Seward's, and married her shortly after the death of his wife. In six years this lady died of consumption, and he married her sister; a circumstance which exposed him to a good deal of observation and censure. After a matrimonial union of seventeen years his third wife died of the same malady as her sister; and, although past fifty, Mr. Edgeworth scarcely lost a year till he was united to an Irish lady, Miss Beaufort. His latter years were spent in active exertions to benefit Ireland, by reclaiming bog-land, introducing agricultural and mechanical improvements, and promoting education. Among his numerous schemes was an attempt to educate his eldest son on the plan delineated in Rousseau's *Emile*. He dressed him in jacket and trousers, with arms and legs bare, and allowed him to run about wherever he pleased, and to do nothing but what was agreeable to himself. In a few years he found that the scheme had succeeded completely, so far as related to the body; the youth's health, strength, and agility were conspicuous; but the state of his mind induced some perplexity. He had all the virtues that are found in the hut of the savage; he was quick, fearless, generous; but he knew not what it was to *obey*. It was impossible to induce him to do anything that he did not please; or prevent him from doing anything that he did please. Under the former head, learning, even of the lowest description, was never included. In fine, this child of nature grew up perfectly ungovernable, and never could or would apply to anything; so that there remained no alternative but to allow him to follow his own inclination of going to sea! Maria Edgeworth was by her father's first marriage; she was twelve years old before she was taken to Ireland. The family were involved in the troubles of the Irish rebellion (1798), and were obliged to make a precipitate retreat from their house, and leave it in the hands of the rebels; but it was spared from being pillaged by one of the invaders, to whom Mr. Edgeworth had previously done some kindness. Their return home, when the troubles were over, is thus described by Miss Edgeworth in her father's Memoirs. It serves to shew the affection which subsisted between the landlord and his dependents.

"When we came near Edgeworthstown, we saw many well-known faces at the cabin doors looking out to welcome us. One man, who was digging in his field by the roadside, when he looked up as our horses passed, and saw my father, let fall his spade and clasped his hands; his face, as the morning sun shone upon it, was the strongest picture of joy I ever saw. The village was a melancholy spectacle; windows shattered and doors broken. But though the mischief done was great, there had been little pillage. Within our gates we found all property safe; literally "not a twig touched, nor a leaf harmed." Within the house everything was as we had left it. A map that we had been consulting was still open on the library table, with pencils, and slips of paper containing the first lessons in arithmetic, in which some of the young people (Mr. Edgeworth's children by his second and third wife) had been engaged the morning we had been driven from home; a pansy, in a glass of water, which one of the children had been copying, was still on the chimney-piece. These trivial circumstances, marking repose and tranquillity, struck us, at this moment with an unreasonable sort of surprise, and all that had passed seemed like an incoherent dream."

ready invention and infinite resource, when she had run into difficulties or absurdities, never failed to extricate her at her utmost need. 'It was the happy experience of this,' says Miss Edgeworth, 'and my consequent reliance on his ability, decision, and perfect truth, that relieved me from the vacillation and anxiety to which I was so much subject, that I am sure I should not have written or finished anything without his support. He inspired in my mind a degree of hope and confidence, essential, in the first instance, to the full exertion of the mental powers, and necessary to insure perseverance in any occupation.' A work on 'Practical Education' (1798) was a joint production of Mr. and Miss Edgeworth. In 1800 the latter published anonymously 'Castle Rackrent,' an admirable Irish story; and in 1801, 'Belinda,' a novel, and 'Moral Tales.' Another joint production of father and daughter appeared in 1803, an 'Essay on Irish Bulls,' in which the authors did justice to the better traits of the Irish character, and illustrated them by some interesting and pathetic stories. In 1803, Miss Edgeworth came forward with three volumes of 'Popular Tales,' characterised by the features of her genius—a genuine display of nature, and a certain tone of rationality and good sense, which was the more pleasing, because in a novel it was then new.' The practical cast of her father's mind probably assisted in directing Miss Edgeworth's talents into this useful and unromantic channel. It appeared strange at first, and one of the best of the authoress's critics, Francis Jeffrey, said at the time, 'that it required almost the same courage to get rid of the jargon of fashionable life, and the swarms of peers, foundlings, and seducers, as it did to sweep away the mythological persons of antiquity, and to introduce characters who spoke and acted like those who were to peruse their adventures.' In 1806 appeared 'Leonora,' a novel, in two volumes. A moral purpose is here aimed at, and the same skill is displayed in working up ordinary incidents into the materials of powerful fiction; but the plot is painful and disagreeable. The seduction of an exemplary husband by an abandoned female, and his subsequent return to his injured but forgiving wife, is the groundwork of the story. Irish characters figure off in 'Leonora' as in the 'Popular Tales.' In 1809 Miss Edgeworth issued three volumes of 'Tales of Fashionable Life,' more powerful and various than any of her previous productions. The history of Lord Glenlithorn affords a striking picture of *ennui*, and contains some excellent delineation of character; while the story of Almeria represents the misery and heartlessness of a life of mere fashion. Three other volumes of 'Fashionable Tales' were issued in 1812, and fully supported the authoress's reputation. The number of tales in this series was three—'Vivian,' illustrating the evils and perplexities arising from vacillation and infirmity of purpose; 'Emilie de Coulanges,' depicting the life and manners of a fashionable French lady; and 'The Absentee'—by far the best of the three stories—written to expose the evils and mortifications of the system which the authoress

saw too many instances of in Ireland, of persons of fortune forsaking their country-seats and native vales for the frivolity, scorn, and expense of fashionable London society. In 1814, Miss Edgeworth entered still more extensively and sarcastically into the manners and characters in high-life, by her novel of 'Patronage,' in four volumes. The miseries resulting from a dependence on the patronage of the great—a system which, she says, is 'twice accursed—once in giving, and once in receiving'—are drawn in vivid colours, and contrasted with the cheerfulness, the buoyancy of spirits, and the manly virtues arising from honest and independent exertion. In 1817 our authoress supplied the public with two other tales, 'Harrington' and 'Ormond.' The first was written to counteract the illiberal prejudice entertained by many against the Jews: the second is an Irish tale, equal to any of the former. The death of Mr. Edgeworth in 1817 made a break in the literary exertion of his accomplished daughter, but she completed a Memoir which that gentleman had begun of himself, and which was published in two volumes in 1820. In 1822 she returned to her course of moral instruction, and published in that year, 'Rosamond, a Sequel to Early Lessons,' a work for juvenile readers, of which an earlier specimen had been published. A further continuation appeared in 1825, under the title of 'Harriet and Lucy,' four volumes. These tales had been begun fifty years before by Mr. Edgeworth, at a time 'when no one of any literary character, excepting Dr. Watts and Mrs. Barbauld, condescended to write for children.

It is worthy of mention, that, in the autumn of 1823, Miss Edgeworth, accompanied by two of her sisters, made a visit to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford. She not only, he said, completely answered, but exceeded the expectations which he had formed, and he was particularly pleased with the *navet  * and good-humoured ardour of mind which she united with such formidable powers of acute observation. 'Never,' says Mr. Lockhart, 'did I see a brighter day at Abbotsford than that on which Miss Edgeworth first arrived there; never can I forget her look and accent when she was received by him at his archway, and exclaimed, "Everything about you is exactly what one ought to have had wit enough to dream." The weather was beautiful, and the edifice and its appurtenances were all but complete; and day after day, so long as she could remain, her host had always some new plan of gaiety.' Miss Edgeworth remained a fortnight at Abbotsford. Two years afterwards, she had an opportunity of repaying the hospitalities of her entertainer, by receiving him at Edgeworthstown, where Sir Walter met with as cordial a welcome, and where he found 'neither mud hovels nor naked peasantry, but snug cottages and smiling faces all about.' Literary fame had spoiled neither of these eminent persons, nor unfitted them for the common business and enjoyment of life. 'We shall never,' said Scott, 'learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to

consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart.' 'Maria did not listen to this without some water in her eyes; her tears are always ready when any generous string is touched (for, as Pope says, "the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest"); but she brushed them gaily aside, and said: "You see how it is; Dean Swift said he had written his books in order that people might learn to treat him like a great lord. Sir Walter writes his in order that he may be able to treat his people as a great lord ought to do."*

In 1834 Miss Edgeworth reappeared as a novelist: her 'Helen,' in three volumes, is fully equal to her 'Fashionable Tales,' and possesses more of ardour and pathos. The gradations of vice and folly, and the unhappiness attending falsehood and artifice, are strikingly depicted in this novel, in connection with characters—that of Lady Dayenant, for example—drawn with great force, truth, and nature. In 1847 Miss Edgeworth wrote a tale called 'Orlandino' for Chambers's Library for Young People. She died May 21, 1849, being then in her eighty-third year.

The good and evil of this world supplied Miss Edgeworth with materials sufficient for her purposes as a novelist. Of poetical or romantic feeling she exhibited scarcely a single instance. She was a strict utilitarian. Her knowledge of the world was extensive and correct, though in some of her representations of fashionable folly and dissipation she borders upon caricature. The plan of confining a tale to the exposure and correction of one particular vice, or one erroneous line of conduct, as Joanna Baillie confined her dramas each to the elucidation of one particular passion, would have been a hazardous experiment in common hands. Miss Edgeworth overcame it by the ease, spirit, and variety of her delineations, and the truly masculine freedom with which she exposes the crimes and follies of mankind. Her sentiments are so just and true, and her style so clear and forcible, that they compel an instant assent to her moral views and deductions, though sometimes, in winding up her tale, and distributing justice among her characters, she is not always very consistent or probable. Her delineations of her countrymen have obtained just praise. The highest compliment paid to them is the statement of Scott, that 'the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact' of these Irish portraits, led him first to think that something might be attempted for his own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland. He excelled his model, because, with equal knowledge and practical sagacity, he possessed that higher order of imagination, and more extensive sympathy with man and nature, which is more powerful, even for moral uses and effects, than the most clear and irresistible reasoning. The object of Miss Edgeworth, to inculcate instruction,

* Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

and the style of the preceptress, occasionally interfere with the cordial sympathies of the reader, even in her Irish descriptions; whereas in Scott this is never apparent. He deals more with passions and feelings than with mere manners and peculiarities, and by the aid of his poetical imagination, and careless yet happy eloquence of expression, imparts the air of romance to ordinary incidents and characters. It must be admitted, however, that in originality and in fertility of invention, Miss Edgeworth is inferior to none of her contemporary novelists. She never repeats her incidents, her characters, dialogues, or plots, and few novelists have written more. Her brief and rapid tales fill above twenty closely printed volumes, and may be read one after the other without any feeling of satiety or sense of repetition.

An Irish Landlord and Scotch Agent.

‘I was quite angry,’ says Lord Glenethorn, ‘with Mr. M’Leod, my agent, and considered him as a selfish, hard-hearted miser, because he did not seem to sympathise with me, or to applaud my generosity. I was so much irritated by his cold silence, that I could not forbear pressing him to say something. “I doubt, then,” said he, “since you desire me to speak my mind, my lord—I doubt whether the best way of encouraging the industrious is to give premiums to the idle.” But, idle or not, these poor wretches are so miserable, that I cannot refuse to give them something; and, surely, when one can do it so easily, it is right to relieve misery, is it not?’ ‘Undoubtedly, my lord, but the difficulty is to relieve present misery, without creating more in future. Pity for one class of beings sometimes makes us cruel to others. I am told that there are some Indian Brahmins so very compassionate, that they hire beggars to let fleas feed upon them; I doubt whether it might not be better to let the fleas starve.’

‘I did not in the least understand what Mr. M’Leod meant; but I was soon made to comprehend it by crowds of eloquent beggars who soon surrounded me; many who had been resolutely struggling with their difficulties, slackened their exertions, and left their labour for the easier trade of imposing upon my credulity. The money I had bestowed was wasted at the dram-shop, or it became the subject of family quarrels; and those whom I had relieved, returned to my honour with fresh and insatiable expectations. All this time my industrious tenants grumbled, because no encouragement was given to them; and looking upon me as a weak, good-natured fool, they combined in a resolution to ask me for long leases or a reduction of rent.

‘The rhetoric of my tenants succeeded, in some instances; and again, I was mortified by Mr. M’Leod’s silence. I was too proud to ask his opinion. I ordered, and was obeyed. A few leases for long terms were signed and sealed; and when I had thus my own way completely, I could not refrain from recurring to Mr. M’Leod’s opinion. “I doubt, my lord,” said he, “whether this measure may be as advantageous as you hope. These fellows, these middle-men will underlet the land, and live in idleness, whilst they rack a parcel of wretched under-tenants.” But they said they would keep the land in their own hands and improve it; and that the reason why they could not afford to improve before was, that they had not long leases. “It may be doubted whether long leases alone will make improving tenants; for in the next county to us there are many farms of the Dowager-lady Ormsby’s land, let at ten shillings an acre, and her tenantry are beggars: and the land now at the end of the leases is worn out, and worse than at their commencement.”

‘I was weary of listening to this cold reasoning, and resolved to apply no more for explanations to Mr. M’Leod; yet I did not long keep this resolution: infirm of purpose, I wanted the support of his approbation, at the very time I was jealous of his interference.

‘At one time I had a mind to raise the wages of labour; Mr. M’Leod said: “It

might be doubted whether the people would not work less, when they could with less work have money enough to support them."

"I was puzzled, and then I had a mind to lower the wages of labour, to force them to work or starve. Still provoking, Mr. M'Leod said: "It might be doubted whether it would not be better to leave them alone."

"I gave marriage-portions to the daughters of my tenants, and rewards to those who had children, for I had always heard that legislators should encourage population. Still Mr. M'Leod hesitated to approve: he observed "that my estate was so populous, that the complaint in each family was, that they had not land for the sons. It might be doubted whether, if a farm could support but ten people, it were wise to encourage the birth of twenty. It might be doubted whether it were not better for ten to live, and be well fed, than for twenty to be born, and to be half-starved."

"To encourage manufactures in my town of Glenthorn, I proposed putting a clause in my leases, compelling my tenants to buy stuffs and linens manufactured at Glenthorn, and nowhere else. Stubborn M'Leod, as usual, began with: "I doubt whether that will not encourage the manufacturers at Glenthorn to make bad stuffs and bad linen, since they are sure of a sale, and without danger of competition."

"At all events I thought my tenants would grow rich and independent if they made everything at home that they wanted, yet Mr. M'Leod perplexed me by his "doubt whether it would not be better for a man to buy shoes, if he could buy them cheaper than he could make them." He added something about the division of labour and Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. To which I could only answer, Smith's a Scotchman. I cannot express how much I dreaded Mr. M'Leod's *I doubt and it may be doubted.*

An Irish Postillion.

From the inn-yard came a hackney chaise, in a most deplorably crazy state; the body mounted up to a prodigious height, on unbending springs, nodding forward, one door swinging open, three blinds up, because they could not be let down, the perch tied in two places, the iron of the wheels half off, half loose, wooden pegs for lynch-pins, and ropes for harness. The horses were worthy of the harness; wretched little dog-tired creatures, that looked as if they had been driven to the last gasp, and as if they had never been rubbed down in their lives; their bones starting through their skin; one lame, the other blind; one with a raw back, the other with a galled breast; one with his neck poking down over his collar, and the other with his head dragged forward by a bit of a broken bridle, held at arm's length by a man dressed like a mad beggar, in half a hat and half a wig, both awry in opposite directions; a long tattered coat, tied round his waist by a hay-rope; the jagged rents in the skirts of this coat shewing his bare legs, marbled of many colours; while something like stockings hung loose about his ankles. The noises he made, by way of threatening or encouraging his steeds, I pretend not to describe. In an indignant voice I called to the landlord: "I hope these are not the horses—I hope this is not the chaise intended for my servants." The lun-keeper, and the pauper who was preparing to officiate as postillion, both in the same instant exclaimed: "*Sorrow* better chaise in the country!" "*Sorrow!*" said I—"what do you mean by sorrow?" "That there's no better, please your honour, can be seen. We have two more, to be sure; but one has no top, and the other no bottom. Any way, there's no better can be seen than this same." "And these horses!" cried I: "why, this horse is so lame he can hardly stand." "Oh, please your honour, though he can't stand, he'll go fast enough. He has a great deal of the rogue in him, please your honour. He's always that way at first setting out." "And that wretched animal with the galled breast!" "He's all the better for it when once he warms; it's he that will go with the speed of light, please your honour. Sure, is not he Knockecroghery? and didn't I give fifteen guineas for him, barring the luckpenny, at the fair of Knockecroghery, and he rising four year old at the same time?"

Then seizing his whip and reins in one hand, he clawed up his stockings with the other; so with one easy step he got into his place, and seated himself, coachman-like, upon a well-worn bar of wood, that served as a coach-box. "Throw me the loan of a trusty, Bartly, for a cushion," said he. A frieze-coat was thrown up over the horse's heads. Paddy caught it. "Where are you, Hosey?" cried he to a lad in

charge of the leaders. 'Sure I'm only rowling a wisp of straw on my leg,' replied Hosey. 'Throw me up,' added this paragon of postillions, turning to one of the crowd of idle by-standers. 'Arrah, push me up, can't ye?' A man took hold of his knee, and threw him upon the horse. He was in his seat in a trice. Then clinging by the mane of his horse, he scrambled for the bridle, which was under the other horse's feet, reached it, and, well satisfied with himself, looked round at Paddy, who looked back to the chaise-door at my angry servants, 'secure in the last event of things.' In vain the Englishman, in monotonous anger, and the Frenchman in every note of the gamut, abused Paddy. Necessity and wit were on Paddy's side. He parried all that was said against his chaise, his horses, himself, and his country with invincible comic dexterity; till at last, both his adversaries, dumbfounded, clambered into the vehicle, where they were instantly shut up in straw and darkness. Paddy, in a triumphant tone, called to *my* postillions, bidding them 'get on, and not be stopping the way any longer.'

One of the horses becomes restive :

'Never fear,' reiterated Paddy. 'I'll engage I'll be up wid him. Now for it, Knoockecroghery ! O the rogue, he thinks he has me at a *nonplus* ; but I'll shew him the *diff'er*.'

After this brag of war, Paddy whipped, Knoockecroghery kicked, and Paddy, seemingly unconscious of danger, sat within reach of the kicking horse, twitching up first one of his legs, then the other, and shifting as the animal aimed his hoofs, escaping every time as it were by a miracle. With a mixture of temerity and presence of mind, which made us alternately look upon him as a madman and a hero, he gloried in the danger, secure of success, and of the sympathy of the spectators.

'Ah ! didn't I *compass* him cleverly then ? O the villain, to be browbating me ! I'm too 'cute for him yet. See there, now ; he's come to ; and I'll be his bail he'll go *any* enough wid me. Ogh ! he has a fine spirit of his own ; but it's I that can match him. 'Twould be a poor case if a man like me couldn't match a horse any way, let alone a mare, which this is, or it never would be so vicious.'

English Shyness, or 'Mauvaise Honte.'

Lord William had excellent abilities, knowledge, and superior qualities of every sort, all depressed by excessive timidity, to such a degree as to be almost useless to himself and to others. Whenever he was, either for the business or pleasure of life, to meet or mix with numbers, the whole man was, as it were, snatched from himself. He was subject to that nightmare of the soul who seats himself upon the human breast, oppresses the heart, palsies the will, and raises spectres of dismay which the sufferer combats in vain—that cruel enchantress who hurls her spell even upon childhood, and when she makes youth her victim, pronounces : Henceforward you shall never appear in your natural character. Innocent, you shall look guilty ; wise, you shall look silly ; never shall you have the use of your natural faculties. That which you wish to say, you shall not say ; that which you wish to do, you shall not do. You shall appear reserved when you are enthusiastic—insensible, when your heart sinks into melting tenderness. In the presence of those whom you most wish to please, you shall be most awkward ; and when approached by her you love, you shall become lifeless as a statue, and under the irresistible spell of '*mauvaise honte*.' Strange that France should give name to that malady of mind which she never knew, or of which she knows less than any other nation upon the surface of the civilised globe !

MISS AUSTEN.

JANE AUSTEN, a truly English novelist, was born on the 16th December 1775, at Steventon, in Hampshire, of which parish her father was rector. Mr. Austen is represented as a man of refined taste and acquirements, who guided, though he did not live to witness the fruits of his daughter's talents. After the death of the rector, his widow and two daughters retired to Southampton, and subsequently to the village of Chawton, in the same county, where

the novels of Jane Austen were written. Of these, four were published anonymously in her lifetime, the first in 1811, and the last in 1816—namely, ‘Sense and Sensibility,’ ‘Pride and Prejudice,’ ‘Mansfield Park,’ and ‘Emma.’ In May 1817, the health of the authoress rendered it necessary that she should remove to some place where constant medical aid could be procured. She went to Winchester, and in that city she expired, on the 24th of July 1817, aged forty-two. Her personal worth, beauty, and genius made her early death deeply lamented; while the public had ‘to regret the failure not only of a source of innocent amusement, but also of that supply of practical good sense and instructive example which she would probably have continued to furnish better than any of her contemporaries.*’ The insidious decay or consumption which carried off Miss Austen seemed only to increase the powers of her mind. She wrote while she could hold a pen or pencil; and, the day preceding her death, composed some stanzas replete with fancy and vigour. Shortly after her death, her friends gave to the world two novels, entitled ‘Northanger Abbey’ and ‘Persuasion,’ the first being her earliest composition, and the least valuable of her productions, while the latter is a highly finished work, especially in the tender and pathetic passages. The great charm of Miss Austen’s fictions lies in their truth and simplicity. She gives us plain representations of English society in the middle and higher classes—sets us down, as it were, in the country-house, the villa, and cottage, and introduces us to various classes of persons, whose characters are displayed in ordinary intercourse and most lifelike dialogues and conversation. There is no attempt to express *fine things*, nor any scenes of surprising daring or distress, to make us forget that we are among commonplace mortals and real existence. Such materials would seem to promise little for the novel-reader, yet Miss Austen’s minute circumstances and common details are far from tiresome. They all aid in developing and discriminating her characters, in which her chief strength lies, and we become so intimately acquainted with each, that they appear as old friends or neighbours. She is quite at home in describing the mistakes in the education of young ladies—in delicate ridicule of

* Dr. Whately, archbishop of Dublin (*Quarterly Review*, 1821) The same critic thus sums up his estimate of Miss Austen’s works: ‘They may be safely recommended, not only as among the most unexceptionable of their class, but as combining, in an eminent degree, instruction with amusement, though without the direct effort at the former, of which we have complained as sometimes defeating its object. For those who cannot or will not *learn* anything from productions of this kind, she has provided entertainment which entitles her to thanks: for mere innocent amusement is in itself a good, when it interferes with no greater, especially as it may occupy the place of some other that may *not* be innocent. The eastern monarch who proclaimed a reward to him who should discover a new pleasure, would have deserved well of mankind had he stipulated that it should be blameless. Those, again, who delight in the study of human nature may improve in the knowledge of it, and in the profitable application of that knowledge, by the perusal of such fictions as those before us.’

female foibles and vanity—in family differences, obstinacy, and pride—in the distinctions between the different classes of society, and the nicer shades of feeling and conduct, as they ripen into love or friendship, or subside into indifference or dislike.

Her love is not a blind passion, the offspring of romance; nor has she any of that morbid colouring of the darker passions in which other novelists excel. The clear daylight of nature, as reflected in domestic life, in scenes of variety and sorrowful truth, as well of vivacity and humour is her genial and inexhaustible element. Instruction is always blended with amusement. A finer moral lesson cannot anywhere be found than the distress of the Bertram family in 'Mansfield Park,' arising from the vanity and callousness of the two daughters, who had been taught nothing but accomplishments without any regard to their dispositions and temper. These instructive examples are brought before us in action, not by lecture or preachment, and they tell with double force because they are not inculcated in a didactic style. The genuine but unobtrusive merits of Miss Austen have been but poorly rewarded by the public as respects fame and popularity, though her works are now rising in public esteem. Sir Walter Scott, after reading 'Pride and Prejudice' for the third time, thus mentions the merits of Miss Austen in his private diary: 'That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big *bow-wow* strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early.'

Dialogue on Constancy of Affection.—From 'Persuasion.'

'Your feelings may be the strongest,' replied Anne, 'but ours are the most tender. Man is more robust than woman, but he is not longer lived, which exactly explains my views of the nature of their attachments. Nay, it would be hard upon you, if it were otherwise. You have difficulties, and privations, and dangers enough to struggle with. You are always labouring and toiling, exposed to every risk and hardship. Your home, country, friends all quitted. Neither time, nor health, nor life to be called your own. It would be hard indeed' (with a faltering voice) 'if woman's feelings were to be added to all this.'

'We shall never agree upon this point,' Captain Harville said. 'No man and woman would, probably. But let me observe that all histories are against you, all stories, prose and verse. If I had such a memory as Benwick, I could bring you fifty quotations in a moment on my side of the argument, and I do not think I ever opened a book in my life which had not something to say upon woman's inconstancy. Songs and proverbs all talk of woman's fickleness. But perhaps you will say these were all written by men.'

'Perhaps I shall. Yes, yes, if you please, no reference to examples in books. Men have every advantage of us in telling their own story. Education has been theirs in a much higher degree; the pen has been in their hands. I will not allow books to prove anything.'

'But how shall we prove anything?'

'We never shall. We never can expect to prove anything upon such a point. It is a difference of opinion which does not admit of proof. We each begin probably

with a little bias towards our own sex, and upon that bias build every circumstance in favor of it which has occurred within our own circle: many of which circumstances (perhaps those very cases which strike us the most) may be precisely such as cannot be brought forward without betraying a confidence, or, in some respect, saying what should not be said.

'Ah!' cried Captain Harville, in a tone of strong feeling, 'if I could but make you comprehend what a man suffers when he takes a last look at his wife and children, and watches the boat that he has sent them off in, as long as it is in sight, and then turns away and says, "God knows whether we ever meet again!" And then if I could convey to you the glow of his soul when he does see them again; when coming back after a twelve-month's absence, perhaps, and obliged to put in to another port, he calculates how soon it will be possible to get them there, pretending to deceive himself, and saying, "They cannot be here till such a day," but all the while hoping for them twelve hours sooner, and seeing them arrive at last, as if heaven had given them wings, by many hours sooner still! If I could explain to you all this, and all that a man can bear and do, and glories to do, for the sake of these treasures of his existence! I speak, you know, only of such men as have hearts!—pressing his own with emotion.

'Oh,' cried Anne eagerly, 'I hope I do justice to all that is felt by you, and by those who resemble you. God forbid that I should undervalue the warm and faithful feelings of any of my fellow creatures. I should deserve utter contempt if I dared to suppose that true attachment and constancy were known only by women. No, I believe you capable of everything great and good in your married lives. I believe you equal to every important exertion, and to every domestic forbearance, so long as—if I may be allowed the expression—so long as you have an object. I mean, while the woman you love lives, and lives for you. All the privilege I claim for my own sex (it is not a very enviable one, you need not covet it) is that of loving longest, when existence or when hope is gone.'

She could not have immediately uttered another sentence. Her heart was too full, her breath too much oppressed.

A Family Scene.—From 'Pride and Prejudice.'

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

'My dear Mr. Bennet,' said his lady to him one day, 'have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?'

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

'But it is,' returned she; 'for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it.'

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

'Do you not want to know who has taken it?' cried his wife impatiently.

'You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it.'

This was invitation enough.

'Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week.'

'What is his name?'

'Bingley.'

'Is he married or single?'

'Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!'

'How so? How can it affect them?'

'My dear Mr. Bennet,' replied his wife, 'how can you be so tiresome! you must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them.'

'Is that his design in settling here?'

'Design! Nonsense; how can you talk so! But it is very likely he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes.'

'I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party.'

'My dear, you flatter me. I certainly have had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty.'

'In such cases a woman has not often much beauty to think of.'

'But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood.'

'It is more than I engage for, I assure you.'

'But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go merely on that account, for, in general, you know, they visit no new-comers. Indeed, you must go, for it will be impossible for us to visit him if you do not.'

'You are over scrupulous, surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzie.'

'I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzie is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humoured as Lydia. But you are always giving her the preference.'

'They have none of them much to recommend them,' replied he; 'they are all silly and ignorant, like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters.'

'Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way! You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves.'

'You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least.'

'Ah! you do not know what I suffer.'

'But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighbourhood.'

'It will be no use to us, if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them.'

'Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all.'

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented, she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married: its solace was visiting and news.

MRS. BRUNTON.

MRS. MARY BRUNTON, authoress of 'Self-control' and 'Discipline,' two novels of superior merit and moral tendency, was born on the 1st of November 1778. She was a native of Burray, in Orkney, a small island of about 600 inhabitants, no part of which is more than 300 feet above the level of the sea, and which is destitute of tree or shrub. In this remote and sea-surrounded region the parents of Mary Brunton occupied a leading station. Her father was Colonel Balfour of Elwick, and her mother, an accomplished woman, niece of Field-marshal Lord Ligonier, in whose house she had resided previous to her marriage. Mary was carefully educated, and instructed by her mother in the French and Italian languages. She was also

sent some time to Edinburgh; but while she was only sixteen, her mother died, and the whole cares and duties of the household devolved on her. With these she was incessantly occupied for four years, and at the expiration of that time she was married to the Rev. Mr. Brunton, minister of Bolton, in Haddingtonshire. In 1803 Mr. Brunton was called to one of the churches in Edinburgh, and his lady had thus an opportunity of meeting with persons of literary talent, and of cultivating her mind. 'Till I began "Self-control,"' she says in one of her letters, 'I had never in my life written anything but a letter or a recipe, excepting a few hundreds of vile rhymes, from which I desisted by the time I had gained the wisdom of fifteen years; therefore I was so ignorant of the art on which I was entering, that I formed scarcely any plan for my tale. I merely intended to shew the power of the religious principle in bestowing self-command, and to bear testimony against a maxim as immoral as indelicate, that a reformed rake makes the best husband.' 'Self-control' was published without the author's name in 1811. The first edition was sold in a month, and a second and third were called for. In 1814, her second work, 'Discipline,' was given to the world, and was also well received. She began a third, 'Emmeline,' but did not live to finish it. She died on the 7th of December 1818. The unfinished tale, with a memoir of its lamented authoress, was published in one volume by her husband, Dr. Brunton.

'Self-control' bids fair to retain a permanent place among British novels, as a sort of Scottish 'Cælebs,' recommended by its moral and religious tendency, no less than by the talent it displays. The acute observation of the authoress is seen in the development of little traits of character and conduct, which give individuality to her portraits, and a semblance of truth to the story. Thus the gradual decay, mental and bodily, of Montreville, the account of the De Courcys, and the courtship of Montague, are true to nature, and completely removed out of the beaten track of novels. The plot is very unskillfully managed. The heroine, Laura, is involved in a perpetual cloud of difficulties and dangers, some of which—as the futile abduction by Warren, and the arrest at Lady Pelham's—are unnecessary and improbable. The character of Hargrave seems to have been taken from that of Lovelace, and Laura is the Clarissa of the tale. Her high principle and purity, her devotion to her father, and the force and energy of her mind—without overstepping feminine softness—impart a strong interest to the narrative of her trials and adventures. She surrounds the whole, as it were, with an atmosphere of moral light and beauty, and melts into something like consistency and unity the discordant materials of the tale.

Sensations on Returning to Scotland.

With tears in her eyes Laura took leave of her benevolent host; yet her heart bounded with joy as she saw the vessel cleaving the tide, and each object in the dreaded

land of exile swiftly retiring from her view. In a few days that dreaded land disappeared. In a few more the mountains of Cape Breton sank behind the wave. The brisk gales of autumn wafted the vessel cheerfully on her way, and often did Laura compute her progress.

In a clear frosty morning towards the end of September she heard once more the cry of 'Land!' now music to her ear. Now with a beating breast she ran to gaze upon a ridge of mountains indenting the disk of the rising sun; but the tears of rapture dimmed her eyes when every voice at once shouted 'Scotland!'

All day Laura remained on deck, oft measuring with the light splinter the vessel's course through the deep. The winds favoured not her impatience. Towards evening they died away, and scarcely did the vessel steal along the liquid mirror. Another and another morning came, and Laura's ear was blessed with the first sounds of her native land. The tolling of a bell was borne along the water, now swelling loud, and now falling softly away. The humble village church was seen on the shore; and Laura could distinguish the gay colouring of her country-women's Sunday attire; the scarlet plaid, transmitted from generation to generation, pinned decently over the plain clean coif; the bright blue gown, the trophy of more recent housewifery. To her, every form in the well-known garb seemed the form of a friend. The blue mountains in the distance, the scattered woods, the fields yellow with the harvest, the river sparkling in the sun, seemed, to the wanderer returning from the land of strangers, fairer than the gardens of Paradise.

Land of my affections!—when I forget thee, may my right hand forget her cunning! Blessed be thou among nations! Long may thy wanderers return to thee rejoicing, and their hearts throb with honest pride when they own themselves thy children!

ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON (1758–1816), an amiable and accomplished miscellaneous writer, was authoress of one excellent little novel, or moral tale, 'The Cottagers of Glenburnie,' which has probably been as effective in promoting domestic improvement among the rural population of Scotland as Johnson's 'Journey to the Hebrides' was in encouraging the planting of trees by the landed proprietors. In both cases there was some exaggeration of colouring, but the pictures were too provokingly true and sarcastic to be laughed away or denied. They constituted a national reproach, and the only way to wipe it off was by timely reformation. There is still much to accomplish, but a marked improvement in the dwellings and internal economy of Scottish farm-houses and villages may be dated from the publication of 'The Cottagers of Glenburnie.' Elizabeth Hamilton was born in Belfast. Her father was a merchant, of a Scottish family, and died early, leaving a widow and three children. The latter were educated and brought up by relatives in better circumstances, Elizabeth, the youngest, being sent to Mr. Marshall, a farmer in Stirlingshire, married to her father's sister. Her brother obtained a cadetship in the East India Company's service, and an elder sister was retained in Ireland. A feeling of strong affection seems to have existed among these scattered members of the unfortunate family. Elizabeth found in Mr. and Mrs. Marshall all that could have been desired. She was adopted and educated with a care and tenderness that has seldom been equalled. 'No child,' she says, 'ever spent so happy a life, nor have I ever met with anything at all

resembling our way of living, except the description given by Rousseau of Wolmar's farm and vintage.'

A taste for literature soon appeared in Elizabeth Hamilton. Wallace was the first hero of her studies; but meeting with Ogilvie's translation of the 'Iliad,' she idolised Achilles, and dreamed of Hector. She had opportunities of visiting Edinburgh and Glasgow, after which she carried on a learned correspondence with Dr. Moyse, a philosophical lecturer. She wrote also many copies of verses—that ordinary outlet for the warm feelings and romantic sensibilities of youth. Her first appearance in print was accidental. Having accompanied a pleasure-party to the Highlands, she kept a journal for the gratification of her aunt, and the good woman shewing it to one of her neighbours, it was sent to a provincial magazine. Her retirement in Stirlingshire was, in 1773, gladdened by a visit from her brother, then about to sail for India. Mr. Hamilton seems to have been an excellent and able young man; and his subsequent letters and conversations on Indian affairs stored the mind of his sister with the materials for her 'Hindoo Rajah,' a work equally remarkable for good sense and sprightliness. Mr. Hamilton was cut off by a premature death in 1792. Shortly after this period commenced the literary life of Elizabeth Hamilton, and her first work was that to which we have alluded, connected with the memory of her lamented brother, "The Letters of a Hindoo Rajah," in two volumes, published in 1796. The success of the work stimulated her exertions. In 1800 she published 'The Modern Philosophers,' in three volumes; and between that period and 1806, she gave to the world 'Letters on Education,' 'Memoirs of Agrippina,' and 'Letters to the Daughters of a Nobleman' In 1808 appeared her most popular, original, and useful work, 'The Cottagers of Glenburnie,' and she subsequently published 'Popular Essays on the Human Mind,' and 'Hints to the Directors of Public Schools.' For many years Miss Hamilton had fixed her residence in Edinburgh. She was enfeebled by ill health, but her cheerfulness and activity of mind continued unabated, and her society was courted by the most intellectual and influential of her fellow-citizens. The benevolence and correct judgment which animated her writings pervaded her conduct. Having gone to Harrogate for the benefit of her health, Miss Hamilton died at that place on the 23d of July 1816, aged fifty-eight.

'The Cottagers of Glenburnie' is in reality a tale of cottage-life. The scene is laid in a poor scattered Scottish hamlet, and the heroine is a retired English governess, middle-aged and lame, with £30 a year! This person, Mrs. Mason, after being long in a noble family, is reduced from a state of ease and luxury to one of comparative indigence; and having learned that her cousin, her only surviving relative, was married to one of the small farmers in Glenburnie, she agreed to fix her residence in her house as a lodger. On her way, she called at Gowan-brae, the house of the factor or land-

steward on the estate, to whom she had previously been known ; and we have a graphic account of the family of this gentleman, one of whose daughters figures conspicuously in the after-part of the tale Mr. Stewart, the factor, his youngest daughter, and boys, accompany Mrs. Mason to Glenburnie.

Picture of Glenburnie and Scottish Rural Life in the Last Century.

They had not proceeded many paces until they were struck with admiration at the uncommon wildness of the scene which now opened to their view. The rocks which seemed to guard the entrance of the glen were abrupt and savage, and approached so near each other, that one could suppose them to have been riven asunder to give a passage to the clear stream which flowed between them. As they advanced the hills receded on either side, making room for meadows and corn-fields, through which the rapid burn pursued its way in many a fantastic maze.

The road, which wound along the foot of the hills, on the north side of the glen, owed as little to art as any country road in the kingdom. It was very narrow, and much encumbered by loose stones, brought down from the hills above by the winter torrents.

Mrs. Mason and Mary were so enchanted by the change of scenery which was incessantly unfolding to their view, that they made no complaints of the slowness of their progress, nor did they much regret being obliged to stop a few minutes at a time, where they found so much to amuse and delight them. But Mr. Stewart had no patience at meeting with obstructions which, with a little pains, could have been so easily obviated ; and as he walked by the side of the car, expatiated upon the indolence of the people of the glen, who, though they had no other road to the market, could contentedly go on from year to year without making an effort to repair it. 'How little trouble would it cost,' said he, 'to throw the smaller of these loose stones into these holes and ruts, and to remove the larger ones to the side, where they would form a fence between the road and the hill ! There are enough of idle boys in the glen to effect all this, by working at it for one hour a week during the summer. But then their fathers must unite in setting them to work ; and there is no one in the glen who would not sooner have his horses lamed, and his carts torn to pieces, than have his son employed in a work that would benefit his neighbours as much as himself.'

As he was speaking, they passed the door of one of these small farmers ; and immediately turning a sharp corner, began to descend a steep, which appeared so unsafe that Mr. Stewart made his boys alight, which they could do without inconvenience, and going to the head of the horse, took his guidance upon himself.

At the foot of this short precipice the road again made a sudden turn, and discovered to them a misfortune which threatened to put a stop to their proceeding any further for the present evening. It was no other than the overturn of a cart of hay, occasioned by the breaking down of the bridge, along which it had been passing. Happily for the poor horse that drew this ill-fated load, the harness by which he was attached to it was of so frail a nature as to make little resistance ; so that he and his rider escaped unhurt from the fall, notwithstanding its being one of considerable depth.

At first, indeed, neither boy nor horse was seen ; but as Mr. Stewart advanced to examine whether, by removing the hay, which partly covered the bridge and partly hung suspended on the bushes, the road might still be passable, he heard a child's voice in the hollow exclaiming : 'Come on, ye muckle brute ! ye had as weel come on ! I'll gar ye ! I'll gar ye ! That's a gude beast now. Come awa ! That's it ! Ay, ye're a gude beast now !'

As the last words were uttered, a little fellow of about ten years of age was seen issuing from the hollow, and pulling after him, with all his might, a great long-backed clumsy animal of the horse species, though apparently of a very mulish temper.

'You have met with a sad accident,' said Mr. Stewart ; 'how did all this happen ?' 'You may see how it happened plain enough,' returned the boy ; 'thel brig brak, and the cart coupet.' 'And did you and the horse coup likewise ?' said Mr.

Stewart. 'O ay, we a' coupet thegither, for I was ridin' on his back.' 'And where is your father and all the rest of the folk?' 'Whaur sud they be but in the hay-field? Dinna ye ken that we're takin' in our hay? John Tamsan's and Jamie Forster's was in a week syne, but we're aye ahint the lave.'

All the party were greatly amused by the composure which the young peasant evinced under his misfortune, as well as by the shrewdness of his answers; and having learned from him that the hay-field was at no great distance, gave him some help to hasten his speed, and promised to take care of his horse till he should return with assistance.

He soon appeared, followed by his father and two other men, who came on stepping at their usual pace. 'Why, farmer,' said Mr. Stewart, 'you have trusted rather too long to this rotten plank, I think' (pointing to where it had given way); 'if you remember the last time I passed this road, which was several months since, I then told you that the bridge was in danger, and shewed you how easily it might be repaired.'

'It is a' true,' said the farmer, moving his bonnet; 'but I thought it would do weel enough. I spoke to Jamie Forster and John Tamsan about it; but they said they wadna fash themselves to mend a brig that was to serve a' the folk in the glen.'

'But you must now mend it for your own sake,' said Mr. Stewart, 'even though a' the folk in the glen should be better for it.'

'Ay, sir,' said one of the men, 'that's spoken like yoursel'! Would everybody follow your example there would be nothing in the world but peace and good neighbourhood.'

The interior arrangements and accommodation of the cottage visited by Mrs. Mason are dirty and uncomfortable. The farmer is a good easy man, but his wife is obstinate and prejudiced, and the children self-willed and rebellious. Mrs. Mason finds the family quite incorrigible, but she effects a wonderful change among their neighbours. She gets a school established on her own plan, and boys and girls exert themselves to effect a reformation in the cottages of their parents. The most sturdy sticklers for the *gude auld gait*s are at length convinced of the superiority of the new system, and the village undergoes a complete transformation. In the management of these humble scenes, and the gradual display of character among the people, the authoress evinces her knowledge of human nature, and her tact and discrimination as a novelist.

We subjoin a Scottish song by Miss Hamilton which has enjoyed great popularity.

My Ain Fireside.

I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's.
 'Mang lords and fine ladies a' covered wi' braws,
 At feasts made for princes wi' princes I've been,
 When the grand shine o' splendour has dazzled my een;
 But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied
 As the bonny blithe blink o' my ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O cheery's the blink o' my ain fireside;
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

Ance mair, gude be thankit, round my ane heartsome ingle,
 Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
 Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad.
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.

Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear.
 But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer ;
 Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
 There's nae half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, &c.

When I draw in my stool on my cosy hearthstane,
 My heart louns sae light I scarce ken 't for my ain ;
 Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,
 Past troubles they seem but as dreams o' the night.
 I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,
 And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk ee ;
 Nae fleechings o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride,
 'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, &c.

LADY MORGAN.

LADY MORGAN (Sydney Owenson, or Mac Owen, as the name was originally written), during the course of forty or fifty years, wrote in various departments of literature—in poetry, the drama, novels, biography, ethics, politics, and books of travels. Whether she has written any one book that will become a standard portion of our literature, is doubtful, but we are indebted to her pen for a number of clever lively national sketches and anecdotes. She had a masculine disregard of common opinion or censure, and a temperament, as she herself stated, 'as cheery and genial as ever went to that strange medley of pathos and humour—the Irish character.' Mr. Owenson, the father of our authoress, was a respectable actor, a favourite in the society of Dublin, and author of some popular Irish songs. His daughter (who was born in 1783) inherited his predilection for national music and song. Very early in life she published a small volume of poetical effusions, and afterwards 'The Lay of the Irish Harp,' and a selection of twelve Irish melodies, with music. One of these is the song of Kate Kearney, and we question whether this lyric will not outlive all Lady Morgan's other lucubrations. While still in her teens, Miss Owenson became a novelist. She published two tales long since forgotten, and in 1801 a third, 'The Wild Irish Girl,' which was exceedingly popular. This success introduced the authoress into some of the higher circles of Irish and English society, in which she greatly delighted. In 1811, she married Sir Charles Morgan, a physician, and travelled with him to France and Italy. She continued her literary labours, and published 'The Missionary, an Indian Tale' (1811); 'O'Donnel, a National Tale' (1814); 'Florence Macarthy, an Irish Tale' (1818); and 'The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys' (1827). In these works our authoress departed from the beaten track of sentimental novels, and ventured, like Miss Edgeworth, to portray national manners. We have the high authority of Sir Walter Scott for the opinion, that 'O'Donnel,' though deficient as a story, has some striking and beautiful passages of situation and description, and in the comic part is

very rich and entertaining.' Lady Morgan's sketches of Irish manners are not always pleasing. Her high-toned society is disfigured with grossness and profligacy, and her subordinate characters are often caricatured. The vivacity and variety of these delineations constitute one of their attractions: if not always true, they are lively; for it was justly said, that 'whether it is a review of volunteers in the Phoenix Park, or a party at the Castle, or a masquerade, a meeting of United Irishmen, a riot in Dublin, or a jug-day at Bog-moy—in every change of scene and situation our authoress wields the pen of a ready writer.' One complaint against these Irish sketches was their personality, the authoress indicating that some of her portraits at the viceregal court, and those moving in the 'best society' of Dublin, were intended for well-known characters. Their conversation is often a sad jargon of prurient allusion, comments on dress, and quotations in French and Italian, with which almost every page is patched and disfigured. The unfashionable characters and descriptions—even the rapparees, and the lowest of the old Irish natives, are infinitely more entertaining than these offshoots of the aristocracy, as painted by Lady Morgan. Her strength lay in describing the broad characteristics of her nation, their boundless mirth, their old customs, their love of frolic, and their wild grief at scenes of death and calamity. The other works of our authoress are 'France' and 'Italy,' containing dissertations on the state of society, manners, literature, government, &c. of those nations. Lord Byron has borne testimony to the fidelity and excellence of 'Italy;' and if the authoress had been 'less ambitious of being always fine and striking,' and less solicitous to display her reading and high company, she might have been one of the most agreeable of tourists and observers. Besides these works, Lady Morgan has given to the world 'The Princess' (a tale founded on the revolution in Belgium); 'Dramatic Scenes from Real Life' (very poor in matter, and affected in style); 'The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa;' 'The Book of the Boudoir' (autobiographical sketches and reminiscences); 'Woman and her Master' (a philosophical history of woman down to the fall of the Roman empire); and various other shorter publications. In 1841, Lady Morgan published, in conjunction with her husband, Sir T. C. Morgan (author of 'Sketches of the Philosophy of Life and Morals,' &c.), two volumes, collected from the portfolios of the writers, and stray sketches which had previously appeared in periodicals, entitling the collection 'The Book without a Name.' In 1859, she published 'Passages from my Autobiography,' containing reminiscences of high-life in London and Paris. A pension of £300 a year was conferred on her during the ministry of Earl Grey, and the latter years of Lady Morgan were spent in London. She died in April 1859. Her Correspondence was published by Mr. Hepworth Dixon in 1862.

The Irish Hedge Schoolmaster—From 'Florence Macarthy.'

A bevy of rough-headed students, with books as ragged as their habiliments, rushed forth at the sound of the horse's feet, and with hands shading their uncovered faces from the sun, stood gazing in earnest surprise. Last of this singular group, followed O'Leary himself in learned dishabille! his customary suit, an old great-coat, fastened with a wooden skewer at his breast, the sleeves hanging unoccupied, *Spanish-wise*, as he termed it; his wig laid aside, the shaven crown of his head resembling the clerical tonsure; a tattered Homer in one hand, and a slip of sallow in the other, with which he had been distributing some well-earned *punies* to his pupils; thus exhibiting, in appearance, and in the important expression of his countenance, an epitome of that order of persons once so numerous, and is still far from extinct in Ireland, the hedge schoolmaster. O'Leary was learned in the antiquities and genealogies of the great Irish families, as an ancient *senachy*, an order of which he believed himself to be the sole representative; credulous of her fables, and jealous of her ancient glory; ardent in his feelings, fixed in his prejudices; hating the Bodei Sassoni, or English churls, in proportion as he distrusted them; living only in the past, contemptuous of the present, and hopeless of the future, all his national learning and national vanity were employed in his history of the Macarthies More, to whom he deemed himself hereditary *senachy*; while all his early associations and affections were occupied with the Fitzadelin family; to an heir of which he had not only been foster-father, but, by a singular chain of occurrences, tutor and host. Thus there existed an incongruity between his prejudices and his affections, that added to the natural incoherence of his wild, unregulated, ideal character. He had as much Greek and Latin as generally falls to the lot of the inferior Irish priesthood, an order to which he had been originally destined; he spoke Irish, as his native tongue, with great fluency; and English, with little variation, as it might have been spoken in the days of James or Elizabeth; for English was with him acquired by study, at no early period of life, and principally obtained from such books as came within the black-letter plan of his antiquarian pursuits.

Words that wise Bacon and grave Raleigh spoke,

were familiarly uttered by O'Leary, conned out of old English tracts, chronicles, presidential instructions, copies of patents, memorials, discourses, and translated remonstrances from the Irish chiefs, of every date since the arrival of the English in the island; and a few French words, not unusually heard among the old Irish Catholics, the descendants of the faithful followers of the Stuarts, completed the stock of his philological riches.

O'Leary now advanced to meet his visitant, with a countenance radiant with the expression of complacency and satisfaction, not unmingled with pride and importance, as he threw his eyes round on his numerous disciples. To one of these the Commodore gave his horse; and drawing his hat over his eyes, as if to shade them from the sun, he placed himself under the shadow of the Saxon arch, observing:

'You see, Mr. O'Leary, I very eagerly avail myself of your invitation; but I fear I have interrupted your learned avocation.'

'Not a tawse, your honour, and am going to give my classes a holiday, in respect to the turf, sir.—What does yez all crowd the gentleman for? Did never yez see a raal gentleman afore? I'd trouble yez to consider yourselves as temporary.—There's great scholars among them ragged runagates, your honour, poor as they look; for though in these degenerated times you won't get the children, as formerly, to talk the dead languages, afore they can spake, when, says Campion, they had Latin like a vulgar tongue, conning in their schools of teachcraft the aphorisms of Hippocrates, and the civil institutes of the faculties, yet there's as fine scholars, and as good philosophers still, sir, to be found in my seminary as in Trinity College, Dublin.—Now, step forward here, you Homers. "Kehlute meu Troës, kai Dardanoi, id epikouroi."'

Half a dozen overgrown boys, with bare heads and naked feet, hustled forward.

'There's my first class, plazze your honour; sorrow one of them gassoons but would throw you off a page of Homer into Irish while he'd be clamping a turf

stack.—Come forward here, Padreen Mahony, you little mitcher, ye. Have you no better courtesy than that, Padreen? Fie upon your manners!—Then for all that, sir, he's my head philosopher, and am getting him up for Maynooth. Och! then, I wouldn't ax better than to pit him against the provost of Trinity College this day, for all his ould small-clothes, sir, the cratur! Troth, he'd puzzle him, grate as he is, ay, and bate him too; that's at the humanities, sir.—Padreen, my man, if the pig's sould at Dunore market to-morrow, tell your daddy, dear, I'll expect the pintion. Is that your bow, Padreen, with your head under your arm, like a roasting hen? Upon my word, I take shame for your manners.—There, your honour, them 's my *cordaries*, the little leprehanns, with their *cathah* heads, and their burned skins; I think your honour would be divarted to hear them *parzing* a chapter.—Well, now dismiss, lads, jewel—off with yez, *extempto* like a piper out of a tent; away with yez to the turf: and mind me well, ye Homers, ye. I'll expect Hector and Andromache to-morrow without fail; observe me well; I'll take no excuse for the *classics* barring the bog, in respect of the weather being dry; dismiss, I say.' The learned disciples of this Irish sage, pulling down the front lock of their hair to designate the bow they would have made if they had possessed hats to move, now scampered off; while O'Leary observed, shaking his head and looking after them: 'Not one of them but is sharp-witted and has a janus for poethry, if there was any encouragement for learning in these degendered times.'

MRS. SHELLEY.

In the summer of 1816, Lord Byron and Mr. and Mrs. Shelley were residing on the banks of the Lake of Geneva. They were in habits of daily intercourse, and when the weather did not allow of their boating-excursions on the lake, the Shelleys often passed their evenings with Byron at his house at Diodati. 'During a week of rain at this time,' says Mr. Moore, 'having amused themselves with reading German ghost-stories, they agreed at last to write something in imitation of them. "You and I," said Lord Byron to Mrs. Shelley, "will publish ours together." He then began his tale of the 'Vampire;' and having the whole arranged in his head, repeated to them a sketch of the story one evening; but from the narrative being in prose, made but little progress in filling up his outline. The most memorable result, indeed, of their story-telling compact was Mrs. Shelley's wild and powerful romance of "Frankenstein"—one of those original conceptions that take hold of the public mind at once and forever.' 'Frankenstein' was published in 1817, and was instantly recognised as worthy of Godwin's daughter and Shelley's wife, and as, in fact, possessing some of the genius and peculiarities of both. It is formed on the model of 'St. Leon,' but the supernatural power of that romantic visionary produces nothing so striking or awful as the grand conception of 'Frankenstein'—the discovery that he can, by his study of natural philosophy, create a living and sentient being. The hero, like Caleb Williams, tells his own story. A native of Geneva, Frankenstein is sent to the university of Ingolstadt to pursue his studies. He had previously dabbled in the occult sciences, and the university afforded vastly extended facilities for prosecuting his abstruse researches. He pores over books on physiology, makes chemical experiments, visits even the receptacles of the dead and the dissecting-room of the anatomist, and after days and nights of incredible labour and fatigue, he succeeds in discovering the cause of

generation and life; nay, more, he became capable of bestowing animation upon lifeless matter! Full of his extraordinary discovery, he proceeds to create a man, and at length, after innumerable trials and revolting experiments to seize and infuse the principle of life into his image of clay, he constructs and animates a gigantic figure, eight feet in height. His feelings on completing the creation of this Monster are powerfully described:

The Monster created by Frankenstein.

It was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain patted dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavored to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion, and straight black lips.

The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation, but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room, and continued a long time traversing my bed-chamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured, and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavoring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain; I slept indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her; but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror, a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed, when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window-shutters, I beheld the wretch—the miserable Monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed, and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped, and rushed down stairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited, where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life.

Oh! no mortal could support the horror of that countenance. A mummy again endued with animation could not be so hideous as that wretch. I had gazed on him while unfinished; he was ugly then, but when those muscles and joints were rendered capable of motion, it became a thing such as even Dante could not have conceived.

I passed the night wretchedly. Sometimes my pulse beat so quickly and hardly that I felt the palpitation of every artery; at others I nearly sank to the ground through languor and extreme weakness. Mingled with this horror I felt the bitter-

ness of disappointment; dreams that had been my food and pleasant rest for so long a space, were now become a hell to me, and the change was so rapid, the overthrow so complete!

Morning, dismal and wet, at length dawned, and discovered to my sleepless and aching eyes the church of Ingolstadt, its white steeple and clock, which indicated the sixth hour. The porter opened the gates of the court which had that night been my asylum, and I issued into the streets, pacing them with quick steps, as if I sought to avoid the wretch whom I feared every turning of the street would present to my view. I did not dare to return to the apartment which I inhabited, but felt impelled to hurry on, although wetted by the rain, which poured from a black and comfortless sky.

I continued walking in this manner for some time, endeavoring, by bodily exercise, to ease the load that weighed upon my mind. I traversed the streets without any clear conception of where I was or what I was doing. My heart palpitated in the sickness of fear, and I hurried on with irregular steps, not daring to look about me—

Like one who on a lonely road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.*

The monster ultimately becomes a terror to his creator, and haunts him like a spell. For two years he disappears, but at the end of that time he is presented as the murderer of Frankenstein's infant brother, and as waging war with all mankind, in consequence of the disgust and violence with which his appearance is regarded. The demon meets and confronts his maker, demanding that he should create him a helpmate, as a solace in his forced expatriation from society. Frankenstein retires and begins the hideous task, and while engaged in it during the secrecy of midnight, in one of the lonely islands of the Orcades, the Monster appears before him.

A ghastly grin wrinkled his lips as he gazed on me, where I sat fulfilling the task which he allotted to me. Yes, he had followed me in my travels; he had loitered in forests, hid himself in caves, or taken refuge in wide and desert heaths; and he now came to mark my progress, and claim the fulfilment of my promise. As I looked on him his countenance expressed the utmost extent of malice and treachery. I thought with a sensation of madness of my promise of creating another like to him, and, trembling with passion, tore to pieces the thing on which I was engaged. The wretch saw me destroy the creature on whose future existence he depended for happiness, and with a howl of devilish despair and revenge, withdrew.

A series of horrid and malignant events now mark the career of the demon. He murders the friend of Frankenstein, strangles his bride on her wedding-night, and causes the death of his father from grief. He eludes detection; but Frankenstein, in agony and despair, resolves to seek him out, and sacrifice him to his justice and revenge. The pursuit is protracted for a considerable time, and in various countries, and at length conducts us to the ice-bound shores and islands of the northern ocean. Frankenstein recognizes the demon, but ere he can reach him, the ice gives way, and he is afterwards with difficulty rescued from the floating wreck by the crew of a vessel that had been embayed in that polar region. Thus saved from

* Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*.

perishing, Frankenstein relates to the captain of the ship his 'wild and wondrous tale;' but the suffering and exhaustion had proved too much for his frame, and he expires before the vessel had sailed for Britain. The Monster visits the ship, and after mourning over the dead body of his victim, quits the vessel, resolved to seek the most northern extremity of the globe, and there to put a period to his wretched and unhallowed existence. The power of genius in clothing incidents the most improbable with strong interest and human sympathies, is evinced in this remarkable story. The creation of the demon is admirably told. The successive steps by which the solitary student arrives at his great secret after two years of labour, and the first glimpse which he obtains of the hideous monster, form a narrative that cannot be perused without sensations of awe and terror. While the demon is thus partially known and revealed, or seen only in the distance, gliding among cliffs and glaciers, appearing by moonlight to demand justice from his maker, or seated in his car among the tremendous solitudes of the northern ocean, the effect is striking and magnificent. The interest ceases when we are told of the self-education of the Monster, which is disgustingly minute in detail, and absurd in conception; and when we consider the improbability of his being able to commit so many crimes in different countries, conspicuous as he is in form, with impunity, and without detection. His malignity of disposition, and particularly his resentment towards Frankenstein, do not appear unnatural when we recollect how he has been repelled from society, and refused a companion by him who could alone create such another. In his wildest outbursts we partly sympathise with him, and his situation seems to justify his crimes. In depicting the internal workings of the mind and the various phases of the passions, Mrs. Shelley evinces skill and acuteness. Like her father, she excels in mental analysis and in conceptions of the grand and the powerful, but fails in the management of her fable where probable incidents and familiar life are required or attempted.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Shelley—who was left with two children—devoted herself to literary pursuits, and produced several works—'Valperga,' 'The Last Man,' 'Lodore,' 'The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck,' and other works of fiction. She contributed biographies of foreign artists and men of letters to the 'Cabinet Cyclopædia,' edited and wrote prefaces to Shelley's 'Poetical Works,' and also edited Shelley's 'Essays,' 'Letters from Abroad,' 'Translations and Fragments' (1840). In the writings of Mrs. Shelley there is much of that plaintive tenderness and melancholy characteristic of her father's late romances, and her style is uniformly pure and graceful. She died in 1851, aged fifty-four.

REV. C. R. MATURIN.

The REV. C. R. MATURIN (1782–1824), curate of St. Peter's, Dublin, came forward in 1807 as an imitator of the terrific and gloomy style of novel-writing, of which 'Monk' Lewis was the modern master. Its higher mysteries were known only to Mrs. Radcliffe. The date of that style, as Maturin afterwards confessed, was out when he was a boy, and he had not powers to revive it. His youthful production was entitled 'Fatal Revenge, or the Family of Montorio.' The first part of this title was the invention of the publisher, and it proved a good bookselling appellation, for the novel was in high favour in the circulating libraries. It is undoubtedly a work of genius—full of imagination and energetic language, though both are carried to extravagance and bombast. Between 1807 and 1820 our author published a number of works of romantic fiction—'The Milesian Chief'; 'The Wild Irish Boy'; 'Women, or Pour et Contre'; and 'Melmoth the Wanderer'—all works in three or four volumes each. 'Women' was well received by the public; but none of its predecessors, as the author himself states, ever reached a second edition. In 'Women' he aimed at depicting real life and manners, and we have some pictures of Calvinistic Methodists, an Irish Meg Merrilies, and an Irish hero, De Courcy, whose character is made up of contradictions and improbabilities. Two female characters, Eva Wentworth and Zaira, a brilliant Italian—who afterwards turns out to be the mother of Eva—are drawn with delicacy and fine effect. The former is educated in strict seclusion, and is purity itself. De Courcy is in love with both, and both are blighted by his inconstancy. Eva dies calmly and tranquilly, elevated by religious hope. Zaira meditates suicide, but desists from the attempt, and lives on, as if spell-bound to the death-place of her daughter and lover. De Courcy perishes of remorse. These scenes of deep passion and pathos are coloured with the lights of poetry and genius. Indeed, the gradual decay of Eva is the happiest of all Mr. Maturin's delineations, and has rarely been surpassed. The simple *truthfulness* of the description may be seen in passages like the following:

An Autumn Evening.

The weather was unusually fine, though it was September, and the evenings mild and beautiful. Eva passed them almost entirely in the garden. She had always loved the fading light and delicious tints of an evening sky, and now they were endeared by that which endears even indifferent things—an internal consciousness that we have not long to behold them. Mrs. Wentworth remonstrated against this indulgence, and mentioned it to the physician: but he answered neglectingly; 'said anything that amused her mind could do her no harm, &c. Then Mrs. Wentworth began to feel there was no hope; and Eva was suffered to muse life away unmolested. To the garden every evening she went, and brought her library with her: it consisted of but three books—the Bible, Young's 'Night Thoughts,' and Blair's 'Grave.' One evening the unusual beauty of the sky may have made her involuntarily drop her book. She gazed upward, and felt as if a book was open in heaven, where all the lovely and varying phenomena presented in living characters to her view the

name of the Divinity. There was a solemn congeniality between her feelings of her own state and the view of the declining day—the parting light and the approaching darkness. The glow of the western heaven was still resplendent and glorious; a little above, the blending hues of orange and azure were softening into a mellow and indefinite light; and in the upper region of the air, a delicious blue darkness invited the eye to repose in luxurious dimness; one star alone shewed its trembling head—another and another, like infant births of light; and in the dark east the half-moon, like a bark of pearl, came on through the deep still ocean of heaven. Eva gazed on; some tears came to her eyes; they were a luxury. Suddenly she felt as if she were quite well; a glow like that of health pervaded her whole frame—one of those indescribable sensations that seem to assure us of safety, while, in fact, they are announcing dissolution. She imagined herself suddenly restored to health and to happiness. She saw De Courcy once more, as in their early hours of love, when his face was to her as if it had been the face of an angel; thought after thought came back on her heart like gleams of paradise. She trembled at the felicity that filled her whole soul; it was one of those fatal illusions that disease, when it is connected with strong emotions of the mind, often flatters its victim with—that *mirage*, when the heart is a desert, which rises before the wanderer, to dazzle, to delude, and to destroy.

‘Melmoth’ is the wildest of Mr. Maturin’s romances. The hero ‘gleams with demon light,’ and owing to a compact with Satan, lives a century and a half, performing all manner of adventures, the most defensible of which is frightening an Irish miser to death. Some of the details in ‘Melmoth’ are absolutely sickening and loathsome. They seem the last convulsive efforts and distortions of the ‘Monk’ Lewis school of romance. In 1824—the year of his premature death—Mr. Maturin published ‘The Albigenses,’ a romance in four volumes. This work was intended by the author as one of a series of romances illustrative of European feelings and manners in ancient, in middle, and in modern times. Laying the scene of his story in France, in the thirteenth century, the author connected it with the wars between the Catholics and the Albigenses, the latter being the earliest of the reformers of the faith. Such a time was well adapted for the purposes of romance; and Mr. Maturin in this work presented some good pictures of the Crusaders, and of the Albigenses in their lonely worship among rocks and mountains. He had not, however, the power of delineating varieties of character, and his attempts at humour are wretched failures. In constructing a plot, he was also deficient; and hence ‘The Albigenses,’ wanting the genuine features of an historical romance, and destitute of the supernatural machinery which had imparted a certain degree of wild interest to the author’s former works, was universally pronounced to be tedious and uninteresting. Passages, as we have said, are carefully finished and well drawn, and we subjoin a brief specimen:

A Lady’s Chamber in the Thirteenth Century.

‘I am weary,’ said the lady, ‘disarray me for rest. But thou, Claudine, be near when I sleep; I love thee well, wench, though I have not shewn it hitherto. Wear this carcanet for my sake; but wear it not, I charge thee, in the presence of Sir Paladour. Now read me my riddle once more, my maidens.’ As her head sunk on the silken pillow—‘How may I die—sink most sweetly into their first slumber?’

'I ever sleep best,' said Blanche, 'when some withered crone is seated by the hearth fire to tell me tales of wizardry or goblins, till they are mingled with my dreams, and I start up, tell my beads, and pray her to go on, till I see that I am talking only to the dying embers, or the fantastic forms shaped by their flashes on the dark tapestry or darker ceiling.'

'And I love,' said Germonda, 'to be lulled to rest by tales of knights met in forests by fairy damsels, and conducted to enchanted halls, where they are assailed by foul fiends, and do battle with strong giants; and are, in fine, rewarded with the hand of the fair dame, for whom they have perilled all that knight or Christian may hold precious for the safety of body and of soul.'

'Peace and good rest to you all, my dame and maidens,' said the lady, in whispering tones from her silken couch. 'None of you have read my riddle. She sleeps sweetest and deepest who sleeps to dream of her first love—her first—her last—her only. A fair goodnight to all. Stay thou with me, Claudine, and touch thy lute, wench, to the strain of some old ditty—old and melancholy—such as may so softly usher sleep that I feel not his downy fingers closing mine eyelids, or the stilly rush of his pinions as they sweep my brow.'

Claudine prepared to obey as the lady sunk to rest amid softened lights, subdued odours and dying melodies. A silver lamp, richly fretted, suspended from the raftered roof, gleamed faintly on the splendid bed. The curtains were of silk, and the coverlet of velvet, faced with miniver; gilded coronals and tufts of plumage shed alternate gleam and shadow over every angle of the canopy; and tapestry of silk and silver covered every compartment of the walls, save where the uncouthly constructed doors and windows broke them into angles, irreconcilable alike to every rule of symmetry or purpose of accommodation. Near the ample hearth, stored with blazing wood, were placed a sculptured desk, furnished with a missal and breviary gorgeously illuminated, and a black marble tripod supporting a vase of holy-water; certain amulets, too, lay on the hearth, placed there by the care of Dame Marguerite, some in the shape of relics, and others in less consecrated forms on which the lady was often observed by her attendants to look somewhat disregardfully. The great door of the chamber was closed by the departing damsels carefully; and the rich sheet of tapestry dropped over it, whose hushful sweeping on the floor seemed like the wish for a deep repose breathed from a thing inanimate. The castle was still. The silver lamp twinkled silently and dimly; the perfumes burning in small silver vases round the chamber, began to abate their gleams and odours; the scented waters scattered on the rushes with which the floor was strewn, flagged and failed in their delicious tribute to the sense; the bright moon pouring its glories through the uncurtained but richly tinted casement, shed its borrowed hues of crimson, amber and purple on curtain and canopy as in defiance of the artificial light that gleamed so feebly within the chamber.

Claudine tuned her lute, and murmured the rude song of a troubadour, such as follows:

Song.

'Sleep, noble lady! They sleep well who sleep in warded castles. If the Count de Monfort, the champion of the church, and the strongest lance in the chivalry of France, were your foe as he is your friend, one hundred of the arrows of his boldest archers at their best flight would fail to reach a loophole of your towers.

Sleep, noble lady! They sleep well who are guarded by the vallant. Five hundred belted knights feast in your halls; they would not see your towers won, though to defend them they took the place of your vassals, who are tenfold that number; and, lady, I wish they were more, for your sake. Vallant knights, faithful vassals, watch well your lady's slumbers; see that they be never broken but by the matin-bell, or the sighs of lovers whispered between its tolls.

Sleep, noble lady! Your castle is strong, and the brave and the loyal are your guard.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

We have already touched on the more remarkable and distinguishing features of the Waverley novels, and the influence which they exercised, not only on this country, but over the whole continent of

Europe and the United States of North America. That long array of immortal fictions can only be compared with the dramas of Shakspeare, as presenting a vast variety of original characters, scenes, historical situations, and adventures. They are marked by the same universal and genial sympathies, allied to every form of humanity, and free from all selfish egotism or moral obliquity. In painting historical personages or events, these two great masters evinced a kindred taste, and not dissimilar powers. The highest intellectual traits and imagination of Shakspeare were, it is true, not approached by Scott: the dramatist looked inwardly upon man and nature with a more profound and searching philosophy. He could effect more with his five acts than Scott with his three volumes. The novelist only pictured to the eye what his great prototype stamped on the heart and feeling. Yet both were great moral teachers, without seeming to teach. They were brothers in character and in genius, and they poured out their imaginative treasures with a calm easy strength and conscious mastery, of which the world has seen no other examples.

So early as 1805, before his great poems were produced, Scott had entered on the composition of 'Waverley,' the first of his illustrious progeny of tales. He wrote about seven chapters, evidently taking Fielding, in his grave descriptive and ironical vein, for his model; but, getting dissatisfied with his attempt, he threw it aside. Eight years afterwards he met accidentally with the fragment, and determined to finish the story.* In the interval between the commencement of the novel in 1805 and its resumption in 1813, Scott had acquired greater freedom and self-reliance as an author. In 'Marmion' and 'The Lady of the Lake' he had struck out a path for himself, and the latter portion of 'Waverley' partook of the new spirit and enthusiasm. A large part of its materials resembles those employed in 'The Lady of the Lake'—Highland feudalism, military bravery and devotion, and the most easy and exquisite description of natural scenery. He added also a fine vein of humour, chaste yet ripened, and peculiarly his own, and a power of uniting history with fiction, that subsequently became one of the great sources of his strength. His portrait of Charles Edward, the noble old Baron of Bradwardine, the simple faithful clansman Evan Dhu, and the poor fool Davie Gellatley, with his fragments of song and scattered gleams of fancy and sensibility, were new triumphs of the author. The poetry had projected shadows and outlines of the Highland chief, the gaiety and splendour of the court, and the agitation of the camp and battlefield; but the humorous contrasts, homely observation, and pathos

* He had put the chapters aside, as he tells us, in a writing-desk wherein he used to keep fishing-tackle. The desk—a substantial old mahogany cabinet—and part of the fishing-tackle are now in the possession of the family of Scott's friend, Mr. William Laidlaw.

displayed in 'Waverley,' disclosed far deeper observation and more original powers. The work was published in July 1814, Constable giving £700 for the copyright. Scott did not prefix his name to it, afraid that he might compromise his poetical reputation by a doubtful experiment in a new style—particularly by his copious use of Scottish terms and expressions; but the unmingled applause with which the tale was received was, he says, like having the property of a hidden treasure, 'not less gratifying than if all the world knew it was his own.' Henceforward, Scott resolved, as a novelist, to preserve his mask, desirous to obviate all personal discussions respecting his own productions, and aware also of the interest and curiosity which his secrecy would impart to his subsequent productions.

In February 1815—seven months after 'Waverley'—Scott published his second novel, 'Guy Mannering.' It was the work of six weeks about Christmas, and marks of haste are visible in the construction of the plot and development of incidents. Yet what length of time or patience in revision could have added to the charm or hilarity of such portraits as that of Dandy Dinmont, or the shrewd and witty Counsellor Pleydell—the finished, desperate, sea-beaten villainy of Hatteraick—the simple, uncouth devotion of that gentlest of pedants, poor Dominie Sampson—or the wild savage virtues and crazed superstition of the gipsy-dweller in Derncleugh! The astrological agency and predictions so marvellously fulfilled are undoubtedly excrescences on the story, though suited to a winter's tale in Scotland. The love-scenes and female characters, and even Mannering himself, seem also allied to the Minerva Press family; but the Scotch characters are all admirably filled up. There is also a captivating youthful feeling and spirit in the description of the wanderings and dangers of Bertram, and the events, improbable as they appear, which restore him to his patrimony; while the gradual decay and death of the old Laird of Ellangowan—carried out to the green as his castle and effects are in the hands of the auctioneer—are inexpressibly touching and natural. The interest of the tale is sustained throughout with dramatic skill and effect.

In May 1816 came forth 'The Antiquary,' less romantic and bustling in incidents than either of its predecessors, but infinitely richer in character, dialogue, and humour. In this work Scott displayed his thorough knowledge of the middle and lower ranks of Scottish life. He confined his story chiefly to a small fishing-town and one or two country mansions. His hero is a testy old Whig laird and bachelor, and his *dramatis personæ* are little better than this retired humorist—the family of a poor fisherman, a blue-gown mendicant, an old barber, and a few other humble 'landward and burrows-town' characters. The sentimental Lord Glenallan, and the pompous Sir Arthur Wardour, with Lovel the unknown, and the fiery Hector M'Intyre—the last a genuine Celtic portrait—are necessary to the plot and action of the piece, but they constitute only a small degree of

the reader's pleasure or the author's fame. These rest on the inimitable delineation of Oldbuck, that model of black-letter and Roman-camp antiquaries, whose oddities and conversation are rich and racy as any of the old crusted port that John of the Gernel might have held in his monastic cellars—on the restless, garrulous, kind-hearted *gaberbunzie*, Edie Ochiltree, who delighted to *daunder* down the burn-sides and green shaws—on the cottage of the Muckle-backits, and the death and burial of Steenie—and on that scene of storm and tempest by the seaside, which is described with such vivid reality and appalling magnificence. The amount of curious reading, knowledge of local history and antiquities, power of description, and breadth of humour in 'The Antiquary,' render it one of the most perfect of the author's novels. If Cervantes and Fielding really excelled Scott in the novel (he is unapproached in romance), it must be admitted that 'The Antiquary' ranks only second to 'Don Quixote' and 'Tom Jones.' In none of his works has Scott shewn greater power in developing the nicer shades of feeling and character, or greater felicity of phrase and illustration. A healthy moral tone also pervades the whole—a clear and bracing atmosphere of real life; and what more striking lesson in practical benevolence was ever inculcated than those words of the rough old fisherman, ejaculated while he was mending his boat after his son Steenie's funeral—'What would you have me do, unless I wanted to see four children starve because one is drowned? It's weel wi' you gentles, that can sit in the house wi' handkerchers at your een, when ye lose a freend, but the like of us maun to our wark again, if our hearts were beating as hard as my hammer.'

In December of the same year, Scott was ready with two other novels, 'The Black Dwarf,' and 'Old Mortality.' These formed the first series of Tales of My Landlord, and were represented by a somewhat forced and clumsy prologue, as the composition of a certain Mr. Peter Pattieson, assistant-teacher at Gandercleugh, and published after his death by his pedagogue superior, Jedediah Cleishbotham. The new disguise—to heighten which a different publisher had been selected for the tales—was as unavailing as it was superfluous. The universal voice assigned the works to the author of 'Waverley,' and the second of the collection, 'Old Mortality,' was pronounced to be the greatest of his performances. It was another foray into the regions of history, which was rewarded with the most brilliant spoil. Happy as he had been in depicting the era of the Forty-five, he shone still more in the gloomy and troublous times of the Covenanters. 'To reproduce a departed age,' says Mr. Lockhart, 'with such minute and lifelike accuracy as this tale exhibits, demanded a far more energetic sympathy of imagination than had been called for in any effort of his serious verse. It is indeed most curiously instructive for any student of art to compare the Roundheads of "Rokeby" with the Blue-bonnets of "Old Mortality." For the rest, the story is framed with a deeper skill than any of the preceding

novels; the canvas is a broader one; the characters are contrasted and projected with a power and felicity which neither he nor any other master ever surpassed; and notwithstanding all that has been urged against him as a disparager of the Covenanters, it is to me very doubtful whether the inspiration of chivalry ever prompted him to nobler emotions than he has lavished on the reanimation of their stern and solemn enthusiasm. This work has always appeared to me the "Marmion" of his novels.' He never surpassed it either for force or variety of character, or in the interest and magnificence of the train of events described. The contrasts are also managed with consummate art. In the early scenes, Morton (the best of all his young heroes) serves as a foil to the fanatical and gloomy Burley, and the change effected in the character and feelings of the youth by the changing current of events, is traced with perfect skill and knowledge of human nature. The two classes of actors—the brave and dissolute cavaliers, and the resolute and oppressed Covenanters—are not only drawn in their strong distinguishing features in bold relief, but are separated from each other by individual traits and peculiarities, the result of native or acquired habits. The intermingling of domestic scenes and low rustic humour with the stormy events of the warlike struggle, gives vast additional effect to the sterner passages of the tale, and to the prominence of its principal actors. How admirably, for example, is the reader prepared, by contrast, to appreciate that terrible encounter with Burley in his rocky fastness, by the previous description of the blind and aged widow, intrusted with the secret of his retreat, and who dwelt alone, 'like the widow of Zarephath,' in her poor and solitary cottage! The dejection and anxiety of Morton on his return from Holland are no less strikingly contrasted with the scene of rural peace and comfort which he witnesses on the banks of the Clyde, where Cuddie Headrigg's cottage sends up its thin blue smoke among the trees, 'shewing that the evening meal was in the act of being made ready,' and his little daughter fetches water in a picher from the fountain at the root of an old oak-tree! The humanity of Scott is exquisitely illustrated by the circumstance of the pathetic verses, wrapping a lock of hair, which are found on the slain body of Bothwell—as to shew that in the darkest and most dissolute characters some portion of our higher nature still lingers to attest its divine origin. In the same sympathetic and relenting spirit, Dirk Hatteraick, in 'Guy Mannering,' is redeemed from utter sordidness and villainy by his one virtue of integrity to his employers. 'I was always faithful to my ship-owners—always accounted for cargo to the last stiver.' The image of God is never wholly blotted out of the human mind.

The year 1818 witnessed two other coinages from the Waverley mint, 'Rob Roy,' and 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian,' the latter forming a second series of the Tales of My Landlord. The first of these works revived the public enthusiasm, excited by 'The Lady of the

Lake' and 'Waverley,' with respect to Highland scenery and manners. The sketches in the novel are bold and striking—bit off with the careless freedom of a master, and possessing perhaps more witchery of romantic interest than elaborate and finished pictures. The character of Bailie Nicol Jarvie was one of the author's happiest conceptions; and the idea of carrying him to the wild rugged mountains, among outlaws and desperadoes—at the same time that he retained a keen relish of the comforts of the Saltmarket of Glasgow, and a due sense of his dignity as a magistrate—completed the ludicrous effect of the picture. None of Scott's novels was more popular than 'Rob Roy,' yet, as a story, it is the worst concocted and most defective of the whole series. Its success was owing to its characters alone. Among these, however, cannot be reckoned its nominal hero, Osbaldiston, who, like Waverley, is merely a walking-gentleman. Scott's heroes, as agents in the piece, are generally inferior to his heroines. 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian' is as essentially national in spirit, language, and actors as 'Rob Roy,' but it is the nationality of the Lowlands. No other author but Scott—Galt, his best imitator in this department, would have failed—could have dwelt so long and with such circumstantial minuteness on the daily life and occurrences of a family like that of Davie Deans, the cow-feeder, without disgusting his high-bred readers with what must have seemed vulgar and uninteresting. Like Burns, he made 'rustic life and poverty'

Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Duchesses, in their halls and saloons, traced with interest and delight the pages that recorded the pious firmness and humble heroism of Jeanie Deans, and the sufferings and disgrace of her unfortunate sister; and who shall say that, in thus uniting different ranks in one bond of fellow-feeling, and exhibiting to the high and wealthy the virtues that often dwell with the lowly and obscure, Scott was not fulfilling one of the loftiest and most sacred missions upon earth!

A story of still more sustained and overwhelming pathos is 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' published in 1819 in conjunction with 'The Legend of Montrose,' and both forming a third series of Tales of My Landlord. 'The Bride' is one of the most finished of Scott's tales, presenting a unity and entireness of plot and action, as if the whole were bound together by that dreadful destiny which hangs over the principal actors, and impels them irresistibly to destruction. 'In this tale,' says Macaulay, 'above other modern productions, we see embodied the dark spirit of fatalism—that spirit which breathes in the writings of the Greek tragedians when they traced the persecuting vengeance of Destiny against the houses of Laius and of Atreus. Their mantle was for a while worn unconsciously by him who shewed to us Macbeth; and here again, in the deepening gloom of this tragic tale, we feel the oppressive influence of this invisible power. From the time we hear the prophetic rhymes, the spell has

begun its work, and the clouds of misfortune blacken round us; and the fated course moves solemnly onward, irresistible and unerring as the progress of the sun, and soon to end in a night of horror. We remember no other tale in which not doubt, but certainty, forms the groundwork of our interest.' If Shakspeare was unconscious of the classic fatalism he depicted with such unrivalled power, Scott was probably as ignorant of any such premeditation and design. Both followed the received traditions of their country, and the novelist, we know, composed his work in intervals of such acute suffering, allayed only by the most violent remedies, that on his recovery, after the novel had been printed, he recollected nothing but the mere outline of his story, with which he had been familiar from his youth. He had entirely forgotten what he dictated from his sick-bed. The main incident, however, was of a nature likely to make a strong impression on his mind, and to this we must impute the grand simplicity and seeming completeness of art in the management of the fable. The character of the old butler, Caleb Balderston, has been condemned as a ridiculous and incongruous exaggeration. We are not sure that it does not materially heighten the effect of the tragic portion of the tale, by that force of contrast which we have mentioned as one of Scott's highest attributes as a novelist. There is, however, too much of the butler, and some of his inventions are mere tricks of farce. As Shakspeare descended to quibbles and conceits, Scott loved to harp upon certain phrases—as in *Dominie Sampson*, *Bailie Nicol Jarvie*, and the dowager-lady of *Tillietudlem*—and to make his lower characters indulge in practical jokes, like those of Old Caleb and Edie Ochiltree. The proverbs of Sancho, in '*Don Quixote*,' may be thought to come under the same class of inferior resources, to be shunned rather than copied by the novelist who aims at truth and originality; but Sancho's sayings are too rich and apposite to be felt as mere surplusage. '*The Legend of Montrose*' is a brief imperfect historical novel, yet contains one of the author's most lively and amusing characters, worthy of being ranked with *Bailie Jarvie*—namely, the redoubted Ritt-master, *Dugald Dalgetty*. The union of the *soldado* with the pedantic student of *Marischal College* is a conception as original as the *Uncle Toby* of *Sterne*.

The historical romance of '*Ivanhoe*,' appeared in 1820. The scene being laid in England, and in the England of Richard I., the author had to draw largely on his fancy and invention, and was debarred those attractive auxiliaries of everyday life, speech, and manners, which had lent such a charm to his Scottish novels. Here we had the remoteness of antiquity, the old Saxon halls and feasts, the resuscitation of chivalry in all its pomp and picturesqueness, the realisation of our boyish dreams about *Cœur-de-Lion*, *Robin Hood*, and *Sherwood Forest*, with its grassy glades, and silvan sports, and impenetrable foliage. We were presented with a series of the most splendid pictures, the canvas crowded with life and action—with the

dark shades of cruelty, vice, and treason, and the brightness of heroic courage, dauntless fortitude, and uncorrupted faith and purity. The thrilling interest of the story is another of the merits of 'Ivanhoe.' In the hall of Cedric, at the tournament or siege, we never cease to watch over the fate of Rowena and the Disinherited Knight; and the steps of the gentle Rebecca—the meek yet high-souled Jewess—are traced with still deeper and holier feeling.* The whole is a grand picturesque pageant, yet full of a gentle nobleness and proud simplicity.

The next works of Scott were of a tamer cast, though his foot was on Scottish ground. 'The Monastery' and 'The Abbot,' both published in 1820, are defective in plot, and the first disfigured by absurd supernatural machinery. The character of Queen Mary in 'The Abbot' is, however, a correct and beautiful historical portrait; and the scenery in the neighbourhood of the Tweed—haunted glens and woods—is described with the author's accustomed felicity. A counterpart to Queen Mary, still more highly finished, was soon afforded in the delineation of her great rival, Elizabeth, in the romance of 'Kenilworth.' This work appeared in January 1821, and was ranked next to 'Ivanhoe.' There was a profusion of rich picturesque scenes and objects, dramatic situations, and a well-arranged, involved, yet interesting plot. None of the plots in the Waverley novels are without blemish. 'None,' as Macaulay remarks, 'have that completeness which constitutes one of the chief merits of Fielding's "Tom Jones:" there is always either an improbability, or a forced expedient, or an incongruous incident, or an unpleasant break, or too much intricacy, or a hurried conclusion; they are usually languid in the commencement and abrupt in the close; too slowly opened, and too hastily summed up.' The spirit and fidelity of the delineations, the variety of scenes, and the interest of particular passages bearing upon the principal characters, blind the reader to these defects, at least on a first perusal. This was eminently the case with 'Kenilworth;' nor did this romance, amidst all its courtly gaieties, ambition, and splendour, fail to touch the heart: the fate of Amy Robsart has perhaps drawn as many tears as the story of Rebecca. The close of the same year witnessed another romantic, though less powerful tale—'The Pirate.' In this work Scott painted the wild sea-scenery of Shet-

* Rebecca was considered by Scott himself, as well as by the public, to be his finest female character. Mr. Laidlaw, to whom part of the novel was dictated, used to speak of the strong interest which Sir Walter evinced in filling up his outline. "Well, I think I shall make something of my Jewess," said he one day. Laidlaw on another occasion said to Sir Walter that he 'found even his friend Miss Edgeworth had not such power in engaging attention. His novels had the power, beyond any other writings, of arousing the better passions and finer feelings: and the moral effect of all this, I added, when one looks forward to several generations—every one acting upon another—must be immense. I well recollect the place where we were walking at this time—on the road returning from the hill towards Abbotsford. Sir Walter was silent for a minute or two, but I observed his eyes filled with tears.'—*Abbotsford Notanda* (Chambers, 1871).

land, and gave a beautiful copy of primitive manners in the person and household of the old Udaller, Magnus Troil, and his fair daughters, Minna and Brenda. The latter are flowers too delicate for such a cold and stormy clime, but they are creations of great loveliness, and are exquisitely discriminated in their individual characters. The novel altogether opened a new world to the general reader, and was welcomed with all the zest of novelty.

Another genuine English historical romance made its appearance in May, 1822. 'The Fortunes of Nigel' afforded a complete panorama of the times of James I., executed with wonderful vigour and truth. The fullness and variety of the details shew how closely Scott had studied the annals of this period, particularly all relating to the city and the court of London. His account of Alsatia surpasses even the scenes of Ben Jonson, and the dramatic contemporaries of Ben, descriptive of similar objects; and none of his historical likenesses are more faithful, more justly drawn, or more richly coloured, than his portrait of the poor, and proud, and pedantic King James. Scott's political predilections certainly did not in this case betray him into any undue reverence for sovereignty.

In 1823, no less than three separate works of fiction were issued—'Peveril of the Peak,' 'Quentin Durward,' and 'St. Ronan's Well.' The first was a work longer than any of its predecessors, and was more than proportionally heavy in style, though evincing in parts undiminished strength and talent. 'Quentin Durward' was a bold and successful raid into French history. The delineations of Louis XI. and Charles the Bold may stand comparison with any in the whole range of fiction or history for force and discrimination. They seemed literally called up to a new existence, to play their part in another drama of life, as natural and spirit-stirring as any in which they had been actors. The French nation exulted in this new proof of the genius of Scott, and led the way in enthusiastic admiration of the work. 'St. Ronan's Well' is altogether a secondary performance of the author, though it furnishes one of his best low comic characters, Meg Dods of the Cleikum Inn. 'Redgauntlet' (1824) must be held to belong to the same class as 'St. Ronan's Well,' in spite of much vigorous writing, humorous as well as pathetic—for the career of Peter Peebles supplies both—and notwithstanding that it embodies a great deal of Scott's own personal history and experiences. The Tales of the Crusaders, published in 1825, comprised two short stories, 'The Betrothed' and 'The Talisman,' the second a highly animated and splendid Eastern romance. Shortly after this period came the calamitous wreck of Scott's fortunes—the shivering of his household gods—amidst declining health and the rapid advances of age. His novel of 'Woodstock' (1826) was hastily completed, but is not unworthy of his fame. The secret of the paternity of the novels was now divulged—how could it ever have been doubted?—and there was some satisfaction in having the acknowledgment from his

own lips, and under his own hand, ere death had broken the wand of the Magician. 'The Life of Napoleon,' in nine volumes, was the great work of 1827; but at the commencement of the following year, Scott published *The Chronicles of the Canongate*, first series, containing 'The Two Drovers,' 'The Highland Widow,' and 'The Surgeon's Daughter.' The second of these short tales is the most valuable, and is pregnant with strong pathetic interest and Celtic imagination. The preliminary introductions to the stories are all finely executed, and constitute some of the most pleasing of the author's minor contributions to the elucidation of past manners and society.

A number of literary tasks now engaged the attention of Scott, the most important of which were his 'Tales of a Grandfather,' a 'History of Scotland,' for Lardner's 'Cyclopædia,' 'Letters on Demonology,' and new introductions and notes to the collected edition of the novels. A second series of the *Chronicles of the Canongate* appeared in 1828, with only one tale, but that conceived and executed with great spirit, and in his best artistic style—'The Fair Maid of Perth.' Another romance was ready by May 1829, and was entitled 'Anne of Geierstein.' It was less energetic than the former—more like an attempt to revive old forms and images than as evincing the power to create new ones; yet there are in its pages, as Mr. Lockhart justly observes, 'occasional outbreaks of the old poetic spirit, more than sufficient to remove the work to an immeasurable distance from any of its order produced in this country in our own age. Indeed, the various play of fancy in the combination of persons and events, and the airy liveliness of both imagery and diction, may well justify us in applying to the author what he beautifully says of his King René:

A mirthful man he was; the snows of age
Fell, but they did not chill him. Gaiety,
Even in life's closing, touched his teeming brain
With such wild visions as the setting sun
Raises in front of some hoar glacier,
Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues.'

The gaiety of Scott was the natural concomitant of kindly and gentle affections, a sound judgment, and uninterrupted industry. The minds of poets, it is said, never grow old, and Scott was hopeful to the last. Disease, however, was fast undermining his strength. His last work of fiction, published in 1831, was a fourth series of *Tales of My Landlord*, containing 'Count Robert of Paris' and 'Castle Dangerous.' They were written after repeated shocks of paralysis and apoplexy, and are mere shadows of his former greatness. And with this effort closed the noble mind that had so long swayed the sceptre of romance. The public received the imperfect volumes with tenderness and indulgence, as the farewell offering of the greatest of their contemporaries—the last feeble gleams of a light soon to be extinguished:

A wandering witch-note of the distant spell;
And now 'tis silent all! Enchanter, fare-thee-well!

Quotation from works so well known, and printed in so many cheap forms, seems almost unnecessary. But we may note the wonderful success of the novels as a mercantile speculation. When Sir Walter died in 1832, and his life insurances were realised, there was still a balance due of £30,000. This debt, the publisher of Scott's works, Mr. Robert Cadell, ultimately took on himself, receiving in return the copyright of the works; and before his death in 1849, Mr. Cadell had set the estate of Abbotsford free from encumbrance, had purchased for himself a small estate (Ratho, near Edinburgh), and was able to leave to his family a fortune of about £100,000. Within the comparatively short period of twenty-two years, he had been able, as was remarked by a writer in the 'Athenæum,' to make as large a fortune through the works of one author alone as old Jacob Tonson succeeded in scraping together after fifty years' dealings with at least fifty authors, and with patent rights for government printing, which Mr. Cadell never had. Shortly before his death, Mr. Cadell sold the remainder of his copyrights to their latest possessors, Messrs. Adam Black & Co., for a sum of £17,000. The remission of the paper-duty enabled the publishers to issue the novels at a greatly reduced rate, and the sale, both in this country and America, has been immense. Millions of the sixpenny edition have been sold. The poetry of Scott, too, seems equally popular, and there has been a keen rivalry among London publishers to reproduce editions in various forms.

Sherwood Forest in the Time of Richard I.—From 'Ivanhoe.'

The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of the forest. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed, perhaps, the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious greensward; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others they receded from each other, forming those long, sweeping vistas, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself; while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of silvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discoloured light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees; and there they illuminated, in brilliant patches, the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space in the midst of this glade seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition; for on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough, unhewn stones, of large dimensions. Seven stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay some prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and, in stopping the course of a small brook which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet.

The human figures which completed this landscape were in number two, partaking, in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character which belonged to the woodlands of the West Riding of Yorkshire at that early period. The eldest of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket with sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of

some animal, on which the hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in so many places that it would have been difficult to distinguish, from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged. This primeval vestment reached from the throat to the knees, and served at once all the usual purposes of body-clothing. There was no wider opening at the collar than was necessary to admit the passage of the head, from which it may be inferred that it was put on by slipping it over the head and shoulders, in the manner of a modern shirt, or ancient hauberk. Sandals, bound with thongs made of boar's hide, protected the feet, and a roll of thin leather was twined artificially around the legs, and, ascending above the calf, left the knees bare, like those of a Scottish Highlander. To make the jacket sit yet more close to the body, it was gathered at the middle by a broad leather belt, secured by a brass buckle, to one side of which was attached a sort of scrip, and to the other a ram's horn, accoutred with a mouth-piece, for the purpose of blowing. In the same belt was stuck one of those long, broad, sharp-pointed, and two-edged knives, with a buck's-horn handle, which were fabricated in the neighbourhood, and bore even at this early period, the name of a Sheffield whittle. The man had no covering upon his head, which was only defended by his own thick hair, matted and twisted together, and scorched by the influence of the sun into a rusty, dark-red colour, forming a contrast with the overgrown beard upon his cheeks, which was rather of a yellow or amber hue. One part of his dress only remains; but it is too remarkable to be suppressed; it was a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved, in Saxon characters, an inscription of the following purport: 'Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood.'

Beside the swine-herd—for such was Gurth's occupation—was seated, upon one of the fallen Druidical monuments, a person about ten years younger in appearance, and whose dress, though resembling his companion's in form, was of better materials and a more fantastic appearance. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue, upon which there had been some attempt to paint grotesque ornaments in different colours. To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached halfway down his thigh. It was of crimson cloth though a good deal soiled, lined with bright yellow; and as he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other, or, at his pleasure, draw it all around him, its width, contrasted with its want of longitude, formed a fantastic piece of drapery. He had thin silver bracelets upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription: 'Wamba, the son of Witless, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood.' This personage had the same sort of sandals with his companion; but instead of the roll of leather thong, his legs were cased in a sort of gaiters, of which one was red and the other yellow. He was provided also with a cap, having around it more than one bell, about the size of those attached to hawks, which jingled as he turned his head to one side or other; and as he seldom remained a minute in the same posture, the sound might be considered as incessant. Around the edge of this cap was a stiff bandeau of leather, cut at the top into open work resembling a coronet; while a prolonged bag rose from within it, and fell down on one shoulder, like an old-fashioned night-cap, or a jelly-bag, or the head-gear of a modern hussar. It was to this part of the cap that the bells were attached, which circumstance, as well as the shape of his head-dress, and his own half-crazed, half-cunning expression of countenance, sufficiently pointed him out as belonging to the race of domestic clowns or jesters maintained in the houses of the wealthy, to help away the tedium of those lingering hours which they were obliged to spend within doors. He bore, like his companion, a scrip attached to his belt; but had neither horn nor knife, being probably considered as belonging to a class whom it is esteemed dangerous to entrust with edge-tools. In place of these, he was equipped with a sword of lath, resembling that with which Harlequin operates his wonders upon the modern stage.

The outward appearance of these two men formed scarce a stronger contrast than their look and demeanour. That of the serf or bondsman was sad and sullen; his aspect was bent on the ground with an appearance of deep dejection, which might be almost construed into apathy, had not the fire which occasionally sparkled in his red eye manifested that there slumbered, under the appearance of sullen despondency, a sense of oppression, and a disposition to resistance. The looks of

Wamba, on the other hand, indicated, as usual with his class, a sort of vacant curiosity and fidgety impatience of any posture of repose, together with the utmost self-satisfaction respecting his own situation, and the appearance which he made. The dialogue which they maintained between them was carried on in Anglo-Saxon, which was universally spoken by the inferior classes, excepting the Norman soldiers and the immediate personal dependents of the great feudal nobles.

The Fisherman's Funeral.—From 'The Antiquary.'

The Antiquary, being now alone, hastened his pace, and soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Mussel-Crag. They now had, in addition to their usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The boats were all drawn up on the beach; and, though the day was fine and the season favourable, the chant which is used by the fishers when at sea was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother as she sits mending her nets by the door. A few of the neighbours, some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected, stood gathered around the door of Mucklebackit's cottage, waiting till the body was lifted. As the Laird of Monkbarrow approached, they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets, as he passed, with an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

In the inside of the cottage was a scene which our Wilkie alone could have painted with that exquisite feeling of nature which characterises his enchanting productions. The body was laid in its coffin within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged, weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind, with that strong feeling of painful grief peculiar to harsh and rough characters, which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world and all that remain in it after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had been withheld only by main force from renewing them at a moment when, without the possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong towards the coffin, as to an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the necessary questions which were occasionally put to him were brief, harsh, and almost fierce. His family had not yet dared to address to him a word either of sympathy or consolation. His masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolute mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself on all ordinary occasions, was, by this great loss, terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring herself to approach him, she had that morning, with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favourite child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to push it from him with an angry violence that frightened the child; his next, to snatch up the boy, and devour him with kisses. 'Ye'll be a braw fellow, an ye be spared, Fatie; but ye'll never—never can be—what he was to me! He has sailed the coble wi' me since he was ten years auld, and there wasna the like o' him drew a net betwixt this and Buchan-ness. They say folks maun submit; I will try.' And he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer the necessary questions we have already noticed. Such was the disconsolate state of the father.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron, which was flung over it, sat the mother, the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands, and the convulsive agitations of her bosom, which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the commonplace topic of resignation under irremediable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavouring to stem the grief which they could not console. The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unusual display of wheaten bread and wine, which the poorest peasant or fisher offers to the guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their

brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendour of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air of apathy, and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle; then to look towards her bosom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside. She would then cast her eyes about, as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appear struck by the black colour of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded. Then finally, she would raise her head with a ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her inexpressible calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief, seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word, neither had she shed a tear, nor did one of the family understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle around her. Thus, she sat among the funeral assembly like a connecting link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed—a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadows of death.

When Oldbuck entered this house of mourning, he was received by a general and silent inclination of the head, and, according to the fashion of Scotland on such occasions, wine and spirits were offered round to the guests. . . . At this moment the clergyman entered the cottage. . . . He had no sooner entered the hut, and received the mute and melancholy salutations of the company whom it contained, than he edged himself towards the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavor to slide in a few words of condolence or of consolation. But the old man was incapable as yet of receiving either; he nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledgement of his good intentions, but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply.

The minister next passed to the mother, moving along the floor as slowly, silently, and gradually as if he had been afraid that the ground would, like unsafe ice, break beneath his feet, or that the first echo of a footstep was to dissolve some magic spell, and plunge the hut, with all its inmates, into a subterranean abyss. The tenor of what he had said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, as, half stifled by sobs ill-repressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she faintly answered at each pause in his speech: 'Yes, sir, yes!—Ye're very gude—ye're very gude!—Nae doubt, nae doubt! It's our duty to submit! But, O dear! my poor Steenie! the pride o' my very heart, that was sae handsome and comely, and a help to his family, and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookit on him! O my bairn! my bairn! my bairn! what for is thou lying there! and eh! what for am I left to greet for ye!'

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldbuck had repeated recourse to his snuff-box to conceal the tears which, despite his shrewd and caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female assistants whimpered, the men held their bonnets to their faces and apoke apart with each other. . . .

Mr. Oldbuck observed to the clergyman, that it was time to proceed with the ceremony. The father was incapable of giving directions, but the nearest relation of the family made a sign to the carpenter, who in such cases goes through the duty of the undertaker, to proceed with his office. The creak of the screw-nails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant. The last act which separates us for ever, even from the mortal relics of the person we assemble to mourn, has usually its effect upon the most indifferent, selfish, and hard-hearted. With a spirit of contradiction, which we may be pardoned for esteeming narrow-minded, the fathers of the Scottish kirk rejected, even on this most solemn occasion, the form of an address to the Divinity, lest they should be thought to countenance the rituals of Rome or of England. With much better and more liberal judgment, it is the present practice of most of the Scottish clergymen to seize this opportunity of offering a prayer and exhortation, suitable to make an impression upon the living, while they are yet in the very presence of the relics of him whom they have but lately seen such as themselves.

The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon handspikes by the nearest relatives, now only waited the father, to support the head as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he answered only by shaking his hand and his head in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment, the friends, who considered this as an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency towards the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request, had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors, and informed them, that he himself as landlord and master to the deceased, 'would carry his head to the grave.' In spite of the sorrowful occasion the hearts of the relatives swelled within them at so marked a distinction on the part of the Laird; and old Alison Breck, who was present among other fish-women, swore almost aloud, 'His honour Monkbarrow should never want six wairp of oysters in the season [of which fish he was understood to be fond], if she should gang to sea and dredge for them hersel, in the foulest wind that ever blew.' And such is the temper of the Scottish common people, that, by this instance of compliance with their customs, and respect for their persons, Mr. Oldbuck gained more popularity than by all the sums which he had yearly distributed in the parish for purposes of private or general charity.

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by the beades, or sannies, with their batons—miserable-looking old men, tottering as if on the edge of that grave to which they were marshalling another, and clad, according to Scottish guise, with threadbare black coats, and hunting-caps decorated with rusty crape. Monkbarrow would probably have remonstrated against this superfluous expense, had he been consulted; but, in doing so, he would have given more offence than he gained popularity by condescending to perform the office of chief-mourner. Of this he was quite aware, and wisely withheld rebuke, where rebuke and advice would have been equally unavailing. In truth, the Scottish peasantry are still infected with that rage for funeral ceremonial, which once distinguished the grandees of the kingdom so much, that a sumptuary law was made by the parliament of Scotland for the purpose of restraining it; and I have known many in the lowest stations, who have denied themselves not merely the comforts, but almost the necessities of life, in order to save such a sum of money as might enable their surviving friends to bury them like Christians, as they termed it, nor could their faithful executors be prevailed upon, though equally necessitous, to turn to the use and maintenance of the living, the money vainly wasted upon the interment of the dead.

The procession to the church-yard, at about half a mile's distance, was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these occasions—the body was consigned to its parent earth—and when the labour of the grave-diggers had filled up the trench, and covered it with fresh sod, Mr. Oldbuck, taking his hat off, saluted the assistants, who had stood by in mournful silence, and with that adieu dispersed the mourners.

A Stormy Sunset by the Seaside—From the 'Antiquary.'

The sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled the live-long day, and which now assembled on all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendour gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapours, forming out of the unsubstantial gloom the show of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid coloring of the clouds amidst which he was setting. Nearer to the beach, the tide rippled onward in waves of sparkling silver, that imperceptibly, yet rapidly, gained upon the sand.

With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps on some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point of headland or rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron-bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock bay dreaded by pilots and ship-masters. The crags which rose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of

two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter to unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietude and fear. The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to arise; but its wild and moaning sound was heard some time, and its effect became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder.

Jeanie Deans and Queen Caroline.—From 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian.'

The queen seemed to acquiesce, and the duke made a signal for Jeanie to advance from the spot where she had hitherto remained, watching countenances which were too long accustomed to suppress all apparent signs of emotion, to convey to her any interesting intelligence. Her majesty could not help smiling at the awe-struck manner in which the quiet, demure figure of the little Scotchwoman advanced towards her, and yet more at the first sound of her broad northern accent. But Jeanie had a voice low and sweetly toned, an admirable thing in woman, and she besought 'her leddyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature,' in tones so affecting, that, like the notes of some of her native songs, provincial vulgarity was lost in pathos.

'Stand up, young woman,' said the queen, but in a kind tone, 'and tell me what sort of a barbarous people your country-folk are, where child-murder is become so common as to require the restraint of laws like yours.'

'If your leddyship pleases,' answered Jeanie, 'there are many places besides Scotland where mothers are unkind to their ain flesh and blood.'

It must be observed that the disputes between George II. and Frederick, Prince of Wales, were then at the highest, and that the good-natured part of the public laid the blame on the queen. She coloured highly, and darted a glance of a most penetrating character, first at Jeanie, and then at the duke. Both sustained it unmoved; Jeanie from total unconsciousness of the offence she had given, and the duke from his habitual composure. But in his heart he thought, 'My unlucky *protégée* has with this luckless answer shot dead, by a kind of chance-medley, her only hope of success.'

Lady Suffolk, good-humouredly and skilfully interposed in this awkward crisis. 'You should tell this lady,' she said to Jeanie, 'the particular causes which render this crime common in your country.'

'Some thinks it's the Kirk-session—that is—it's the—the—it's the cutty-stool, if your leddyship pleases,' said Jeanie, looking down and courtesying.

'The what?' said Lady Suffolk, to whom the phrase was new, and who besides was rather deaf.

'That's the stool of repentance, madam, if it please your leddyship,' answered Jeanie, 'for light life and conversation, and for breaking the seventh command.' Here she raised her eyes to the duke, saw his hand at his chin, and, totally unconscious of what she had said out of joint, gave double effect to the innuendo, by stopping short and looking embarrassed.

As for Lady Suffolk, she retired like a covering party, which, having interposed betwixt their retreating friends and the enemy, have suddenly drawn on themselves a fire unexpectedly severe.

The deuce take the lass, thought the Duke of Argyll to himself; there goes another shot, and she has hit with both barrels right and left!

Indeed the duke had himself his share of the confusion, for, having acted as master of ceremonies to this innocent offender, he felt much in the circumstances of a country squire, who, having introduced his spaniel into a well-appointed drawing-room, is doomed to witness the disorder and damage which arises to china and to dress-gowns, in consequence of its untimely frolics. Jeanie's last chance-hit, however, obliterated the ill impression which had arisen from the first; for her majesty had not so lost the feelings of a wife in those of a queen, but that she could

enjoy a jest at the expense of 'her good Suffolk.' She turned towards the Duke of Argyle with a smile, which marked that she enjoyed the triumph, and observed, 'The Scotch are a rigidly moral people.' Then, again applying herself to Jeanie, she asked how she travelled up from Scotland.

'Upon my foot mostly, madam,' was the reply.

'What, all that immense way upon foot? How far can you walk in a day?'

'Five-and-twenty miles and a bittock.'

'And a what?' said the queen, looking towards the Duke of Argyle.

'And about five miles more,' replied the duke.

'I thought I was a good walker,' said the queen, 'but this shames me sadly.'

'May your leddyship never hae sae weary a heart, that ye canna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs,' said Jeanie.

That came better off, thought the duke; it 's the first thing she has said to the purpose.

'And I didna just a'thegither walk the baill way neither, for I had whiles the cast of a cart; and, I had the cast of a horse from Ferrybridge—and divers other easements,' said Jeanie, cutting short her story, for she observed the duke made the sign he had fixed upon.

'With all these accomodations,' answered the queen, 'you must have had a very fatiguing journey, and, I fear, to little purpose; since, if the king were to pardon your sister, in all probability it would do her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite.'

She will sink herself now outright, thought the duke.

But he was wrong. The shoals on which Jeanie had touched in this delicate conversation lay underground, and were unknown to her; this rock was above water, and she avoided it.

'She was confident,' she said, 'that baith town and country wad rejoice to see his majesty taking compassion on a poor unfriended creature.'

'His majesty has not found it so in a late instance,' said the queen; 'but I suppose my lord duke would advise him to be guided by the votes of the rabble themselves, who should be hanged and who spared?'

'No, madam,' said the duke, 'but I would advise his majesty to be guided by his own feelings, and those of his royal consort; and then I am sure punishment will only attach itself to guilt, and even then with cautious reluctance.'

'Well, my Lord,' said her majesty, 'all these fine speeches do not convince me of the propriety of so soon shewing any mark of favour to you—I suppose I must not say rebellious?—but, at least, your very disaffected and intractable metropolis. Why, the whole nation is in a league to screen the savage and abominable murderers of that unhappy man; otherwise, how is it possible but that, of so many perpetrators, and engaged in so public an action for such a length of time, one at least must have been recognised? Even this wench, for aught I can tell, may be a depository of the secret.—Hark you, young woman, had you any friends engaged in the Porteous mob?'

'No, madam,' answered Jeanie, happy that the question was so framed that she could, with a good conscience, answer it in the negative.

'But I suppose,' continued the queen, 'if you were possessed of such a secret, you would hold it a matter of conscience to keep it to yourself?'

'I would pray to be directed and guided what was the line of duty, madam,' answered Jeanie.

'Yes, and take that which suited your own inclinations,' replied her majesty.

'If it like you, madam,' said Jeanie, 'I would hae gaen to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition; but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gane to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister, my puir sister, Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered! She still lives, and a word of the king's mouth might restore to her a broken-hearted auld man, that never in his daily and nightly exercise forgot to pray that his majesty might be blessed with a long and prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O madam, if ever ye kend what it was to sorrow or and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can

be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery!—Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrongs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your ledlyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours!—Oh, my ledly, then it isna what we hae dune for onyselfes, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the pair thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the hail Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow.'

Tear fulled tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn.

'This is eloquence,' said her majesty to the Duke of Argyle. 'Young woman,' she continued, addressing herself to Jeanie, 'I cannot grant a pardon to your sister, but you shall not want my warm intercession with his majesty. Take this housewife case,' she continued, putting a small embroidered needle-case into Jeanie's hands; 'do not open it now, but at your leisure—you will find something in it which will remind you that you have had an interview with Queen Caroline.'

Jeanie, having her suspicions thus confirmed, dropped on her knees, and would have expanded herself in gratitude: but the duke, who was upon thorns lest she should say more or less than just enough, touched his chin once more.

'Our business is, I think, ended for the present, my lord duke,' said the queen, 'and, I trust, to your satisfaction. Hereafter I hope to see your grace more frequently, both at Richmond and St. James's. Come, Lady Suffolk, we must wish his grace good-morning.'

They exchanged their parting reverences, and the duke, so soon as the ladies had turned their backs, assisted Jeanie to rise from the ground, and conducted her back through the avenue, which she trod with the feeling of one who walks in her sleep.

Storming of Front-de-Bœuf's Castle.—From 'Ivanhoe.'

'And I must lie here like a bed-ridden monk,' exclaimed Ivanhoe, 'while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm.'

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

'What dost thou see, Rebecca?' again demanded the wounded knight.

'Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them.'

'That cannot endure,' said Ivanhoe; 'if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be.'

'I see him not,' said Rebecca.

'Foul craven!' exclaimed Ivanhoe; 'does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?'

'He blenches not! he blenches not!' said Rebecca; 'I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.—They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes.—His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain.—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!'

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

'Look forth again, Rebecca,' said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; 'the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand.—Look again; there is now less danger.'

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed: 'Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife.—Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!' She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed: 'He is down!—he is down!'

'Who is down?' cried Ivanhoe; 'for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?'

'The Black Knight,' answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness: 'But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!'

'Front-de-Bœuf?' exclaimed Ivanhoe.

'Front-de-Bœuf!' answered the Jewess; 'his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause. They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls.'

'The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?' said Ivanhoe.

'They have—they have!' exclaimed Rebecca—and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they hear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!'

'Think not of that,' said Ivanhoe; 'this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield?—who push their way?'

'The ladders are thrown down,' replied Rebecca, shuddering; 'the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles. The besieged have the better.'

'Saint George strikes for us!' exclaimed the knight; 'do the false yeomen give way?'

'No!' exclaimed Rebecca; 'they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are haled down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!'

'By Saint John of Acre,' said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, 'methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!'

'The postern gate shakes,' continued Rebecca; 'it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won. O God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!'

'The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?' exclaimed Ivanhoe.

'No,' replied Rebecca; 'the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle.'

JOHN GALT.

JOHN GALT, author of 'The Annals of the Parish' and other novels which are valuable as reflecting the peculiarities of Scottish life and manners 'sixty years since,' was a native of Irvine, in Ayrshire. He was born on the 2d of May, 1779. His father commanded a West India vessel; and when the embryo novelist was in his eleventh year,

the family went to live permanently at Greenock. Here Galt resided fourteen or fifteen years, displaying no marked proficiency at school, but evincing a predilection for poetry, music, and mechanics. He was placed in the custom-house at Greenock, and continued at the desk till about the year 1804, when, without any fixed pursuit, he went to London to 'push his fortune.' He had written a sort of epic poem on the Battle of Largs, and this he committed to the press; but conscious of its imperfections, he did not prefix his name to the work, and he almost immediately suppressed it. Galt then formed an unfortunate commercial connection, which lasted three years, on the termination of which he entered himself of Lincoln's Inn, with the view of being in due time called to the bar. Happening to visit Oxford in company with some friends, he conceived, while standing with them in the quadrangle of Christ-church, the design of writing a *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*. He set about the task with ardour; but his health failing, he went abroad. At Gibraltar, Galt met with Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse, then embarked on their tour for Greece, and the three sailed in the same packet. Galt resided some time in Sicily, then repaired to Malta, and afterwards proceeded to Greece, where he again met with Byron, and also had an interview with Ali Pacha. After rambling for some time among the classic scenes of Greece, Galt proceeded to Constantinople, thence to Nicomedia, and northwards to Kirpe, on the shores of the Black Sea. Some commercial speculations as to the practicability of landing British goods in defiance of the Berlin and Milan decrees, prompted these unusual wanderings. At one time, when detained by quarantine, Galt wrote or sketched six dramas, which were afterwards published in a volume, constituting, according to Sir Walter Scott, 'the worst tragedies ever seen.' On his return he published his '*Voyages and Travels*,' and '*Letters from the Levant*,' which were well received.

Galt next repaired to Gibraltar, to conduct a commercial business which it was proposed to establish there, but the design was defeated by the success of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula. He explored France to see if an opening could be found there, but no prospect appeared, and returning to England, he contributed some dramatic pieces to the New British Theatre. One of these, '*The Appeal*,' was brought out at the Edinburgh theatre in 1818, and performed four nights, Sir Walter Scott having written an epilogue for the play. Among Galt's more elaborate compositions may be mentioned a '*Life of Benjamin West*,' the artist, '*Historical Pictures*,' '*The Wandering Jew*,' and '*The Earthquake*,' a novel in three volumes. He wrote for '*Blackwood's Magazine*' in 1820, '*The Ayrshire Legatees*,' a series of letters containing an amusing Scottish narrative. His next work was '*The Annals of the Parish*?' (1821), which instantly became popular. It is worthy of remark that '*The Annals*' had been written some ten or twelve years before the date of

its publication, and anterior to the appearance of 'Waverley' and 'Guy Mannering,' and that it was rejected by the publishers of those works, with the assurance that a novel or work of fiction entirely Scottish would not take with the public! Galt went on with his usual ardour in the composition of Scotch novels. He ad now found where his strength lay, and 'Sir Andrew Wylie,' 'The Entail,' 'The Steam-boat,' and 'The Provost,' were successively published—the first two with decided success. These were followed at no long intervals by 'Ringan Gilhaize,' a story of the Scottish Covenanters; by 'The Spaewife,' a tale of the times of James I. of Scotland; and 'Roethelan,' a novel partly historical, founded on the work by Barnes on the Life and Reign of Edward I. Galt also published, anonymously, in 1824, an interesting imaginative little tale, 'The Omen,' which was reviewed by Sir Walter Scott in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' In fertility, Galt was only surpassed by Scott. His genius was unequal, and he does not seem to have been able to discriminate between the good and the bad. We next find Galt engaged in the formation and establishment of the Canada Company, which involved him in a long labyrinth of troubles; but previous to his departure, Galt composed his novel, 'The Last of the Lairds,' also descriptive of Scottish life.

He set out for America in 1826, his mission being limited to inquiry, for accomplishing which eight months were allowed. His duties, however, were increased, and his stay prolonged, by the numerous offers to purchase lots of land, and for determining on the system of management to be pursued by the Company. A million of capital had been intrusted to his management. On the 23d of April (St. George's Day) 1827, Galt proceeded to found the town of Guelph, in the Upper Province of Canada, which he did with due ceremony. The site selected for the town having been pointed out, 'a large maple tree,' he says, 'was chosen; on which, taking an axe from one of the woodmen, I struck the first stroke. To me, at least, the moment was impressive; and the silence of the woods that echoed to the sound was as the sigh of the solemn genius of the wilderness departing for ever.' The city soon prospered: in three months upwards of 160 building-lots were engaged, and houses rising as fast as building materials could be prepared. Before the end of the year, however, the founder of the city was embroiled in difficulties. Some secret enemies had misrepresented him—he was accused of lowering the Company's stock—his expenditure was complained of; and the Company sent out an accountant to act not only in that capacity but as cashier. Matters came to a crisis, and Galt determined to return to England. Ample testimony has been borne to the skill and energy with which he conducted the operations of this Company; but his fortune and his prospects had fled. Thwarted and depressed, he was resolved to battle with his fate, and he set himself down in England to build a new scheme of life, 'in which the secondary condition of

authorship was made primary.' In six months Galt had six volumes ready. His first work was another novel in three volumes, 'Lawrie Todd,' which is equal to 'The Annals of the Parish or the Entail.' It was well received; and he soon after produced another, descriptive of the customs and manners of Scotland in the reign of Queen Mary, and entitled 'Southennan.'

For a short time in the same year (1830) Galt conducted the 'Courier' newspaper, but this new employment did not suit him, and he gladly left the daily drudgery to complete a 'Life of Byron.' The comparative brevity of this memoir (one small volume), the name of Galt as its author, and the interesting nature of the subject, soon sold three or four editions of the work; but it was sharply assailed by the critics. Some of the positions taken up by the author (as that, 'had Byron not been possessed of genius, he might have been a better man'), and some quaintness and affectation of expression, exposed him to ridicule. Galt next executed a series of 'Lives of the Players,' an amusing compilation; and 'Bogle Corbet,' another novel, the object of which, he said, was to give a view of society generally, as 'The Provost,' was of burgh incidents simply, and of the sort of *genteel* persons who are sometimes found among the emigrants to the United States. Disease now invaded the robust frame of the novelist; but he wrote on, and in a short time four other works of fiction issued from his pen—'Stanley Buxton,' 'The Member,' 'The Radical,' and 'Eben Erskine.' In 1832, an affection of the spine and an attack resembling paralysis, greatly reduced Galt, and subjected him to acute pain. Next year, however, he was again at the press. His work was a tale, entitled 'The Lost Child.' He also composed a Memoir of his own life in two volumes—a curious ill-digested melange, but worthy of perusal. In 1834 he published 'Literary Miscellanies,' in three volumes, dedicated to King William IV., who generously sent a sum of £200 to the author. He returned to his native country a perfect wreck, the victim of repeated attacks of paralysis; yet he wrote several pieces for periodical works, and edited the productions of others. After severe and protracted sufferings, borne with great firmness and patience, Galt died at Greenock on the 11th of April 1839.

Of the long list of our author's works, the greater part are already forgotten. Not a few of his novels, however, bid fair to be permanent, and 'The Annals of the Parish' will probably be read as long as 'Waverley' or 'Guy Mannering.' This inimitable little tale is the simple record of a country minister during the fifty years of his incumbency. Besides many amusing and touching incidents, the work presents us with a picture of the rise and progress of a Scottish rural village, and its transition to a manufacturing town, as witnessed by the minister, a man as simple as Abraham Adams, imbued with all old-fashioned national feelings and prejudices, but thoroughly sincere, kind-hearted, and pious. This Presbyterian worthy, the

Rev. Micah Balwhidder, is a fine representative of the primitive Scottish pastor; diligent, blameless, loyal, and exemplary in his life, but without the fiery zeal and 'kirk-filling eloquence' of the supporters of the Covenant. Micah is easy, garrulous, fond of a quiet joke, and perfectly ignorant of the world. Little things are great to him in his retirement and his simplicity; and thus we find him chronicling, among his memorable events, the arrival of a dancing-master, the planting of a pear-tree, the getting a new bell for the kirk, the first appearance of Punch's Opera in the country-side, and other incidents of a like nature, which he mixes up indiscriminately with the breaking out of the American war, the establishment of manufactures, or the spread of French Revolutionary principles. Amidst the quaint humour and shrewd observation of honest Micah are some striking and pathetic incidents. Mrs. Malcolm, the widow of a Clyde shipmaster, comes to settle in his village; and being 'a genty body, calm, and methodical,' she brought up her children in a superior manner, and they all get on in the world. One of them becomes a sailor; and there are few more touching narratives in the language than the account of this cheerful, gallant-hearted lad, from his first setting off to sea, to his death as a midshipman in an engagement with the French. Taken altogether, this work of Galt's is invaluable for its truth and nature, its quiet unforced humour and pathos, its genuine nationality as a faithful record of Scottish feeling and manners, and its rich felicity of homely antique Scottish phrase and expression, which to his countrymen is perhaps the crowning excellence of the author.

In the following passage, the placing of Mr. Balwhidder as minister of Dalmailing is admirably described:

Placing of a Scottish Minister.

It was a great affair; for I was put in by the patron, and the people knew nothing whatsoever of me, and their hearts were stirred into strife on the occasion, and they did all that lay within the compass of their power to keep me out, inasmuch that there was obliged to be a guard of soldiers to protect the presbytery; and it was a thing that made my heart grieve when I heard the drum beating and the fife playing as we were going to the kirk. The people were really mad and vicious, and flung dirt upon us as we passed, and reviled us all, and held out the finger of scorn at me; but I endured it with a resigned spirit, compassionating their wilfulness and blindness. Poor old Mr. Kilfuddy of the Braehill got such a clash of glaur [mire] on the side of his face, that his eye was almost extinguished.

When we got to the kirk door, it was found to be nailed up, so as by no possibility to be opened. The sergeant of the soldiers wanted to break it, but I was afraid that the heritors would grudge and complain of the expense of a new door, and I supplicated him to let it be as it was; we were therefore obliged to go in by a window, and the crowd followed us in the most unreverent manner, making the Lord's house like an inn on a fair-day with their grievous jelly-hooping. During the time of the psalm and the sermon they behaved themselves better, but when the induction came on, their clamour was dreadful; and Thomas Thorl, the weaver, a pious zealot in that time, got up and protested, and said: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.' And I thought I would have a hard and sore time of it with such an outstrapolous people. Mr. Given, that was then the minister, of Lugton, was a jocose man, and would have his joke even at a solemnity. When the

laying of the hands upon me was a doing, he could not get near enough to put on his, but he stretched out his staff and touched my head, and said, to the great diversion of the rest : ' This will do well enough—timber to timber : ' but it was an unfriendly saying of Mr. Given, considering the time and the place, and the temper of my people.

After the ceremony we then got out at the window, and it was a heavy day to me ; but we went to the manse, and there we had an excellent dinner, which Mrs. Watts of the new inn of Irvine prepared at my request, and sent her chaise-driver to serve, for he was likewise her waiter, she having then but one chaise, and that not often called for.

But although my people received me in this unruly manner, I was resolved to cultivate civility among them ; and therefore the very next morning I began a round of visitations ; but oh ! it was a steep brae that I had to climb, and it needed a stout heart, for I found the doors in some places barred against me ; in others, the bairns, when they saw me coming, ran crying to their mothers : ' Here's the feckless Mess-John : ' and then, when I went in into the houses, their parents would not ask me to sit down, but with a scornful way said : ' Honest man, what's your pleasure here ? ' Nevertheless, I walked about from door to door, like a dejected beggar, till I got the alms-deed of a civil reception, and—who would have thought it !—from no less a person than the same Thomas Thorl, that was so bitter against me in the kirk on the foregoing day.

Thomas was standing at the door with his green duffle apron and his red Kilmarnock night-cap—I mind him as well as if it was but yesterday—and he had seen me going from house to house, and in what manner I was rejected, and his bowels were moved, and he said to me in a kind manner : ' Come in, sir, and ease yourself ; this will never do ; the clergy are God's corbies, and for their Master's sake it behooves us to respect them. There was no ane in the whole parish mair against you than mysel', but this early visitation is a symptom of grace that I couldna have expectit from a bird out of the nest of patronage.' I thanked Thomas, and went in with him, and we had some solid conversation together, and I told him that it was not so much the pastor's duty to feed the flock, as to herd them well ; and that, although there might be some abler with the head than me, there wasna a he within the bounds of Scotland more willing to watch the fold by night and by day. And Thomas said he had not heard a mair sound observe for some time, and that if I held to that doctrine in the poopit, it wouldna be lang till I would work a change. ' I was mindit,' quoth he, ' never to set my foot within the kirk door while you were there : but to testify, and no to condemn without a trial, I'll be there next Lord's day, and egg my neighbours to be likewise, so ye'll no have to preach just to the bare walls and the laird's family.'

'The Ayrshire Legatees' is a story of the same cast as 'The Annals,' and describes (chiefly by means of correspondence) the adventures of another country minister and his family on a journey to London to obtain a rich legacy left him by a cousin in India. 'The Provost' is another portraiture of Scottish life, illustrative of the jealousies, contentions, local improvements, and *jobbery* of a small burgh in the olden time. Some of the descriptions in this work are very powerfully written. 'Sir Andrew Wylie' and 'The Entail' are more regular and ambitious performances, treble the length of the others, but not so carefully finished. The *parodie* Ayrshire baronet is humorous, but not very natural. The character of Leddy Grippy in 'The Entail' was a prodigious favourite with Byron. Both Scott and Byron, it is said, read this novel three times—no slight testimony to its merits. We should be disposed, however, to give the preference to another of Galt's three-volume fictions, 'Lawrie Todd, or the Settlers,' a work which seems to have no parallel, since Defoe, for apparent reality, knowledge of human nature, and fertility of in-

vention. The history of a real individual, a man named Grant Thorburn, supplied the author with part of his incidents, as the story of Alexander Selkirk did Defoe; but the mind and the experience of Galt are stamped on almost every page. In his former productions our author wrought with his recollections of the Scotland of his youth; the mingled worth, simplicity, *paucity*, and enthusiasm which he had seen or heard of as he loitered about Irvine or Greenock, or conversed with the country sires and matrons; but in 'Lawrie Todd' we have the fruit of his observations in the New World, presenting an entirely different and original phase of the Scottish character.

Lawrie is by trade a nailmaker, who emigrates with his brother to America; and their stock of worldly goods and riches, on arriving at New York, consisted of about five shillings in money, and an old chest containing some articles of dress and other necessaries. Lawrie works hard at the nailmaking, marries a pious and industrious maiden—who soon dies—and in time becomes master of a grocer's shop, which he exchanges for the business of a seedsman. The latter is a bad affair, and Laurie is compelled to sell all off, and begin the world again. He removes with his family to the backwoods, and once more is prosperous. He clears, builds, purchases land, and speculates to great advantage, till he is at length enabled to return to Scotland in some style, and visit the place of his nativity. This Scottish jaunt is a blemish in the work, for the incidents and descriptions are ridiculously exaggerated. But nothing can be better than the account of the early struggles of this humble hero—the American sketches of character with which the work abounds—the view it gives of life in the backwoods—or the peculiar *freshness* and vigor that seem to accompany every scene and every movement of the story. In perception of character and motive, within a certain sphere, Galt stands unsurpassed; and he has energy as well as quickness. His taste, however, was very defective; and this, combined with the hurry and uncertainty of his latter days, led him to waste his original powers on subjects unfitted for his pen, and injurious to his reputation. The story of his life is a melancholy one; his genius was an honour to his country, and merited a better reward.

The Windy Yule, or Christmas.—From 'The Provost.'

In the morning, the weather was blasty and sleety, waxing more and more tempestuous until about mid-day, when the wind checked suddenly round from the nor-east to the sou-west, and blew a gale, as if the Prince of the powers of the air was doing his utmost to work mischief. The rain blattered, the windos clattered, the shop shutters flapped, pigs from the lum-heads came rattling down like thunder-claps, and the skies were dismal both with cloud and carry. Yet for all that, there was in the streets a stir and a busy visitation between neighbours, and every one went to their high windows, to look at the five poor barks that were warsling against the strong arm of the elements of the storm and the ocean.

Still the lift gloomed, and the wind roared; and it was as doleful a sight as ever was seen in any town afflicted with calamity, to see the sailors' wives, with their red cloaks about their heads, followed by their hirpling and disconsolate bairns, going one after another to the kirk-yard, to look at the vessels

where their helpless bread-winners were battling with the tempest. My heart was really sorrowful, and full of a sore anxiety to think of what might happen to the town, whereof so many were in peril, and to whom no human magistracy could extend the arm of protection. Seeing no abatement of the wrath of heaven, that howled and roared around us, I put on my big coat, and taking my staff in my hand, having tied down my hat with a silk handkerchief, towards gloaming I walked likewise to the kirkyard, where I beheld such an assemblage of sorrow, as few men in my situation have ever been put to the trial to witness.

In the lee of the kirk many hundreds of the town were gathered together; but there was no discourse among them. The major part were sailors' wives and weans, and at every new thud of the blast, a sob rose, and the mothers drew their bairns closer in about them, as if they saw the visible hand of a foe raised to smite them. Apart from the multitude, I observed three or four young lasses, standing behind the Whinnyhill families' tomb, and I jaloused that they had joes in the ships, for they often looked to the bay, with long necks and sad faces, from behind the monument. But of all the pitious objects there on that doleful evening, none troubled my thoughts more than three motherless children, that belonged to the mate of one of the vessels in the jeopardy. He was an Englishman that had been settled some years in the town, where his family had neither kith nor kin; and his wife having died about a month before, the bairns, of whom the eldest was but nine or so, were friendless enough, though both my gudewife, and other well-disposed ladies, paid them all manner of attention, till their father would come home. The three poor little things, knowing that he was in one of the ships, had been often out and anxious, and they were then sitting under the lee of a headstone, near their mother's grave, chattering and creeping closer and closer at every squall! Never was such an orphan-like sight seen.

When it began to be so dark that the vessels could no longer be discerned from the churchyard, many went down to the shore, and I took the three babies home with me, and Mrs. Pawkie made tea for them, and they soon began to play with our own younger children, in blithe forgetfulness of the storm; every now and then, however, the eldest of them, when the shutters rattled, and the lum-head roared, would pause in his innocent daffing, and cower in towards Mrs. Pawkie, as if he was daunted and dismayed by something he knew not what.

Many a one that night walked the sounding shore in sorrow, and fires were lighted along it to a great extent, but the darkness and the noise of the raging deep, and the howling wind, never intermitted till about midnight; at which time a message was brought to me, that it might be needful to send a guard of soldiers to the beach, for that broken masts and tackle had come in, and that surely some of the barks had perished. I lost no time in obeying this suggestion, which was made to me by one of the owners of the *Louping Meg*; and to shew that I sincerely sympathised with all those in affliction, I rose and dressed myself, and went down to the shore, where I directed several old boats to be drawn up by the fires, and blankets to be brought, and cordials prepared, for them that might be spared with life to reach the land; and I walked the beach with the mourners till the morning.

As the day dawned, the wind began to abate in its violence, and to wear away from the sou-west into the norit; but it was soon discovered that some of the vessels with the corn had perished; for the first thing seen was a long fringe of tangle and grain, along the line of the high-water mark, and every one strained with greedy and grieved eyes, as the daylight brightened, to discover which had suffered. But I can proceed no further with the dismal recital of that doleful morning. Let it suffice here to be known, that, through the haze, we at last saw three of the vessels lying on their beam-ends, with their masts broken, and the waves riding like the furious horses of destruction over them. What had become of the other two, was never known; but it was supposed that they had foundered at their anchors, and that all on board perished.

The day being now Sabbath, and the whole town idle, everybody in a manner was down on the beach, to help and mourn, as the bodies, one after another, were cast out by the waves. Alas! few were the better of my provident preparation; and it was a thing not to be described, to see, for more than a mile along the coast, the new-made widows and fatherless bairns mourning and weeping over the corpses of those they loved. Seventeen bodies were, before ten o'clock, carried to the desolated dwell-

ings of their families; and when old Thomas Pull, the betherest, went to ring the bell for public worship, such was the universal sorrow of the town, that Nanse Donsie, an idiot natural, ran up the street to stop him, crying, in the voice of a pardonable desperation: 'Wha, in sic a time, can praise the Lord!'

THOMAS HOPE.

THOMAS HOPE (1770-1831), the author of '*Anastasius*,' was one of the merchant-princes whom commerce led to opulence, and who repaid the compliment by ennobling his origin and pursuits with taste, munificence, and genius. He was one of three brothers, wealthy merchants in Amsterdam. When a young man, he spent some years in foreign travel, visiting the principal places in Europe, Asia, and Africa. On his return he settled in London, purchased a large house and a country mansion (Deepdene, near Dorking), and embellished both with drawings, picture-galleries, sculpture, amphitheatres for antiques, and all other rare and costly appliances. His appearances as an author arose out of these favourite occupations and studies. In 1805, he published a folio volume of drawings and descriptions, entitled '*Household Furniture and Decorations*.' The ambitious style of this work, and the author's devotion to the forms of chairs, sofas, couches, and tables, provoked a witty piece of ridicule in the '*Edinburgh Review*;' but the man of taste and virtue triumphed. A more classical and appropriate style of furniture and domestic utensils gained ground; and with Mr. Hope rests the honour of having achieved the improvement. Two other splendid publications proceeded from Mr. Hope, '*The Costume of the Ancients*' (1800), and '*Designs of Modern Costumes*' (1812), both works evincing extensive knowledge and curious research.

In 1819, Mr. Hope burst forth as a novelist of the first order. He had studied human nature as well as architecture and costume, and his early travels had exhibited to him men of various creeds and countries. The result was, '*Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Modern Greek*, written at the close of the Eighteenth Century,' in three volumes. The author's name was not prefixed to the work—as it was given forth as a veritable history—but the secret soon became known, and Mr. Hope, from being reputed as something like a learned upholsterer or clever draughtsman, was at once elevated into a rivalry with Byron as a glowing painter of foreign scenery and manners, and with Le Sage and the other masters of the novel, in the art of conducting a fable and delineating character. The author turned from fiction to metaphysics, and composed a work '*On the Origin and Prospects of Man*,' which he did not live to see through the press, but which was published after his decease. His cosmogony is strange and unorthodox; but amidst his paradoxes, conceits and abstruse speculations, are many ingenious views and eloquent disquisitions. He was author also of an '*Essay on Architecture*,' not published till 1835—an ingenious work, which went through several editions. Mr. Hope died on the 3d of February, 1831, and probate was granted for £180,000

personal property. Mr. Beckford and 'Vathek' are the only parallels to Mr. Hope and 'Anastasius' in oriental wealth and imagination.

'Anastasius' is one of the most original and dazzling of modern romances. The hero is, like Zeluco, a villain spoiled by early indulgence; he becomes a renegade to his faith, a mercenary, a robber, and an assassin; but the elements of a better nature are sown in his composition, and break forth at times. He is a native of Chios, the son of Greek parents. To avoid the consequences of an amour with Helena, the consul's daughter, he runs off to sea in a Venetian vessel, which is boarded by pirates and captured. The pirates are in turn taken by a Turkish frigate, and carried before Hassan Pasha. Anastasius is released, fights with the Turks in the war against the Araonoots, and accompanies the Greek dragoman to Constantinople. Disgrace and beggary reduce him to various shifts and adventures. He follows a Jew quack-doctor selling nostrums—is thrown into the Bagnio, or state-prison—afterwards embraces the Turkish faith—revisits Greece—proceeds to Egypt—and subsequently ranges over Arabia, and visits Malta, Sicily, and Italy. His intrigues, adventures, sufferings, &c. are innumerable. Every aspect of Greek and Turkish society is depicted—sarcasm, piquant allusion, pathos and passion, and descriptions of scenery, are strangely intermingled in the narrative. Wit, epigram, and the glitter of rhetorical amplification, occupy too much space; but the scene is constantly shifting, and the work possesses the truth and accuracy of a book of travels joined to those of a romance. The traveller, too, is a thorough man of the world, has a keen insight into human weaknesses and foibles, and describes his adventures and impressions without hypocrisy or reserve. The most powerful passages are those in which pathos is predominant—such as the scenes with Euphrosyne, whom Anastasius has basely violated—his sensations on revisiting Greece and the tomb of Helena—his reflections on witnessing the dead Araonoot soldier whom he had slain—the horrors of the plague and famine—and, above all, the account of the death of Alexis, the child of Anastasius, and in whom were centered the only remains of his human affection, his love and hope. The gradual decay of this youth, and the intense anxiety and watchfulness of his father, constitute a scene of genuine grief and tenderness. We forget the craft and villainy of Anastasius, thus humbled and prostrate. His wild gaiety and heartless jests, his degeneracy and sensualism, have passed away. They had palled upon himself, but one spring of pure affection remained to redeem his nature; and it is not without the strongest pity and kindred commiseration that we see the desperate adventurer reduced to loneliness and heart-broken despair. The scene is introduced by an account of his recovering his lost son in Egypt, and carrying him off to Europe:

The Death of Anastasius's Son.

My cousin's letter had promised me a brilliant lot, and—what was better—my own pockets insured me a decent competence. The refinements of a European education should add every external elegance to my boy's innate excellence, and, having myself moderately enjoyed the good things of this world, while striving to deserve the better promised in the next, I should, ere my friends became tired of my dotage, resign my last breath in the arms of my child.

The blue sky seemed to smile upon my cheerful thoughts, and the green wave to murmur approbation of my plan. Almighty God! what was there in it so heinous to deserve that an inexorable fate should cast it to the winds?

In the midst of my dream of happiness, my eye fell upon the darling object in which centred all its sweets. Insensibly my child's prattle had diminished, and had at last subsided in an unusual silence. I thought he looked pale; his eyes seemed heavy, and his lips felt parched. The rose, that every morning, still so fresh, so erect on its stalk, at mid-day hung its heavy head, discoloured, wan, and fading; but so frequently had the billows, during the fury of the storm, drenched my boy's little crib, that I could not wonder he should have felt their effects in a severe cold. I put him to bed, and tried to hush him to sleep. Soon, however, his face grew flushed, and his pulse became feverish. I failed alike in my endeavours to procure him repose and to afford him amusement: but, though playthings were repulsed, and tales no longer attended to, still he could not bear me an instant out of his sight; nor would he take anything except at my hands. Even when—as too soon it did—his reason began to wander, his filial affection retained its pristine hold of his heart. It had grown into an adoration of his equally dotting father; and the mere consciousness of my presence seemed to relieve his uneasiness.

Had not my feelings, a few moments only before, been those of such exceeding happiness, I should not so soon perhaps have conceived great alarm; but I had throughout life found every extraordinary burst of joy followed by some unforeseen calamity; and my exultation had just risen to so unusual a pitch, that a deep dismay now at once struck me to the heart. I felt convinced that I had only been carried to so high a pinnacle of joy, in order to be hurled with greater rum into an abyss of woe. Such became my anxiety to reach Trieste, and to obtain the best medical assistance, that even while the ship continued to cleave the waves like an arrow, I fancied it lay like a log upon the main. How, then, did my pangs increase when, as if in resentment of my unjust complaints, the breeze, dying away, really left our keel motionless on the waters! My anguish baffled all expression.

In truth, I do not know how I preserved my senses, except from the need I stood in of their aid; for, while we lay cursed with absolute immobility, and the sun ever found us, on rising, in the same place where it had left us on setting, my child—my darling child—was every instant growing worse, and sinking apace under the pressure of illness. To the deep and flushing glow of a complexion far exceeding in its transient brilliancy even the brightest hues of health, had succeeded a settled unchanging deadly paleness. His eye, whose round full orb was wont to beam upon me with mild but fervent radiance, now dim and wandering, for the most part remained half closed; and when, roused by my address, the idol of my heart strove to raise his languid look, and to meet the fearful inquiries of mine, he only shewed all the former fire of his countenance extinct. In the more violent bursts, indeed, of his unceasing delirium, his wasting features sometimes acquired a fresh but sad expression. He would then start up, and with his feeble hands clasped together, and big tears rolling down his faded cheeks, beg in the most moving terms to be restored to his home: but mostly he seemed absorbed in inward musings, and, no longer taking note of the passing hour, he frequently during the course of the day moved his pallid lips, as if repeating to himself the little prayer which he had been wont to say at bed-time and at rising, and the blessings I had taught him to add, addressed to his mother on behalf of his father. If—wretched to see him thus, and doubly agonised to think that I alone had been the cause—I burst out into tears which I strove to hide, his perception of outward objects seemed all at once for a moment to return. He asked me whether I was hurt, and would lament that, young and feeble as he was, he could not yet nurse me as he wished; but promised me better care when he should grow stronger.

In this way hour after hour, and day after day, rolled on, without any progress in

our voyage, while all I had left to do was to sit doubled over my child's couch, watching all his wants, and studying all his looks, trying, but in vain, to discover some amendment. 'Oh, for those days.' I now thought, 'when a calm at sea appeared an intolerable evil, only because it stopped some tide of folly or delayed some scheme of vice!'

At last one afternoon, when, totally exhausted with want of sleep, I sat down by my child in all the composure of torpid despair, the sailors rushed in one and all—for even they had felt my agony, and doted on my boy. They came to cheer me with better tidings. A breeze had just sprung up! The waves had again begun to ripple, and the lazy keel to stir. As minute pressed on minute, the motion of the ship became swifter; and presently, as if nothing had been wanting but a first impulse, we again dashed through the waves with all our former speed.

Every hour now brought us visibly nearer the inmost recess of the deep Adriatic and the end of our journey. Pola seemed to glide by like a vision: presently we passed Fiume: we saw Capo d'Istria but a few minutes: at last we described Trieste itself! Another half-hour, and every separate house became visible, and not long after we ran full sail into the harbour. The sails were taken in, the anchor was dropped, and a boat instantly came alongside.

All the necessary preparations had been made for immediately conveying my patient on shore. Wrapped up in a shawl, he was lifted out of his crib, laid on a pillow, and lowered into the boat, where I held him in my lap, protected to the best of my power from the roughness of the blast and the dashing of the spray until we reached the quay.

In my distress I had totally forgotten the taint contracted at Melada, and had purposed, the instant we stepped on shore, to carry my child straight to a physician. New anguish pierced my soul when two hayonets crossed upon my breast, forced me, in spite of my alternate supplication and rage, to remain on the jetty, there to wait his coming, and his previous scrutiny of all our healthy crew. All I could obtain as a special favour was a messenger to hurry his approach, while, panting for his arrival, I sat down with my Alexis in my arms under a low shed which kept off a pelting shower. I scarce know how long this situation lasted. My mind was so wrapped up in the danger of my boy as to remain wholly unconscious of the bustle around, except when the removal of some cask or barrel forced me to shift my station. Yet, while wholly deaf to the unceasing din of the place, I could discern the faintest rumour that seemed to announce the approaching physician. Oh, how I cursed his unfeeling delay! how I would have paved his way with gold to have hastened his coming! and yet a something whispered continually in my ear that the utmost speed of man no longer could avail.

Ah! that at least, confirmed in this sad persuasion. I might have tasted the heart-rending pleasure of bestowing upon my departing child the last earthly endearments! but tranquil, composed, and softly slumbering as he looked, I feared to disturb a repose on which I founded my only remaining hopes. All at once, in the midst of my despair, I saw a sort of smile light up my darling's features, and, hard as I strove to guard against all vain illusions, I could not at this sight stop a ray of gladness from gliding unchecked into my trembling heart. Short, however, was the joy; soon vanished the deceitful symptom! On a closer view it only appeared to have been a slight convulsion which had hurried over my child's now tranquil countenance, as will sometimes dart over the smooth mirror of a dormant lake the image of a bird in the air. It looked like the response of a departing angel to those already on high, that hailed his speedy coming. The soul of my Alexis was fast preparing for its flight.

Lest he might feel ill at ease in my lap, I laid him down upon my cloak, and kneeled by his side to watch the growing change in his features. The present now was all to me: the future I knew I no longer should reck. Feeling my breath close to his cheek, he half opened his eyes, looked as if after a long absence again suddenly recognising his father, and—putting out his little mouth—seemed to crave one last token of love. The temptation was too powerful: I gently pressed my lip upon that of my babe, and gathered from it the proffered kiss. Life's last faint spark was just going forth, and I caught it on the threshold. Scarce had I drawn back my face, when all respiration ceased. His eye-strings broke, his features fell, and his limbs stiffened for ever. All was over: Alexis was no more.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART (1794-1854), the biographer of his illustrious father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott, and editor of the 'Quarterly Review' from 1826 till 1852, was author of four novels—'Valerius, a Roman Story,' three volumes, 1821; 'Adam Blair,' one volume, 1822; 'Reginald Dalton,' three volumes, 1823; and 'Matthew Wald,' one volume, 1824.

The first of Mr. Lockhart's productions is the best. It is a tale of the times of Trajan, when that emperor, disregarding the example of his predecessor Nerva, persecuted the small Christian community which had found shelter in the bosom of the Eternal City, and were calmly pursuing their pure worship and peaceful lives. As the blood of the martyr is the seed of the church, the Christians were extending their numbers, though condemned to meet in caves and sepulchres, and forced to renounce the honours and ambition of the world. The hero of the tale visits Rome for the first time at this interesting period. He is the son of a Roman commander, who had settled in Britain, and is summoned to Rome after the death of his parents to take possession of an estate to which, as the heir of the Valerii, he had become entitled. His kinsman Licinius, an eminent lawyer, receives him with affection, and introduces him to his friends and acquaintances. We are thus presented with sketches of the domestic society of the Romans, with pictures of the Forum, the baths, temples, and other marvels of Rome, which are briefly, but distinctly and picturesquely delineated.

At the villa of Capito, an Epicurean philosopher, Valerius meets with the two fair nieces of his host, Sempronia and Athanasia. The latter is the heroine of the tale—a pure intellectual creation, in which we see united the Roman grace and feminine sweetness of the patrician lady, with the high-souled fortitude and elevation of the Christian. Athanasia has embraced the new faith, and is in close communion with its professors. Her charms overcome Valerius, who soon obtains possession of her secret; and after various adventures, in which he succours the persecuted maiden, and aids in her wonderful escape, he is at length admitted by baptism into the fellowship of the Christians, and embarks with Athanasia for Britain. One of the most striking scenes in the novel is a grand display at the Flavian amphitheatre, given by the emperor on the anniversary of the day on which he was adopted by Nerva. On this occasion a Christian prisoner is brought forward, either to renounce his faith in the face of the assembly, or to die in the arena. Eighty thousand persons, 'from the lordly senators on their silken couches, along the parapet of the arena, up to the impenetrable mass of plebeian heads which skirted the horizon, above the topmost wall of the amphitheatre itself,' were there met. The description concludes with the execution of the Christian. In another scene there is great classic grace, united with

delicacy of feeling. It describes Athanasia in prison, and visited there by Valerius, through the connivance of Silo, the jailer, who belongs to the Christian party :

Athanasia in Prison.

Alas! said I to myself, of what tidings am I doomed ever to be the messenger! but she was alone; and how could I shrink from any pain that might perhaps alleviate hers? I took the key, glided along the corridors, and stood once more at the door of the chamber in which I had parted from Athanasia. No voice answered to my knock; I repeated it three times, and then, agitated with indistinct apprehension, hesitated no longer to open it. No lamp was burning within the chamber, but from without there entered a wavering glare of deep saffron-coloured light, which shewed me Athanasia extended on her couch. Its ominous and troubled hue had no power to mar the image of her sleeping tranquillity. I hung over her for a moment, and was about to disturb that slumber—perhaps the last slumber of peace and innocence—when the chamber walls were visited with a yet deeper glare. ‘Caius,’ she whispered, as I stepped from beside the couch, ‘why do you leave me? Stay, Valerius.’ I looked back, but her eyelids were still closed; the same calm smile was upon her dreaming lips. The light streamed redder and more red. All in an instant became as quiet without as within. I approached the window, and saw Cotilius standing in the midst of the court, Sabinus and Silo near him; the horsemen drawn up on either side, and a soldier close behind resting upon an unsheathed sword. I saw the keen blue eye as fierce as ever. I saw that the blood was still fervid in his cheeks; for the complexion of this man was of the same bold and florid brightness, so uncommon in Italy, which you have seen represented in the pictures of Sylla; and even the blaze of the torches seemed to strive in vain to heighten its natural scarlet. The soldier had lifted his sword, and my eye was fixed, as by fascination, when suddenly a deep voice was heard amidst the deadly silence: ‘Cotilius!—look up, Cotilius!’

Aurelius, the Christian priest, standing at an open window not far distant from that at which I was placed, stretched forth his fettered hand as he spake: ‘Cotilius! I charge thee look upon the hand from which the blessed water of baptism was cast upon thy head. I charge thee, look upon me, and say, ere yet the blow be given, upon what hope thy thoughts are fixed? Is this sword bared against the rebel of Cæsar, or a martyr of Jesus? I charge thee, speak; and for thy soul’s sake speak truly.’

A bitter motion of derision passed over his lips, and he nodded, as if impatiently, to the Prætorian. Instinctively I turned me from the spectacle, and my eye rested again upon the couch of Athanasia—but not upon the vision of her tranquillity. The clap with which the corpse fell upon the stones had perhaps reached the sleeping ear, and we know with what swiftness thoughts chase thoughts in the wilderness of dreams. So it was that she started at the very moment when the blow was given; and she whispered—for it was still but a deep whisper: ‘Spare me, Trajan, Cæsar, Prince—have pity on my youth—strengthen, strengthen me, good Lord! Fie! Fie! we must not lie to save life. Felix—Valerius—come close to me, Caius—Fie! let us remember we are Romans—’Tis the trumpet’—

The Prætorian trumpet sounded the march in the court below, and Athanasia, starting from her sleep, gazed wildly around the reddened chamber. The blast of the trumpet was indeed in her ear—and Valerius hung over her: but after a moment the cloud of the broken dream passed away, and the maiden smiled as she extended her hand to me from the couch, and began to gather up the ringlets that floated all down upon her shoulder. She blushed and smiled mournfully, and asked me hastily whence I came, and for what purpose I had come; but before I could answer, the glare that was yet in the chamber seemed anew to be perplexing her, and she gazed from me to the red walls, and from them to me again; and then once more the trumpet was blown, and Athanasia sprang from her couch. I know not in what terms I was essaying to tell her what was the truth; but I know, that ere I had said many words, she discovered my meaning. For a moment she looked deadly pale, in spite of all the glare of the torch beams; but she recovered herself, and said in a voice that sounded almost as if it came from a light heart: ‘But, Caius, I must not

go to Cæsar without having at least a garland on my head. Stay here, Valerius, and I shal. be ready anon—quite ready.’

It seemed to me as if she were less hasty than she had promised; yet many minutes elapsed not ere she returned. She plucked a blossom from her hair as she drew near me, and said: ‘Take it: you must not refuse one token more; this also is a sacred gift. Caius, you must learn never to look upon it without kissing these red streaks—these blessed streaks of the Christian flower.’

I took the flower from her hand and pressed it to my lips, and I remembered that the very first day I saw Athanasia she had plucked such a one when apart from all the rest in the gardens of Capito. I told her what I remembered, and it seemed as if the little circumstance had called up all the image of peaceful days, for once more sorrowfulness gathered upon her countenance. If the tear was ready, however, it was not permitted to drop; and Athanasia returned again to her flower.

‘Do you think there are any of them in Britain?’ said she; ‘or do you think that they would grow there?’ You must go to my dear uncle, and he will not deny you when you tell him that it is for my sake he is to give you some of his. They call it the passion-flower—’tis an emblem of an awful thing. Caius, these purple streaks are like trickling drops; and here, look ye, they are all round the flower. Is it not very like a bloody crown upon a pale brow? I will take one of them in my hand, too, Caius; and methinks I shall not disgrace myself when I look upon it, even though Trajan should be frowning upon me.’

I had not the heart to interrupt her; but heard silently all she said, and I thought she said the words quickly and eagerly, as if she feared to be interrupted.

The old priest came into the chamber, while she was yet speaking so, and said very composedly: ‘Come, my dear child, our friend has sent again for us, and the soldiers have been waiting already some space, who are to convey us to the Palatine. Come, children, we must part for a moment—perhaps it may be but for a moment—and Valerius may remain here till we return to him. Here, at least, dear Caius, you shall have the earliest tidings and the surest.’

The good man took Athanasia by the hand, and she, smiling now at length more serenely than ever, said only: ‘Farewell then, Caius, for a little moment!’ And so, drawing her veil over her face, she passed away from before me, giving, I think, more support to the ancient Aurelius than in her turn she received from him. I began to follow them, but the priest waved his hand as if to forbid me. The door closed after them, and I was alone.

‘Adam Blair,’ or, as the title runs, ‘Some Passages in the Life of Mr. Adam Blair, Minister of the Gospel at Cross-Meikle,’ is a narrative of the fall of a Scottish minister from the purity and dignity of the pastoral character, and his restoration, after a season of deep penitence and contrition, to the duties of his sacred profession, in the same place which had formerly witnessed his worth and usefulness. The unpleasant nature of the story, and a certain tone of exaggeration and sentimentalism in parts of it, render the perusal of the work somewhat painful and disagreeable, and of doubtful morality. But ‘Adam Blair’ is powerfully written, with an accurate conception of Scottish feeling and character, and passages of description equal to any in the author’s other works. The tender-hearted enthusiastic minister of Cross-Meikle is hurried on to his downfall ‘by fate and metaphysical aid,’ and never appears in the light of a guilty person; while his faithful elder, John Maxwell, and his kind friends at Semplehaugh, are just and honourable representatives of the good old Scotch rural classes.

‘Reginald Dalton’ is the most extended of Mr. Lockhart’s fictions, and gives us more of the ‘general form and pressure’ of humankind

and society than his two previous works. The scene is laid in England, and we have a full account of college-life in Oxford, where Reginald, the hero, is educated, and where he learns to imbibe port, if not prejudice. The dissipation and extravagance of the son almost ruin his father, an English clergyman; and some scenes of distress and suffering consequent on this misconduct are related with true and manly feeling.

Description of an Old English Mansion

They halted to bait their horses at a little village on the main coast of the Palatinate, and then pursued their course leisurely through a rich and level country, until the groves of Grypherwast received them amidst all the breathless splendour of a noble sunset. It would be difficult to express the emotions with which young Reginald regarded, for the first time, the ancient demesne of his race. The scene was one which a stranger, of years and experience very superior to his, might have been pardoned for contemplating with some enthusiasm, but to him the first glimpse of the venerable front, embosomed amidst its

'Old contemporary trees,'

was the more than realisation of cherished dreams. Involuntarily he drew in his rein, and the whole party as involuntarily following the motion, they approached the gateway together at the slowest pace.

The gateway is almost in the heart of the village, for the hall of Grypherwast had been reared long before English gentlemen conceived it to be a point of dignity to have no humble roofs near their own. A beautiful stream runs hard by, and the hamlet is almost within the arms of the princely forest, whose ancient oaks, and beeches, and gigantic pine-trees, darken and ennoble the aspect of the whole surrounding region. The peasantry, who watch the flocks and herds in those deep and grassy glades—the fishermen, who draw their subsistence from the clear waters of the river—and the woodman, whose axes resound all day long among the inexhaustible thickets, are the sole inhabitants of the simple place. Over their cottages the hall of Grypherwast has predominated for many long centuries, a true old northern manor-house, not devoid of a certain magnificence in its general aspect, though making slender pretensions to anything like elegance in its details. The central tower, square, massy, rude, and almost destitute of windows, recalls the knightly and troubled period of the old Border wars: while the overshadowing roofs, carved balconies and multifarious chimneys scattered over the rest of the building, attest the successive influence of many more or less tasteful generations. Excepting in the original baronial tower, the upper parts of the house are all formed of oak, but this with such an air of strength and solidity as might well shame many modern structures raised of better materials. Nothing could be more perfectly in harmony with the whole character of the place than the autumnal brownness of the stately trees around. The same descending rays were tinging with rich lustre the outlines of their bare trunks, and the projecting edges of the old-fashioned bay-windows which they sheltered: and some rooks of very old family were cawing overhead almost in the midst of the hospitable smoke-wreaths. Within a couple of yards from the door of the house an eminently respectable-looking old man, in a powdered wig and very rich livery of blue and scarlet, was sitting on a garden-chair with a pipe in his mouth, and a cool tankard within his reach upon the ground.

The tale of 'Matthew Wald' is related in the first person, and the hero experiences a great variety of fortune. There is much worldly shrewdness and observation evinced in the delineation of some of the scenes and characters; but, on the whole, it is the poorest of Mr. Lockhart's novels. Its author, we suspect, like Sheridan, required time and patient revision to bring out fully his conceptions, and nevertheless was often tempted or impelled to hurry to a close.

Mr. Lockhart was born on the 14th of June 1794, in the manse or parsonage of Cambusnethan, county of Lanark. His father was minister of that parish, but being presented to the College Church, Glasgow, he removed thither, and his son was educated at Glasgow University. He was selected as one of the two students whom Glasgow College sends annually to Oxford, in virtue of an endowment named 'Snell's Foundation.' Having taken his degree, Mr. Lockhart repaired to Edinburgh, and in 1816 became an advocate at the Scottish bar. He was unsuccessful, and devoted himself chiefly to literature. He was a regular contributor to 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and imparted to that work a large portion of the spirit, originality, and determined political character which it has long maintained. In 1820 he was married to Sophia, the eldest daughter of Sir Walter Scott, a lady who possessed much of the conversational talent, the unaffected good-humour, and liveliness of her father. Mrs. Lockhart died on the 17th of May 1837, in London, whither Mr. Lockhart had gone to reside as successor to Mr. Gifford in the editorship of the 'Quarterly Review.'

In 1843 Mr. Lockhart received from Sir Robert Peel the sinecure appointment of Auditor of the Duchy of Cornwall, to which was attached a salary of £400 per annum. In point of fortune and connections, therefore, Mr. Lockhart was more successful than most authors who have elevated themselves by their talents, but ill health and private calamities darkened his latter days. He survived all the family of Sir Walter Scott, and his own two sons. He had another child, a daughter, married to Mr. Hope Scott of Abbotsford, who died in 1858; her daughter, Mary Monica, born in 1852, married in 1874 to the Hon. Joseph Constable-Maxwell, third son of Lord Herries, is now the only descendant of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Lockhart died at Abbotsford on the 25th of November 1854, and was interred near Scott in Dryburgh Abbey.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

PROFESSOR WILSON (1785-1854) carried the peculiar features and characteristics of his poetry into his prose compositions. The same amiable gentleness, tenderness, love of nature, pictures of solitary life, humble affections and pious hopes, expressed in an elaborate but rich structure of language, which fixed upon the author of the 'Isle of Palms' the title of a Lake Poet, may be seen in all his tales. The first of these appeared in 1822, under the name of 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life; a Selection from the Papers of the late Arthur Austin.' This volume consists of twenty-four short tales, three of which—The Elder's Funeral, The Snow-storm, and The Forgers—had previously been published in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Most of them are tender and pathetic, and relate to Scottish rural and pastoral life. The innocence, simplicity, and strict piety of ancient manners are described as still lingering in our vales; but,

with a fine spirit of homely truth and antique Scriptural phraseology, the author's scenes and characters are too Arcadian to be real. His second work, 'The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay' (one volume, 1823), is more regular in construction and varied in incident. The heroine is a maiden in humble life, whose father imbibes the opinions of Paine, and is imprisoned on a charge of sedition, but afterwards released. He becomes irreligious and profane as well as disaffected, and elopes with the mistress of a brother-reformer. The gradual ruin and deepening distress of this man's innocent family are related with much pathos. In many parts of the tale we are reminded of the affecting pictures of Crabbe. Of this kind is the description of the removal of the Lyndsays from their rural dwelling to one of the close lanes of the city, which is as natural and as truly pathetic as any scene in modern fiction.

The 'Flitting' or Removal of the Lyndsays.

The twenty-fourth day of November came at last—a dim, dull, dreary and obscure day, fit for parting everlastingly from a place or person tenderly beloved. There was no sun, no wind, no sound in the misty and unechoing air. A deadness lay over the wet earth, and there was no visible heaven. Their goods and chattels were few; but many little delays occurred, some accidental, and more in the unwillingness of their hearts to take a final farewell. A neighbour had lent his cart for the flitting, and it was now standing loaded at the door ready to move away. The fire, which had been kindled in the morning with a few borrowed peats, was now out, the shutters closed, the door was locked, and the key put into the hand of the person sent to receive it. And now there was nothing more to be said or done, and the impatient horse started briskly away from Braehead. The blind girl and poor Marion were sitting in the cart—Margaret and her mother were on foot. Esther had two or three small flower-pots in her lap, for in her blindness she loved the sweet fragrance and the felt forms and imagined beauty of flowers; and the innocent carried away her tame pigeon in her bosom. Just as Margaret lingered on the threshold, the robin-redbreast, that had been their boarder for several winters, hopped upon the stone-seat at the side of the door, and turned up its merry eyes to her face. 'There,' said she, 'is your last crumb from us, sweet Roby, but there is a God who takes care o' us a'. The widow had by this time shut down the lid of her memory, and left all the hoard of her thoughts and feelings joyful or despairing, buried in darkness. The assembled group of neighbours, mostly mothers, with their children in their arms, had given the 'God bless you, Alice—God bless you, Margaret, and the lave,' and began to disperse; each turning to her own cares and anxieties, in which, before night, the Lyndsays would either be forgotten, or thought on with that unpainful sympathy which is all the poor can afford or expect, but which, as in this case, often yields the fairest fruits of charity and love.

A cold sleepy rain accompanied the cart and the foot-travellers all the way to the city. Short as the distance was, they met with several other flittings, some seemingly cheerful, and from good to better—others with weebegone faces, going like themselves down the path of poverty on a journey from which they were to rest at night in a bare and hungry house.

The cart stopped at the foot of a lane too narrow to admit the wheels, and also too steep for a laden horse. Two or three of their new neighbours—persons in the very humblest condition, coarsely and negligently dressed, but seemingly kind and decent people—came out from their houses at the stopping of the cart-wheels, and one of them said: 'Ay, ay, here's the flitting. I'se warrant, frae Braehead. Is that you, Mrs. Lyndsay? Heh, sers, but you've gotten a nasty cauld wet day for coming into Auld Reekie, as you kintra folks ca' Embro. Hae ye had any tidings, say ye o' your gudeman since he gaed off wi' that limmer? Dool be wi' her and a' siclike.' Alice replied kindly to such questioning, for she knew it was not meant unkindly. The cart was soon unladen, and the furniture put into the empty room. A cheerful fire

was blazing, and the animated and interested faces of the honest folks who crowded into it, on a slight acquaintance, unceremoniously and curiously, but without rudeness, gave a cheerful welcome to the new dwelling. In a quarter of an hour the beds were laid down—the room decently arranged—one and all of the neighbours said ‘Gude-night,’ and the door was closed upon the Lyndsays in their new dwelling.

They blessed and ate their bread in peace. The Bible was then opened, and Margaret read a chapter. There was frequent and loud noise in the lane of passing merriment or anger, but this little congregation worshipped God in a hymn, Esther’s sweet voice leading the sacred melody, and they knelt together in prayer. It has been beautifully said by one whose works are not unknown in the dwellings of the poor :

Tired Nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep !
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes ;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

Not so did sleep this night forsake the wretched. He came like moonlight into the house of the widow and the fatherless, and, under the shadow of his wings, their souls lay in oblivion of all trouble, or perhaps solaced even with delightful dreams.

A Snow-Storm.—From ‘Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.’

It was on a fierce and howling winter day that I was crossing the dreary moor of Achindown, on my way to the manse of that parish, a solitary pedestrian. The snow, which had been incessantly falling for a week past, was drifted into beautiful but dangerous wreaths, far and wide, over the melancholy expanse—and the scene kept visibly shifting before me, as the strong wind that blew from every point of the compass struck the dazzling masses, and heaved them up and down in endless transformation. There was something inspiriting in the labour with which, in the buoyant strength of youth, I forced my way through the storm, and I could not but enjoy those gleamings of sunlight that ever and anon burst through some unexpected opening in the sky, and gave a character of cheerfulness, and even warmth, to the sides or summits of the stricken hills. As the momentary cessation of the sharp drift allowed my eyes to look onwards and around, I saw here and there up the little opening valleys, cottages just visible beneath the black stems of their snow-covered clumps of trees, or beside some small spot of green pasture kept open for the sheep. These intimations of life and happiness came delightfully to me in the midst of the desolation ; and the barking of a dog attending some shepherd in his quest on the hill, put fresh vigour into my limbs, telling me that, lonely as I seemed to be, I was surrounded by cheerful though unseen company, and that I was not the only wanderer over the snows.

As I walked along, my mind was insensibly filled with a crowd of pleasant images of rural winter life, that helped me gladly onwards over many miles of moor. I thought of the severe but cheerful labours of the barn—the mending of farm-gear by the fire-side—the wheel turned by the foot of old age, less for gain than as a thrifty pastime—the skilful mother, making ‘auld claes look amaisht as weel’s the new’—the ballad unconsciously listened to by the family, all busy at their own tasks around the singing maiden—the old traditional tale told by some wayfarer hospitably housed till the storm should blow by—the unexpected visit of neighbours, on need or friendship—or the footstep of lover undeterred by the snow-drifts that have buried up his flocks. But above all, I thought of those hours of religious worship that have not yet escaped from the domestic life of the peasantry of Scotland—of the sound of Psalms that the depth of snow cannot deaden to the ear of Him to whom they are chanted—and of that sublime Sabbath-keeping, which, on days too tempestuous for the kirk, changes the cottage of the shepherd into the temple of God.

With such glad and peaceful images in my heart, I travelled along that dreary moor, with the cutting wind in my face, and my feet sinking in the snow or sliding on the hard blue ice beneath it, as cheerfully as ever I walked in the dewy warmth of a summer morning through fields of fragrance and of flowers. And now I could discern, within half-an-hour’s walk before me, the spire of the church, close to which stood the manse of my aged friend and benefactor. My heart burned within me as a sudden gleam of stormy sunlight tipped it with fire—and I felt, at that moment,

an inexpressible sense of the sublimity of the character of that gray-headed shepherd in the wilderness, keeping together his own happy little flock.

In 1824, Mr. Wilson published another but inferior story, 'The Foresters.' It certainly is a singular and interesting feature in the genius of an author known as an active man of the world, who spent most of his time in the higher social circles of his native country and in England, and whose scholastic and political tastes would seem to point to a different result, that, instead of portraying the manners with which he was familiar—instead of indulging in witty dialogue or humorous illustration—he should have selected homely Scottish subjects for his works of fiction, and appeared never so happy or so enthusiastic as when expatiating on the joys and sorrows of his humble countrymen in the sequestered and unambitious walks of life. A memoir of Mr. Wilson ('Christopher North') by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon, was published in 1862.

Various other novels issued about this time from the Edinburgh press. Mrs. JOHNSTONE (1781–1857) published anonymously 'Clan Albyn' (1815), a tale written before the appearance of 'Waverley,' and approaching that work in the romantic glow which it casts over Highland character and scenery. A second novel, 'Elizabeth de Bruce,' was published by Mrs. Johnstone in 1827. This lady was also authoress of some interesting tales for children—'The Diversions of Hollycot,' 'The Nights of the Round Table,' &c.—and was also an extensive contributor to the periodical literature of the day. She was some years editor of 'Tait's Magazine,' with a salary of £250 a year. Mrs. Johnstone died in 1857. Her style is easy and elegant, and her writings are marked by good sense and a cultivated mind.

SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER, Bart. (1784–1843), wrote two novels connected with Scottish life and history, 'Lochandhu,' 1825, and 'The Wolf of Badenoch,' 1827. In 1830, Sir Thomas wrote an interesting 'Account of the Great Floods in Morayshire,' which happened in the autumn of 1829. He was then a resident among the romantic scenes of this unexampled inundation, and has described its effects with great picturesqueness and beauty, and with many homely and pathetic episodes relative to the suffering people. Sir Thomas also published a series of 'Highland Rambles,' much inferior to his early novels, though abounding like them, in striking descriptions of natural scenery. He edited Gilpin's 'Forest Scenery,' and Sir Uvedale Price's 'Essays on the Picturesque,' adding much new matter to each; and he was commissioned to write a memorial of her Majesty Queen Victoria's visit to Scotland in 1842. His latest work was a descriptive account of 'Scottish Rivers,' the Tweed and other streams, which he left incomplete. An edition of this work, with a preface by Dr. John Brown, was published in 1874. A complete knowledge of his native country, its scenery, people, history, and antiquities—a talent for picturesque delineation—and a taste for architecture, landscape-gardening, and its attendant rural and elegant pursuits, distin-

guished this author. Sir Thomas was of an old Scottish family, representing lineally the houses of Lauder and Bass, and, through a female, Dick of Braid and Grange.

'The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton,' 1827, was hailed as one of the most vigorous and interesting fictions of the day. It contained sketches of college-life, military campaigns, and other bustling scenes and adventures. Some of the foreign scenes are very vividly drawn. It was the production of the late THOMAS HAMILTON (brother of the distinguished philosopher, Sir William Hamilton), captain in the 29th Regiment, who died in 1842, aged fifty-three. He visited America, and wrote a lively ingenious work on the New World, entitled 'Men and Manners in America,' 1833. Captain Hamilton was one of the many travellers who disliked the peculiar customs, the democratic government, and social habits of the Americans; and he spoke his mind freely, but apparently in a spirit of truth and candour. Captain Hamilton was also author of 'Annals of the Peninsular War.'

Among the other writers of fiction who at this time published anonymously in Edinburgh was an English divine, DR. JAMES HOOK, (1771-1828), the only brother of Theodore Hook, and who was dean of Worcester and archdeacon of Huntingdon. To indulge his native wit and humour, and perhaps to spread those loyal Tory principles which, like his brother, he carried to their utmost extent, Dr. Hook wrote two novels, 'Pen Owen,' 1822, and 'Percy Mallory,' 1823. They are clever, irregular works, touching on modern events and living characters, and discussing various political questions. 'Pen Owen' is the superior novel, and contains some good-humour and satire on Welsh genealogy and antiquities. Dr. Hook wrote several political pamphlets, sermons, and charges.

ANDREW PICKEN (1788-1833) was a native of Paisley, son of a manufacturer, and brought up to a mercantile life. He was engaged in business for some time in the West Indies, afterwards in a bank in Ireland, in Glasgow, and in Liverpool. At the latter place he established himself as a bookseller, but was unsuccessful, and went to London to pursue literature as a profession. His first work, 'Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland,' gave offence by some satirical portraits, but was generally esteemed for its local fidelity and natural painting. His novel of 'The Sectarian; or, the Church and the Meeting-house,' three volumes, 1829, displayed more vigorous and concentrated powers; but the subject was unhappy, and the pictures which the author drew of the Dissenters, representing them as selfish, hypocritical, and sordid, irritated a great body of readers. Next year Mr. Picken made a more successful appearance. 'The Dominie's Legacy,' three volumes, was warmly welcomed by novel-readers, and a second edition was called for by the end of the year. This work consists of a number of Scottish stories—like Mr. Carleton's Irish tales—some humorous and some pathetic. Minister Tam

and Mary Ogilvy approach near to the happiest efforts of Galt. The same year our author conciliated the evangelical Dissenters by an interesting religious compilation—'Travels and Researches of Eminent English Missionaries; including a Historical Sketch of the Progress and Present State of the Principal Protestant Missions of Late Years.' In 1831 Mr. Picken issued 'The Club-Book,' a collection of original tales by different authors. Mr. James Tyrone Power, Galt, Mr. Moir, James Hogg, Mr. Jerdan, and Allan Cunningham contributed each a story, and the editor himself added two—The Deerstalkers, and the Three Kearneys. His next work was 'Traditionary Stories of Old Families,' the first part of a series which was to embrace the legendary history of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Such a work might be rendered highly interesting and popular, for almost every old family has some traditionary lore—some tale of love, or war, or superstition—that is handed down from generation to generation. Mr. Picken now applied himself to another Scottish novel, 'The Black Watch' (the original name of the gallant 42d Regiment); and he had just completed this work when he was struck with an attack of apoplexy, which in a fortnight proved fatal. He died on the 23d of November, 1838. Mr. Picken, according to one of his friends, 'was the dominie of his own tales—simple, affectionate, retiring; dwelling apart from the world, and blending in all his views of it the gentle and tender feelings reflected from his own mind.'

SUSAN EDMONSTOUNE FERRIER.

This lady was authoress of 'Marriage,' published in 1818, the 'Inheritance,' 1824, and 'Destiny, or the Chief's Daughter,' 1831—all novels in three volumes each. She was daughter of James Ferrier, Esq., 'one of Sir Walter's brethren of the clerk's table;' and the great novelist, at the conclusion of the *Tales of My Landlord*, alluded to his 'sister shadow,' the author of 'the very lively work entitled "Marriage," as one of the labourers capable of gathering in the large harvest of Scottish character and fiction.* In his private diary he

* In describing the melancholy situation of Sir Walter the year before his death, Mr. Lockhart introduces Miss Ferrier in a very amiable light, and paints a charming little picture. 'To assist them (the family of Scott) in amusing him in the hours which he spent out of his study, and especially that he might be tempted to make those hours more frequent, his daughters had invited his friend the authoress of *Marriage* to come out to Abbotsford; and her coming was serviceable; for she knew and loved him well, and she had seen enough of affliction akin to his to be well skilled in dealing with it. She could not be an hour in his company without observing what filled his children with more sorrow than all the rest of the case. He would begin a story as gaily as ever, and go on, in spite of the hesitation in his speech, to tell it with highly picturesque effect, but before he reached the point, it would seem as if some internal spring had given way; he paused, and gazed round him with the blank anxiety of look that a blind man has when he has dropped his staff. Unthinking friends sometimes pained him sadly by giving him the catch-word abruptly. I noticed the delicacy of Miss Ferrier on such occasions. Her sight was bad, and she

has also mentioned Miss Ferrier as 'a gifted personage, having, besides her great talents, conversation the least *exigeante* of any author, female at least, whom he had ever seen among the long list he had encountered with; simple, full of humour, and exceedingly ready at repartee; and all this without the least affectation of the blue-stocking.' This is high praise; but the readers of Miss Ferrier's novels will at once recognise it as characteristic, and exactly what they would have anticipated. This lady was a Scottish Miss Edgeworth—of a lively, practical, penetrating cast of mind; skilful in depicting character and seizing upon national peculiarities; caustic in her wit and humour, with a quick sense of the ludicrous; and desirous of inculcating sound morality and attention to the courtesies and charities of life. In some passages, indeed, she evinces a deep religious feeling, approaching to the evangelical views of Hannah More; but the general strain of her writing relates to the foibles and oddities of mankind, and no one has drawn them with greater breadth of comic humour or effect. Her scenes often resemble the style of our best old comedies, and she may boast, like Foote, of adding many new and original characters to the stock of our comic literature. Her first work is a complete gallery of this kind. There is a shade of caricature in some of the female portraits, notwithstanding the explanation of the authoress that they lived at a time when Scotland was very different from what it is now—when female education was little attended to even in families of the highest rank; and consequently the ladies of those days possessed a *raciness* in their manners and ideas that we should vainly seek for in this age of cultivation and refinement. This fact is further illustrated by Lord Cockburn's 'Memorials of his Own Times.'

It is not only, however, in satirising the foibles of her own sex that Miss Ferrier displays such original talent and humour. Dr. Redgill, a medical hanger-on and diner-out, is a gourmand of the first class, who looks upon bad dinners to be the source of much of the misery we hear of in the married life, and who compares a woman's reputation to a beef-steak—'if once breathed upon, 'tis good for nothing.' Many sly satirical touches occur throughout the work. In one of Miss Grizzy's letters we hear of a Major Mac-Tavish of the militia, who, independent of his rank, which Grizzy thought was very high, distinguished himself, and shewed the greatest bravery once when there was a very serious riot about the raising the potatoes a penny a peck, when there was no occasion for it, in the town of Dunoon. We are told also that country visits

took care not to use her glasses when he was speaking; and she affected to be also troubled with deafness, and would say: "Well, I am getting as dull as a post; I have not heard a word since you said so and so," being sure to mention a circumstance behind that at which he had really halted. He then took up the thread with his habitual smile of courtesy, as if forgetting his case entirely in the consideration of the lady's infirmity.'

should seldom exceed three days—the *rest* day, the *dressed* day, and the *pressed* day. There is a great shrewdness and knowledge of human nature in the manner in which the aunts got over their sorrow for the death of their father, the old laird. ‘They sighed and mourned for a time, but soon found occupation congenial to their nature in the little department of life: dressing crape; reviving black silk; converting narrow hems into broad hems; and, in short, who so busy, so important, as the ladies of Glenfern?’ The most striking picture in the book is that of Mrs. Violet Macshake, who is introduced as living in a lofty lodging in the Old Town of Edinburgh, where she is visited by her grand-nephew Mr. Douglas, and his niece Mary. In person she is tall and hard-favoured, and dressed in an antiquated style:

A Scotch Lady of the Old School.

As soon as she recognised Mr. Douglas, she welcomed him with much cordiality, shook him long and heartily by the hand, patted him on the back, looked into his face with much seeming satisfaction; and, in short, gave all the demonstrations of gladness usual with gentlewomen of a certain age. Her pleasure, however, appeared to be rather an *improvisu* than a habitual feeling; for, as the surprise wore off, her visage resumed its harsh and sarcastic expression, and she seemed eager to efface any agreeable impression her reception might have excited.

‘And wha thought o’ seein’ ye enoo?’ said she, in a quick gabbling voice; ‘what’s brought you to the toon? Are ye come to spend your honest faither’s siller ere he’s weel cauld in his grave, puir man?’

Mr. Douglas explained that it was upon account of his niece’s health.

‘Health!’ repeated she with a sardonic smile; ‘it wad mak an ool laugh to hear the wark that’s made about young fowk’s health noo-a-days. I wonder what ye’re a’ made o’;’ grasping Mary’s arm in her great bony hand—‘a wheen puir feckless windlestraes—ye maun awa’ to England for your healths. Set ye up! I wonder what cam o’ the lasses i’ my time that bute [behoved] to bide at hame? And whilk o’ ye, I snd liko to ken, ’ll e’r leive to see ninety-sax, like me? Health! he! he!’

Mary, glad of a pretence to indulge the mirth the old lady’s manner and appearance had excited, joined most heartily in the laugh.

‘Tak aff yer bannet, bairn, an’ let me see your face; wha can tell what like ye are wi’ that snule o’ a thing on your head?’ Then after taking an accurate survey of her face, she pushed aside her pelisse: ‘Weel, it’s ae mercy I see ye hae neither the red head nor the muckle cuits o’ the Douglasses. I kenna whuther your faither has them or no. I ne’er set een on him: neither him nor his braw leddy thought it worth their while to speer after me; but I was at nae loss, by a’ accounts.’

‘You have not asked after any of your Glenfern friends,’ said Mr. Douglas, hoping to touch a more sympathetic cord.

‘Time enough—wull ye let me draw my breath, man—fowk canna say awthing at ance. An’ ye but to hae an Inglish wife tu, a Scotch lass wadna ser’ ye. An’ yer wean I’ve warran’ it’s aue o’ the world’s wonders—it’s been unca lang o’ comlu’—he, he!’

‘He has begun life under very melancholy auspices, poor fellow!’ said Mr. Douglas, in allusion to his father’s death.

‘An’ wha’s faunt was that? I ne’er heard tell o’ the like o’ t, to hae the birn kirsened an’ its grandfather deelin’! But fowk are naither born, nor kirsened, nor do they wad or dee as they used to du—awthing’s changed.’

‘You must, indeed, have witnessed many changes?’ observed Mr. Douglas, rather at a loss how to utter anything of a conciliatory nature.

‘Changes!—weel a wat I sometimes wunder if it’s the same world, an’ if it’s my ain heed that’s upon my shooters.’

‘But with these changes you must also have seen many improvements?’ said Mary in a tone of diffidence.

'Improvements!' turning sharply around upon her; 'what ken ye about improvements, bairn? A bonny improvement, or ens no, to see tyleyors and scaters leavin' whar I mind jewks and yerls. An' that great glowerin' New Toon there,' pointing out of her windows, 'whar I used to sit an' luck oot at bonny green parks, an' see the coos milket, and the bits o' bairnies rowin' and tumlin', an' the lasses trampin' i' their tubs—what see I noo but stane an' lime, an' stoor an' dirt, an' idle cheels an' dinkit oot-madams prancin'. Improvements, indeed!'

Mary found she was not likely to advance her uncle's fortune by the judiciousness of her remarks, therefore prudently resolved to hazard no more. Mr. Douglas, who was more *au fait* to the prejudices of old age, and who was always amused with her bitter remarks, when they did not touch himself, encouraged her to continue the conversation by some observation on the prevailing manners.

'Mainers!' repeated she, with a contemptuous laugh; 'what ca ye' mainers noo, for I dinna ken? ilk ane gangs bang intill their neebor's hoos, and bang oot o't, as it war a chynge-hoos; an' as for the maister o't, he's no o' sae muckle vaulu as the flunkie ahint his chyre. I' my grandfather's time, as I hae heard him tell, ilka maister o' a family had his ain sare in his ain hoos; ay! an' sat wi' his hat on his heed afore the best o' the land, an' had his ain dish, an' was ay helpit first, an' keptit up his owthority as a man sude du. Parents war parents than—bairns dardna set up their gabs afore them than as they du noo. They ne'er presumed to say their heeds war their ain i' thae days—wife an' servants, reteeners an' childer, a trummolt i' the presence o' their heed.'

Here a long pinch of snuff caused a pause in the old lady's harangue. Mr. Douglas availed himself of the opportunity to rise and take leave.

'Oo, what's takin' ye awa' Archie, in sic a hurry? Sit doon there,' laying her hand upon his arm, 'an' rest ye, an' tak a glass o' wine an' a bit breed; or maybe,' turning to Mary, 'ye wad rather hae a drap broth to warm ye? What gars ye look sae blae, bairn? I'm sure it's no cauld; but ye're just like the lave; ye gang a' skiltin' about the streets half-naked, an' than ye maun sit an' birls yoursels afore the fire at hame.'

She had now shuffled along to the further end of the room, and opening a press, took out wine and a plateful of various-shaped articles of bread, which she handed to Mary.

'Hae, bairn—tak a cookie—tak it up—what are you feared for! it'll no bite ye. Here's t' ye, Glenfern, an' your wife an' your wean; puir tead, it's no had a very chancy ootset, weel a wat.'

The wine being drank, and the cookies discussed, Mr. Douglas made another attempt to withdraw, but in vain.

'Canna ye sit still a wee, man, an' let me speer after my auld freens at Glenfern? Hoo's Grizzy. an' Jacky, an' Nicky?—aye workin' awa' at the peels an' the drogs—ho, he! I ne'er swallowed a peel nor gied a doit for drogs a' my days, an' see an aye o' them'll rin a race wi' me whan they're naur fivescore.'

Mr. Douglas here paid some compliments upon her appearance, which were pretty graciously received; and added that he was the bearer of a letter from his aunt Grizzy, which he would send along with a roeback and brace of moor-game.

'Gin your roeback's nae better than your last, atweel it's no worth the sendin': poor dry fissionless dirt, no worth the chowin'; weel a wat I begrudged my teeth on't. Your muirfowl war nae that ill, but they're no worth the carryin'; they're doug cheap i' the market enoo, so it's nae great compliment. Gin ye had brought me a leg o' gude mutton, or a cauler sawmont, there would hae been some sense in't; but ye're ane o' the fowk that'll ne'er harry yoursel' wi' your presents; it's bnt the pickle powther they cost ye, an' I'se warran' ye're thinkin' mair o' your ain diversion than o' my stamick whan ye're at the shootin' o' them, puir beasts.'

Mr. Douglas had borne the various indignities levelled against himself and his family with a philosophy that had no parallel in his life before, but to this attack upon his game he was not proof. His colour rose, his eyes flashed fire, and something resembling an oath burst from his lips as he strode indignantly towards the door.

His friend, however, was too nimble for him. She stepped before him, and, breaking into a discordant laugh as she patted him on the back: 'So I see ye're just the auld man, Archie—aye ready to tak the strums an' ye dinna get a' thing your ain

wye. Mony a time I had to fleech ye oot o' the dorts when ye was a callant. Do ye mind hoo ye was affronted because I set ye doon to a cauld pigeon-pye an' a tanker o' tippenny ae night to your fowerhoors afore some leddies—he, he, he! Weel a wat yere wife maun hae her ain adoots to maunage ye, for ye're a cumstairy chield, Archie.'

Mr. Douglas still looked as if he was irresolute whether to laugh or be angry.

'Come, come, sit ye doon there till I speak to this bairn,' said she, as she pulled Mary into an adjoining bed-chamber, which wore the same aspect of chilly neatness as the one they had quitted. Then pulling a huge bunch of keys from her pocket, she opened a drawer, out of which she took a pair of diamond ear-rings. 'Hae, bairn,' said she, as she stuffed them into Mary's hand; 'they belanged to your faither's grandmother. She was a gude woman, an' had four-an'-twenty sons and dochters, an' I wass ye nae waur fortie than just to hae as mony. But mind ye,' with a shake of her bony finger, 'they maun a' be Scots. Gin I thought ye wad mairry ony pock-puddin', fient haed wad ye hae gotten from me. Noo had your tongue, and dinna deive me wi' thanks,' almost pushing her into the parlour again; 'and sin ye're gawn awa' the morn, I'll see nae mair o' ye enoo—so fare-ye-weel. But, Archie, ye maun come an' tak your breakfast wi' me. I hae muckle to say to you: but ye mauna be sae hard upon my baps as ye used to be,' with a facetious grin to her mollified favourite as they shook hands and parted.

'Well, how do you like Mrs. Macshake, Mary?' asked her uncle as they walked home.

'That is a cruel question, uncle,' answered she with a smile. 'My gratitude and my taste are at such variance,' displaying her splendid gift, 'that I know not how to reconcile them.'

'That is always the case with those whom Mrs. Macshake has obliged,' returned Mr. Douglas: 'she does many liberal things, but in so ungracious a manner, that people are never sure whether they are obliged or insulted by her. But the way in which she receives kindness is still worse. Could anything equal her impertinence about my reebuck?—Faith, I've a good mind never to enter her door again.'

Mary could scarcely preserve her gravity at her uncle's indignation, which seemed so disproportioned to the cause. But, to turn the current of his ideas, she remarked, that he had certainly been at pains to select two admirable specimens of her country-women for her.

'I don't think I shall soon forget either Mrs. Gawffaw or Mrs. Macshake,' said she, laughing.

'I hope you won't carry away the impression that these two *lusus naturee* are specimens of Scotchwomen?' said her uncle. 'The former, indeed, is rather a sort of weed that infests every soil—the latter, to be sure, is an indigenous plant. I question if she would have arrived at such perfection in a more cultivated field, or genial clime. She was born at a time when Scotland was very different from what it is now. Female education was little attended to, even in families of the highest rank; consequently, the ladies of those days possess a *raciness* in their manners and ideas that we should vainly seek for in this age of cultivation and refinement.'

Aware, perhaps, of the defective outline or story of her first novel, Miss Ferrier bestowed much more pains on the construction of 'The Inheritance.' It is too complicated for an analysis in this place; but we may mention that it is connected with high-life and a wide range of characters, the heroine being a young lady born in France, and heiress to a splendid estate and peerage in Scotland, to which, after various adventures and reverses, she finally succeeds. The tale is well arranged and developed. Its chief attraction, however, consists in the delineation of characters. Uncle Adam and Miss Pratt—the former a touchy, sensitive, rich East Indian, and the latter another of Miss Ferrier's inimitable old maids—are among the best of the portraits. 'Destiny' is connected with Highland scenery and Highland manners, but is far from romantic. Miss Ferrier is as practical and as discerning in her tastes and researches as Miss Edgeworth. The

chief, Glenroy, is proud and irascible, spoiled by the fawning of his inferiors, and in his family circle is generous without kindness and profuse without benevolence. The Highland minister, Mr. Duncan MacDow, is an admirable character, though no very prepossessing specimen of the country pastor. Edith, the heroine, is a sweet and gentle creation, and there are strong feeling and passion in some of the scenes. In the case of masculine intellects, like those of the authoress of 'Marriage' and the great Irish novelist, the progress of years seems to impart greater softness and sensibility, and call forth the gentler affections. Miss Ferrier died in 1854, aged seventy-two.

JAMES MORIER.

JAMES MORIER (1780-1849), author of a 'Journey through Persia,' and sometime secretary of embassy to the court of Persia, embodied his knowledge of the East in a series of novels—'The Adventures of Hajji Baba, of Ispahan,' three volumes, 1824 (with a second part published in two volumes in 1828); 'Zohrab, the Hostage,' three volumes, 1832; 'Ayesha, the Maid of Kars,' three volumes, 1834; and 'The Mirza,' three volumes, 1841. The object of his first work was, he says, the single idea of illustrating Eastern manners by contrast with those of England, and the author evinces a minute and familiar acquaintance with the habits and customs of the Persians. The truth of his satirical descriptions and allusions was felt even by the court of Persia; for Mr. Morier published a letter from a minister of state in that country, expressing the displeasure which the king felt at the 'very foolish business' of the book. It is probable, however, as the author supposes, that this irritation may lead to reflection, and reflection to amendment, as he conceived the Persians to be, in talent and natural capacity, equal to any nation in the world, and would be no less on a level with them in feeling, honesty, and the higher moral qualities, were their education favourable. The hero of Mr. Morier's tale is an adventurer like Gil Blas, and as much buffeted about in the world. He is the son of a barber of Ispahan, and is successively one of a band of Turkomans, a menial servant, a pupil of the physician-royal of Persia, an attendant on the chief-executioner, a religious devotee, and a seller of tobacco-pipes in Constantinople. Having by stratagem espoused a rich Turkish widow, he becomes an official to the Shah; and on his further distinguishing himself for his knowledge of the Europeans, he is appointed secretary to the mission of Mirzah Firouz, and accompanies the Persian ambassador to the court of England. In the course of his multiplied adventures, misfortunes, and escapes, the volatile unprincipled Hajji mixes with all classes, and is much in Teheran, Koordistan, Georgia, Bagdad, Constantinople, &c.

The work soon became popular. 'The novelty of the style,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'which was at once perceived to be genuine oriental

by such internal evidence as establishes the value of real old China—the gay and glowing descriptions of Eastern state and pageantry—the character of the poetry occasionally introduced—secured a merited welcome for the Persian picaroon. The oriental scenes are the most valuable and original portions of “Hajji Baba,” and possess the attraction of novelty to ordinary readers, yet the account of the constant embarrassment and surprise of the Persians at English manners and customs is highly amusing. The ceremonial of the dinner-table, that seemed to them “absolutely bristling with instruments of offence,” blades of all sizes and descriptions, sufficient to have ornamented the girdles of the Shah’s household, could not but puzzle those who had been accustomed simply to take everything up in their fingers. The mail-coach, the variety of our furniture and accommodation, and other domestic observances, were equally astonishing; but, above all, the want of ceremonial among our statesmen and public officers surprised the embassy. The following burst of oriental wonder and extravagance succeeds to an account of a visit paid them by the chairman and deputy-chairman of the East India Company, who came in a hackney-coach, and after the interview, walked away upon their own legs.

“When they were well off, we all sat mute, only occasionally saying: ‘Allah! Allah! there is but one Allah!’ so wonderfully astonished were we. What! India? that great, that magnificent empire!—that scene of Persian conquest and Persian glory!—the land of elephants and precious stones, the seat of shawls and kincobs!—that paradise sung by poets, celebrated by historians more ancient than Iran itself!—at whose boundaries the sun is permitted to rise, and around whose majestic mountains, some clad in eternal snows, others in eternal verdure, the stars and the moon are allowed to gambol and carouse! What! is it so fallen, so degraded, as to be swayed by two obscure mortals, living in regions that know not the warmth of the sun? Two swine-eating infidels, shaven, impure walkers on foot, and who, by way of state, travel in dirty coaches filled with straw! This seemed to us a greater miracle in government than even that of Beg Ian, the plaiter of whips, who governed the Turkomans and the countries of Samarcand and Bokhara, leading a life more like a beggar than a potentate.”

‘Zohrab’ is a historical novel, of the time of Aga Mohammed Shah, a famous Persian prince, described by Sir John Malcolm as having taught the Russians to beat the French by making a desert before the line of the invader’s march, and thus leaving the enemy master of only so much ground as his cannon could command. In concluding ‘Mirza’ Mr. Morier says: ‘I may venture to assert that the East, as we have known it in oriental tales, is now fast on the change—“*C’est le commencement de la fin.*” Perhaps we have gleaned the last of the beards and obtained an expiring glimpse of the heavy caouk and the ample shalwar ere they are exchanged for the hat and the spruce

pantaloons. How wonderful is it—how full of serious contemplation is the fact that the whole fabric of Mohammedanism should have been assailed, almost suddenly as well as simultaneously, by events which nothing human could have foreseen. Barbara, Egypt, Syria, the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, the Red Sea, Constantinople, Asia Minor, Persia and Afghanistan, all more or less have felt the influence of European or anti-Mohammedan agencies. Perhaps the present generation may not see a new structure erected, but true it is they have seen its foundations laid.’

In 1835 appeared ‘The Banished,’ a novel, edited by Mr. Morier. The work is a translation from the German, a tale of the Swabian league in the sixteenth century. Mr. Morier died at Brighton.

The Barber of Bagdad.—From ‘Hajji Baba.’

In the reign of the Caliph Haroun al Rashid, of happy memory, lived in the city of Bagdad a celebrated barber of the name of Ali Sakal. He was so famous for a steady hand, and dexterity in his profession, that he could shave a head and trim a beard and whiskers, with his eyes blindfolded, without once drawing blood. There was not a man of any fashion at Bagdad who did not employ him; and such a run of business had he, that at length he became proud and insolent, and would scarcely ever touch a head whose master was not at least a *Beg* or an *Aga*. Wood for fuel was always scarce and dear at Bagdad; and, as his shop consumed a great deal, the wood-cutters brought their loads to him in preference, almost sure of meeting with a ready sale. It happened one day, that a poor wood-cutter, new in his profession, and ignorant of the character of Ali Sakal, went to his shop, and offered him for sale a load of wood, which he had just brought from a considerable distance in the country, on his ass. Ali immediately offered him a price, making use of these words: ‘For all the wood that was upon the ass.’ The wood-cutter agreed, unloaded his beast, and asked for the money. ‘You have not given me all the wood yet,’ said the barber; ‘I must have the pack-saddle (which is chiefly made of wood) into the bargain; that was our agreement.’ ‘How!’ said the other, in great amazement; ‘who ever heard of such a bargain? It is impossible.’ In short, after many words and much altercation, the overbearing barber seized the pack-saddle, wood and all, and sent away the poor peasant in great distress. He immediately ran to the *cadi*, and stated his griefs; the *cadi* was one of the barber’s customers, and refused to hear the case. The wood-cutter went to a higher judge; he also patronised Ali Sakal, and made light of the complaint. The poor man then appealed to the mufti himself, who, having pondered over the question, at length settled, that it was too difficult a case for him to decide, no provision being made for it in the Koran; and therefore he must put up with his loss. The wood-cutter was not disheartened; but forthwith got a scribe to write a petition to the caliph himself, which he duly presented on Friday, the day when he went in state to the mosque. The caliph’s punctuality in reading petitions was well known, and it was not long before the wood-cutter was called to his presence. When he had approached the caliph, he kneeled and kissed the ground; and then placing his arms straight before him, his hands covered with the sleeves of his cloak, and his feet close together, he awaited the decision of his case. ‘Friend,’ said the caliph, ‘the barber has words on his side—you have equity on yours. The law must be defined by words, and agreements must be made by words: the former must have its course, or it is nothing; and agreements must be kept, or there would be no faith between man and man; therefore the barber must keep all his wood.’—Then calling the wood-cutter close to him, the caliph whispered something in his ear, which none but he could hear, and then sent him away quite satisfied. . . .

The wood-cutter having made his obeisances, returned to his ass, which was tied without, took it by the halter, and proceeded to his home. A few days after, he applied to the barber, as if nothing had happened between them, requesting that he, and a companion of his from the country, might enjoy the dexterity of his hand; and the price at which both operations were to be performed was settled. When the

wood-cutter's crown had been properly shorn, Ali Sakal asked where his companion was. 'He is just standing without here,' said the other, 'and he shall come in presently.' Accordingly he went out, and returned, leading his ass after him by the halter. 'This is my companion,' said he, 'and you must shave him.' 'Shave him!' exclaimed the barber, in the greatest surprise; 'it is enough that I have consented to demean myself by touching you, and do you insult me by asking me to do as much to your ass? Away with you, or I'll send you both to *Jehannum*;' and forthwith drove them out of his shop.

The wood-cutter immediately went to the caliph, was admitted to his presence, and related his case. 'Tis well,' said the commander of the faithful: 'bring Ali Sakal and his razors to me this instant,' he exclaimed to one of his officers; and in the course of ten minutes the barber stood before him. 'Why do you refuse to shave this man's companion?' said the caliph to the barber; 'was not that your agreement?' Ali, kissing the ground, answered: 'Tis true, O caliph, that such was our agreement; but who ever made a companion of an ass before? or who ever before thought of treating it like a true believer?' 'You may say right,' said the caliph; 'but, at the same time, who ever thought of insisting upon a pack-saddle being included in a load of wood? No, no, it is the wood-cutter's turn now. To the ass immediately, or you know the consequences.' The barber was then obliged to prepare a great quantity of soap, to lather the beast from head to foot, and to shave him in the presence of the caliph, and of the whole court, whilst he was jeered and mocked by the taunts and laughing of all the bystanders. The poor wood-cutter was then dismissed with an appropriate present of money, and all Bagdad resounded with the story, and celebrated the justice of the commander of the faithful.

JAMES BAILLIE FRASER.

JAMES BAILLIE FRASER (1783-1856), like Mr. Morier, described the life and manners of the Persians by fictitious as well as true narratives. In 1828 he published 'The Kuzzilbash, a Tale of Khorasan,' three volumes, to which he afterwards added a continuation, under the name of 'The Persian Adventurer,' the title of his first work not being generally understood: it was often taken, he says, for a cookery book! The term Kuzzilbash, which is Turkish, signifies Red-head, and was an appellation originally given by Shah Ismael I. to seven tribes bound to defend their king. These tribes wore a red cap as a distinguishing mark, which afterwards became the military head-dress of the Persian troops; hence the word Kuzzilbash is used to express a Persian soldier; and often, particularly among the Toorkomans and Oozbeks, is applied as a national designation to the people in general. Mr. Fraser's hero relates his own adventures, which begin almost from his birth; for he is carried off while a child by a band of Toorkoman robbers, who plunder his father's lands and village, situated in Khorasan, on the borders of the great desert which stretches from the banks of the Caspian Sea to those of the river Oxus. The infant bravery of Ismael, the Kuzzilbash, interests Omer Khan, head of a tribe or camp of the plunderers, and he spares the child, and keeps him to attend on his own son Selim. In the camp of his master is a beautiful girl, daughter of a Persian captive; and with this young beauty, 'lovely as a child of the Peris,' Ismael forms an attachment that increases with their years. These early scenes are finely described; and the misfortunes of the fair Shireen are related with much pathos. The consequences of Ismael's passion force him to flee. He assumes the dress of the Kuzzilbash, and crossing the

desert, joins the army of the victorious Nadir Shah, and assists in recovering the holy city of Mushed, the capital of Khorasan. His bravery is rewarded with honours and dignities; and after various scenes of love and war, the Kuzzilbash is united to his Shireen.

A brief but characteristic scene—a meeting of two warriors in the desert—is strikingly described, though the reader is impressed with the idea that European thoughts and expressions mingle too largely with the narrative:

Meeting of Eastern Warriors in the Desert.

By the time I reached the banks of this stream the sun had set, and it was necessary to seek some retreat where I might pass the night and refresh myself and my horse without fear of discovery. Ascending the river-bed, therefore, with this intention, I soon found a recess where I could repose myself, surrounded by green pasture, in which my horse might feed; but as it would have been dangerous to let him go at large all night, I employed myself for a while in cutting the longest and thickest of the grass which grew on the banks of the stream for his night's repast, permitting him to pasture at will, until dark; and securing him then close to the spot I meant to occupy, after a moderate meal, I commended myself to Allah, and lay down to rest.

The loud neighing of my horse awoke me with a start, as the first light of dawn broke in the east. Quickly springing on my feet, and grasping my spear and scimitar, which lay under my head, I looked around for the cause of alarm. Nor did it long remain doubtful; for, at the distance of scarce two hundred yards, I saw a single horseman advancing. To tighten my girdle around my loins, to string my bow, and prepare two or three arrows for use, was but the work of a few moments; before these preparations, however, were completed, the stranger was close at hand. Fitting an arrow to my bow, I placed myself upon guard, and examined him narrowly as he approached. He was a man of goodly stature and powerful frame; his countenance hard, strongly marked, and furnished with a thick black beard, bore testimony of exposure to many a blast, but it still preserved a prepossessing expression of good-humour and benevolence. His turban, which was formed of a cashmere shawl, sorely tashed and torn, and twisted here and there with small steel chains, according to the fashion of the time, was wound around a red cloth cap that rose in four peaks high above the head. His oemah, or riding-coat, of crimson cloth, much stained and faded, opening at the bosom, shewed the links of a coat-of-mail which he wore below; a yellow shawl formed his girdle; his huge shulwars, or riding-trousers, of thick fawn-coloured Kerman woollen stuff, fell in folds over the large red leather boots in which his legs were cased; by his side hung a crooked scimitar in a black leather scabbard, and from the holsters of his saddle peeped out the butt-ends of a pair of pistols—weapons of which I then knew not the use, any more than of the matchlock which was slung at his back. He was mounted on a powerful but jaded horse, and appeared to have already travelled far.

When the striking figure had approached within thirty yards, I called out in the Turkish language, commonly used in the country: 'Whoever thou art, come no nearer on thy peril, or I shall salute thee with this arrow—from my bow!' 'Why, boy,' returned the stranger in a deep manly voice, and speaking in the same tongue, 'thou art a bold lad, truly! but set thy heart at rest, I mean thee no harm.' 'Nay,' rejoined I, 'I am on foot, and alone. I know thee not, nor thy intentions. Either retire at once, or shew thy sincerity by setting thyself on equal terms with me: dismount from thy steed, and then I fear thee not, whatever be thy designs. Beware!' And so saying I drew my arrow to the head, and pointed it towards him. 'By the head of my father!' cried the stranger, 'thou art an absolute youth! but I like thee well; thy heart is stout, and thy demand is just; the sheep trusts not the wolf when it meets him in the plain, nor do we acknowledge every stranger in the desert for a friend. See,' continued he, dismounting actively, yet with a weight that made the turf ring again—'see, I yield my advantage: as for thy arrows, boy, I fear them not.'

With that, he slung a small shield, which he bore at his back, before him, as if to cover his face, in case of treachery on my part, and leaving his horse where it stood, he advanced to me.

Taught from my youth to suspect and to guard against treachery, I still kept a wary eye on the motions of the stranger. But there was something in his open though rugged countenance and manly bearing that claimed and won my confidence. Slowly I lowered my hand, and relaxed the still drawn string of my bow, as he strode up to me with a firm, composed step.

'Youth,' said he, 'had my intentions been hostile, it is not thy arrows or thy bow, no, nor thy sword and spear, that could have stood thee much in stead. I am too old a soldier, and too well defended against such weapons, to fear them from so young an arm. But I am neither enemy nor traitor to attack thee unawares. I have travelled far during the past night, and mean to refresh myself awhile in this spot before I proceed on my journey; thou meanest not,' added he with a smile, 'to deny me the boon which Allah extends to all his creatures? What! still suspicious? Come, then, I will increase thy advantage, and try to win thy confidence.' With that he unbuckled his sword and threw it, with his matchlock, upon the turf a little way from him. 'See me now unarmed; wilt thou yet trust me?' Who could have doubted longer? I threw down my bow and arrows: 'Pardon,' cried I, 'my tardy confidence; but he that has escaped with difficulty from many perils, fears even their shadow: here,' continued I, 'are bread and salt, eat thou of them; thou art then my guest, and that sacred tie secures the faith of both.' The stranger, with another smile, took the offered food.

The following passage, describing the Kuzzilbash's return to his native village, affects us both by the view which it gives of the desolation caused in half-barbarous countries by war and rapine, and the beautiful train of sentiment which the author puts into the mouth of his hero:

Desolation of War.

We continued for some time longer, riding over a track once fertile and well cultivated, but now returned to its original desolation. The wild pomegranate, the thorn, and the thistle, grew high in the fields, and overran the walls that formerly inclosed them. At length we reached an open space, occupied by the ruins of a large walled village, among which a square building, with walls of greater height, and towers at each corner, rose particularly conspicuous.

As we approached this place I felt my heart stirred within me, and my whole frame agitated with a secret and indescribable emotion; visions of past events seemed hovering dimly in my memory. but my sensations were too indistinct and too confused to be intelligible to myself. At last a vague idea shot through my brain, and thrilled like a fiery arrow in my heart; with burning cheeks and eager eyes I looked towards my companion, and saw his own bent keenly upon me.

'Knowest thou this spot, young man?' said he, after a pause; 'if thy memory does not serve thee, cannot thy heart tell thee what walls are these?' I gasped for breath, but could not speak. 'Yes, Ismael,' continued he, 'these are the ruined walls of thy father's house; there passed the first days of thy childhood; within that broken tower thy eyes first saw the light! But its courts are now strewn with the unburied dust of thy kindred, and the foxes and wolves of the desert rear their young among its roofless chambers. These are the acts of that tribe to which thou hast so long been in bondage—such is the debt of blood which cries out for thy vengeance!'

I checked my horse to gaze on the scene of my infant years, and my companion seemed willing to indulge me. Is it indeed true, as some sages have taught, that man's good angel hovers over the place of his birth, and dwells with peculiar fondness on the innocent days of his childhood, and that in after-years of sorrow and of crime she pours the recollection of those pure and peaceful days like balm over the heart, to soften and improve it by their influence? How could it be, without some agency like this, that, gazing thus unexpectedly on the desolate home of my fathers, the violent passions, the bustle, and the misery of later years, vanished from my mind like a dream; and the scenes and feelings of my childhood came fresh as

yesterday to my remembrance? I heard the joyous clamour of my little brothers and sisters; our games, our quarrels, and our reconciliations, were once more present to me; the grave smile of my father, the kind but eternal gabble of my good old nurse; and, above all, the mild sweet voice of my beloved mother, as she adjusted our little disputes, or soothed our childish sorrows—all rushed upon my mind, and for a while quite overpowered me; I covered my face with my hands and wept in silence.

Besides his Eastern tales, Mr. Fraser wrote a story of his native country, 'The Highland Smugglers,' in which he displays the same talent for description, with much inferior powers in constructing a probable or interesting narrative. He died at his seat, Moniack, in Inverness-shire, a picturesque Highland spot.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK, a fashionable and copious novelist, was born in London, September 22, 1788. He was the son of a distinguished musical composer; and at the early age of sixteen—after an imperfect course of education at Harrow School—he became a sort of partner in his father's business of music and song. In 1805 he composed a comic opera, 'The Soldier's Return,' the overture and music, as well as the dialogues and songs, entirely by himself. The opera was highly successful, and young Theodore was ready next year with another after-piece, 'Catch Him Who Can,' which exhibited the talents of Liston and Mathews in a popular and effective light, and had a great run of success. Several musical operas were then produced in rapid succession by Hook, as 'The Invisible Girl,' 'Music Mad,' 'Darkness Visible,' 'Trial by Jury,' 'The Fortress,' 'Tekeli,' 'Exchange no Robbery,' and 'Killing no Murder.' Some of these still keep possession of the stage, and evince wonderful knowledge of dramatic art, musical skill, and literary powers in so young an author. They were followed (1808) by a novel which has been described as a mere farce in a narrative shape. The remarkable conversational talents of Theodore Hook, and his popularity as a writer for the stage, led him much into society. Flushed with success, full of the gaiety and impetuosity of youth, and conscious of his power to please and even fascinate in company, he surrendered himself up to the enjoyment of the passing hour, and became noted for his 'boisterous buffooneries,' his wild sallies of wit and drollery, and his practical *hoaxes*.

Amongst his various talents was one which, though familiar in some other countries, whose language affords it facilities, has hitherto been rare, if not unknown in ours—namely, the power of *improvisating*, or extemporaneous composition of songs and music. Hook would at table turn the whole conversation of the evening into a song, sparkling with puns or witty allusions, and perfect in its rhymes. 'He accompanied himself,' says Lockhart, in the 'Quarterly Review,' 'on the pianoforte, and the music was frequently, though not always, as new as the verse. He usually stuck to the common ballad

measures; but one favourite sport was a mimic opera, and then he seemed to triumph without effort over every variety of metre and complication of stanza. About the complete extemporaneousness of the whole there could rarely be the slightest doubt.' This power of extempore verse seems to have been the wonder of all Hook's associates; it astonished Sheridan, Coleridge, and the most illustrious of his contemporaries, who used to hang delighted over such rare and unequivocal manifestations of genius. Hook had been introduced to the prince-regent, afterwards George IV., and in 1812 he received the appointment of accomptant-general and treasurer to the colony of the Mauritius, with a salary of about £2000 per annum. This handsome provision he enjoyed for five years. The duties of the office were, however, neglected, and an examination being made into the books of the accomptant, various irregularities, omissions, and discrepancies were detected. There was a deficiency of a large amount, and Hook was ordered home under the charge of a detachment of military. Thus a dark cloud hung over him for the remainder of his life; but it is believed that he was in reality innocent of all but gross negligence.

On reaching London in 1819, he was subjected to a scrutiny by the Audit Board, and ultimately was pronounced liable to the crown for £12,000. In the meantime he laboured assiduously at literature as a profession. He became, in 1820, editor of the 'John Bull' newspaper, which he made conspicuous for its advocacy of high aristocratic principles, keen virulent personalities, and much wit and humour. His political songs were generally admired for their point and brilliancy of fancy. In 1823, after the award had been given finding him a debtor to the crown in the sum mentioned, Hook was arrested, and continued nearly two years in confinement. His literary labours went on, however, without interruption, and in 1824, appeared the first series of his tales, entitled 'Sayings and Doings,' which were so well received that the author was made £2000 richer by the production. In 1825, he issued a second series, and shortly after that publication he was released from custody, with an intimation, however, that the crown abandoned nothing of its claim for the Mauritius debt. The popular novelist now pursued his literary career with unabated diligence and spirit. In 1828, he published a third series of 'Sayings and Doings,' in 1830, 'Maxwell,' in 1832, 'The Life of Sir David Baird,' in 1833, 'The Parson's Daughter,' and 'Love and Pride.' In 1836, he became editor of the 'New Monthly Magazine,' and contributed to its pages, in chapters, 'Gilbert Gurney,' and the far inferior sequel, 'Gurney Married,' each afterwards collected into a set of three volumes. In 1837, appeared 'Jack Brag,' in 1839, 'Births, Deaths, and Marriages,' 'Precepts and Practice,' and 'Fathers and Sons.' His last avowed work, 'Peregrine Bunce,' supposed not to have been wholly written by him, appeared some months after his death.

The production of thirty-eight volumes within sixteen years—the author being all the while editor, and almost sole writer, of a newspaper, and for several years the efficient conductor of a magazine—certainly affords, as Mr. Lockhart remarks, sufficient proof that he never sank into idleness. At the same time Theodore Hook was the idol of the fashionable circles, and ran a heedless round of dissipation. Though in the receipt of a large income—probably not less than £3000 per annum—by his writings, he became involved in pecuniary embarrassments; and an unhappy connection which he had formed, yet dared not avow, entailed upon him the anxieties and responsibilities of a family. Parts of a diary which he kept have been published, and there are passages in it disclosing his struggles, his alternations of hope and despair, and his ever-deepening distresses and difficulties, which are inexpressibly touching as well as instructive. At length, overwhelmed with difficulties, his children unprovided for, and himself a victim to disease and exhaustion before he had completed his fifty-third year, he died at Fulham on the 24th of August 1841. His ‘*Life and Remains*,’ by the Rev. Mr. Barham, appeared in 1848.

The works of Theodore Hook are very unequal, and none of them perhaps display the rich and varied powers of his conversation. He was thoroughly acquainted with English life in the higher and middle ranks, and his early familiarity with the stage had taught him the effect of dramatic situations and pointed dialogue. The theatre, however, is not always a good school for taste in composition, and Hook’s witty and tragic scenes and contrasts of character are often too violent in tone, and too little discriminated.

THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN—MR. T. H. LISTER—MARQUIS OF
NORMANBY

THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN (1796–1864) was born in Dublin, and commenced his literary career with a poetical romance, entitled ‘*Philibert*’ (1819), which was smoothly versified, but possessed no great merit. In 1823 appeared his ‘*Highways and Byways*,’ tales of continental wandering and adventure, written in a light, picturesque, and pleasing manner. These were so well received that the author wrote a second series, published in 1824, and a third in 1827. In 1830 he came forth with a novel in four volumes, ‘*The Heiress of Bruges, a Tale of the Year Sixteen Hundred*.’ The plot of this work is connected with the attempts made by the Flemish to emancipate themselves from the foreign sway of Spain, in which they were assisted by the Dutch, under Prince Maurice. Mr. Grattan was author also of ‘*Tales of Travel*,’ and histories of the Netherlands and of Switzerland. As a writer of fiction, a power of vivid description and observation of nature was Mr. Grattan’s principal merit. His style is often diffuse and careless; and he does not seem to have laboured successfully in constructing his stories. His pictures of ordinary life in the French

provinces, as he wandered among the highways and byways of that country with a cheerful observant spirit, noting the peculiarities of the people, are his happiest and most original efforts.

MR. THOMAS HENRY LISTER (1801-1842), a gentleman of rank and aristocratic connections, was author of three novels, descriptive of the manners of the higher classes—namely, ‘Granby,’ 1826; ‘Herbert Lacy,’ 1827; and ‘Arlington,’ 1832. These works are pleasingly written, and may be considered as affording correct pictures of domestic society, but they possessed no features of novelty or originality to preserve them for another generation. A strain of graceful reflection, in the style of the essays in the ‘Mirror’ and ‘Lounger,’ is mingled with the tale, and shews the author to have been a man of cultivated taste and feeling. In 1838 Mr. Lister published a ‘Memoir of the Life and Administration of the Earl of Clarendon,’ in three volumes, a work of considerable talent and research, in preparing which the author had access to documents and papers unknown to his predecessors. Mr. Lister at the time of his death held the government appointment of Registrar-general of births, marriages, and deaths. The following brief description in ‘Granby’ may be compared with Mr. Wordsworth’s noble sonnet composed upon Westminster Bridge:

London at Sunrise.

Granby followed them with his eyes; and now, too full of happiness to be accessible to any feelings of jealousy or repining, after a short reverie of the purest satisfaction, he left the ball, and sallied out into the fresh cool air of a summer morning—suddenly passing from the red glare of lamplight to the clear sober brightness of returning day. He walked cheerfully onward, refreshed and exhilarated by the air of morning, and interested with the scene around him. It was broad daylight, and he viewed the town under an aspect in which it is alike presented to the late-retiring votary of pleasure, and to the early-rising sons of business. He stopped on the pavement of Oxford Street to contemplate the effect. The whole extent of that long vista, unclouded by the mid-day smoke, was distinctly visible to his eye at once. The houses shrunk to half their span, while the few visible spires of the adjacent churches seemed to rise less distant than before, gaily tipped with early sunshine, and much diminished in apparent size, but heightened in distinctness and in beauty. Had it not been for the cool gray tint which slightly mingled with every object, the brightness was almost that of noon. But the life, the bustle, the busy din, the flowing tide of human existence, were all wanting to complete the similitude. All was hushed and silent; and this mighty receptacle of human beings, which a few short hours would wake into active energy and motion, seemed like a city of the dead.

There was little to break this solemn illusion. Around were the monuments of human exertions, but the hands which formed them were no longer there. Few, if any, were the symptoms of life. No sounds were heard but the heavy creaking of a solitary wagon, the twittering of an occasional sparrow, the monotonous tone of the drowsy watchman, and the distant rattle of the retiring carriage, fading on the ear till it melted into silence; and the eye that searched for living objects fell on nothing but the grim greatcoated guardian of the night, muffled up into an appearance of doubtful character between bear and man, and scarcely distinguishable, by the colour of his dress, from the brown flags along which he sauntered.

Two novels of the same class with those of Mr. Lister were written by the first MARQUIS OF NORMANBY (1797-1863)—namely, ‘Matilda,’ published in 1825, and ‘Yes and No, a Tale of the Day,’ 1827. They

were well received by the public, being superior to the ordinary run of fashionable novels, but deficient in originality and vigour. Lord Normanby was the English ambassador at Paris in 1848, and some years afterwards (in 1857) he published 'A Year of Revolution,' from the journal he had kept at that stormy period. The work was poorly written, and in bad taste.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB—LADY DACRE—COUNTESS OF MORLEY—LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB (1785–1828) was the authoress of three works of fiction, utterly worthless in a literary point of view, but which, from extrinsic circumstances, were highly popular in their day. The first, 'Glenarvon,' was published in 1816, and the hero was understood to 'body forth' the character and sentiments of Lord Byron. It was a representation of the dangers attending a life of fashion. The second, 'Graham Hamilton,' depicted the difficulties and dangers inseparable even in the most amiable minds, from weakness and irresolution of character. The third, 'Ada Reis' (1823), is a wild Eastern tale, the hero being introduced as the Don Juan of his day, a Georgian by birth, who, like Othello, is 'sold to slavery,' but rises to honours and distinctions. In the end Ada is condemned, for various misdeeds, to eternal punishment! The history of Lady Caroline Lamb is painful. She was united, before the age of twenty, to the Hon. William Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne), and was long the delight of the fashionable circles, from the singularity as well as the grace of her manners, her literary accomplishments, and personal attractions. On meeting with Lord Byron, she contracted at first sight an unfortunate attachment for the noble poet, which continued three years, and was the theme of much remark. The poet is said to have trifled with her feelings, and a rupture took place. 'For many years Lady Caroline led a life of comparative seclusion, principally at Brompton Hall. This was interrupted by a singular and somewhat romantic occurrence. Riding with Mr. Lamb, she met, just by the park-gates, the hearse which was conveying the remains of Lord Byron to Newstead Abbey. She was taken home insensible: an illness of length and severity succeeded. A romantic susceptibility of temperament and character (ultimately ending in mental alienation) seems to have been the lot of this unfortunate lady. Her fate illustrates the wisdom of Thomson's advice:

Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.

'The Recollections of a Chaperon,' 1833, by LADY DACRE, are a series of tales written with taste, feeling and passion. This lady is, we believe, also authoress of 'Trevelyan,' 1833, a work which, at the time of its publication, was considered as, in many respects, the best novel, by a female writer, that had appeared since Miss Edgeworth's

'Vivian.'—Among other works of this class may be mentioned the tale of 'Dacre,' 1834, by the COUNTESS OF MORLEY, and several fashionable novels.—'The Divorced,' 'Family Records,' 'Love,' 'The Courtier's Daughter,' &c.—by LADY CHARLOTTE BURY. This lady is the supposed authoress of a 'Diary Illustrative of the Times of George IV.,' a scandalous chronicle, published in 1838. It appears that her Ladyship—then Lady Charlotte Campbell—had held an appointment in the household of the Princess of Wales, and during this time she kept a Diary, in which she recorded the foibles and failings of the unfortunate princess and other members of the court. The work was strongly condemned by the leading critical journals, and was received generally with disapprobation.

R. PLUMER WARD.

MR. R. PLUMER WARD (1765–1846) published in 1825 a singular metaphysical and religious romance, entitled 'Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement.' The author's name was not prefixed to his work; and as he alluded to his intimacy with English statesmen and political events, and seemed to belong to the Evangelical party in the Church, much speculation took place as to the paternity of the novel. The prolixity of some of the dissertations and dialogues, where the story stood still for half a volume, that the parties might converse and dispute, rendered 'Tremaine' somewhat heavy and tedious, in spite of the vigour and originality of talent it displayed. In a subsequent work, 'De Vere, or the Man of Independence,' 1837, the public dwelt with keen interest on a portraiture of Mr. Canning, whose career was then about to close in his premature death. The contention in the mind of this illustrious statesman between literary tastes and the pursuits of ambition, is beautifully delineated in one passage which has been often quoted. It represents a conversation between Wentworth (Canning), Sir George Deloraine, a reserved and sentimental man, and Dr. Herbert. The occasion of the conversation was Wentworth's having observed Deloraine coming out of Westminster Abbey by the door at Poets' Corner. Meeting at dinner, Sir George is rallied by Wentworth on his taste for the monuments of departed genius; which he defends; and he goes on to add:

Power of Literary Genius.

'It would do all you men of power good if you were to visit them too; for it would shew you how little more than upon a level is often the reputation of the greatest statesman with the fame of those who, by their genius, their philosophy, or love of letters, improve and gladden life even after they are gone.' The whole company saw the force of this remark, and Wentworth not the least among them. 'You have touched a theme,' said he, 'which has often engaged me, and others before me, with the keenest interest. I know nothing so calculated as this very reflection to cure us poor political slaves—especially when we feel the tugs we are obliged to sustain—of being dazzled by meteors.' 'Meteors do you call them?' said Dr. Herbert. 'What poet, I had almost said what philosopher, can stand in competition with the founder or defender of his country?' 'Ask your own Homer, your own Shakspeare,' answered Wentworth, forgetting his ambition

for a moment in his love of letters. 'You take me in my weak part,' said Herbert, 'and the subject would carry us too far. I would remark, however, that but for the Solous, the Romuluses, the Charlemagnes, and Altiads, we should have no Homer or Shakspeare to charm us.' 'I know this is your favourite theme,' said the minister, 'and you know how much I agree with you. But this is not precisely the question raised by Sir George; which is, the superiority in the temple of fame enjoyed by men distinguished for their efforts in song or history—but who might have been mere beggars when alive—over those who flaunted it superciliously over them in a pomp and pride which are now absolutely forgotten.' 'I will have nothing to do with supercilious flaunters,' replied Herbert; 'I speak of the liberal, the patriotic, who seek power for the true uses of power, in order to diffuse blessing and protection all around them. These can never fail to be deservedly applauded; and I honour such ambition as of infinitely more real consequence to the world than those whose works—however I may love them in private—can, from the mere nature of things, be comparatively known only to a few.' 'All that is most true,' said Mr. Wentworth; 'and for a while public men of the description you mention fill a larger space in the eye of mankind; that is, of contemporary mankind. But extinguish their power no matter by what means, whether by losing favour at court, or being turned out by the country, to both which they are alike subject; let death forcibly remove them, or a queen die, and their light, like Bolingbroke's, goes out of itself; their influence is certainly gone, and where is even their reputation? It may glimmer for a minute, like the dying flame of a taper, after which they soon cease to be mentioned, perhaps even remembered.' 'Surely,' said the doctor, 'this is too much in extremes.' 'And yet,' continued Wentworth, 'have we not all heard of a maxim appalling to all lovers of political fame, "that nobody is missed?" Alas! then, are we not compelled to burst out with the poet:

Alas, what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neera's hair?'

Both Sir George and De Vere kindled at this; and the doctor himself smiled, when the minister proceeded. 'In short,' said he, 'when a statesman, or even a conqueror, is departed, it depends upon the happier poet or philosophic historian to make even his name known to posterity; while the historian or poet acquires immortality for himself in conferring upon his heroes an inferior existence.' 'Inferior existence!' exclaimed Herbert. 'Yes; for look at Plutarch, and ask which are most esteemed, himself or those he records? Look at the old Clandii and Manlii of Livy; or the characters in Tacitus; or Mæcenas, Agrippa, or Augustus himself—princes, emperors, ministers, esteemed by contemporaries as gods! Fancy their splendour in the eye of the multitude while the multitude followed them! Look at them now! Spite even of their beautiful historians, we have often difficulty in rummaging out their old names; while those who wrote or sang of them live before our eyes. The benefits they conferred passed in a minute, while the compositions that record them last for ever.' Mr. Wentworth's energy moved his hearers, and even Herbert, who was too classical not to be shaken by these arguments. 'Still, however,' said the latter, 'we admire, and even wish to emulate Camillus and Miltiades, and Alexander; a Sully and a Clarendon.' 'Add a Lord Burleigh,' replied the minister, 'who, in reference to Spencer, thought a hundred pounds an immense sum for a song.' Which is now most thought of or most loved?—the calculating minister or the poor poet? the puissant treasurer or he who was left "in suing long to bide?" Sir George and De Vere, considering the quarter whence it came, were delighted with this question. The doctor was silent, and seemed to wish his great friend to go on. He proceeded thus: 'I might make the same question as to Horace and Mæcenas; and yet, I daresay, Horace was as proud of being taken in Mæcenas's coach to the Capitol as the Dean of St. Patrick's in Oxford's or Bolingbroke's to Windsor. Yet Oxford is even now chiefly remembered through that very dean, and so perhaps would Bolingbroke, but that he is an author, and a very considerable one, himself. We may recollect,' continued he, 'the manner in which Whitelocke mentions Milton

—that “one Milton, a blind man,” was made Secretary to Cromwell. Whitelocke was then the first subject in the state, and lived in all the pomp of the seals, and all the splendour of Bulstrode; while the blind man waked at early morn to listen to the lark bidding him good-morrow at his cottage-window. Where is the lord-keeper now?—where the blind man? What is known of Addison as secretary of state? and how can His Excellency compare with the man who charms us so exquisitely in his writings? When I have visited his interesting house at Bilton, in Warwickshire, sat in his very study, and read his very books, no words can describe my emotions. I breathe his official atmosphere here, but without thinking of him at all. In short, there is this delightful superiority in literary over political fame, that the one, to say the best of it, stalks in cold grandeur upon stilts, like a French tragedy actor, while the other winds itself into our warm hearts, and is hugged there with all the affection of a friend and all the admiration of a lover.’ ‘Hear! hear!’ cried Sir George, which was echoed by De Vere and Herbert himself.

‘De Clifford, or the Constant Man,’ produced in 1841, is also a tale of actual life; and as the hero is at one time secretary to a cabinet minister, Mr. Ward revels in official details, rivalries, and intrigue. In 1844 our author produced ‘Chatsworth, or the Romance of a Week.’ Mr. Ward wrote some legal, historical, and political works now forgotten, and held office under government in the Admiralty and other departments for twenty-five years. Canning said sarcastically that Ward’s law-books were as pleasant as novels, and his novels as dull as law-books.

JOHN BANIM—EYRE EVANS CROWE—CÆSAR OTWAY.

JOHN BANIM (1800–1842), author of ‘Tales of the O’Hara Family,’ seemed to unite the truth and circumstantiality of Crabbe with the dark and gloomy power of Godwin; and in knowledge of Irish character, habits, customs, and feeling, he was superior even to Miss Edgeworth or Lady Morgan. The story of the Nowlans, and that of Croohore of the Bill-hook, can never be forgotten by those who have once perused them. The force of the passions, and the effects of crime, turbulence, and misery, have rarely been painted with such overmastering energy, or wrought into narratives of more sustained and harrowing interest. The probability of his incidents was not much attended to by the author, and he indulged largely in scenes of horror and violence—in murders, abductions, pursuits, and escapes—but the whole was related with such spirit, raciness, and truth of costume and colouring, that the reader had neither time nor inclination to note defects. The very peculiarities of the Irish dialect and pronunciation—though constituting at first a difficulty in perusal, and always too much persisted in by Mr. Banim—heightened the wild native flavour of the stories, and enriched them with many new and picturesque words and phrases.

His ‘Tales of the O’Hara Family’ were produced in 1825 and 1826. They were followed, in 1828, by another Irish story, ‘The Croppy,’ connected with the insurrection in 1798. ‘We paint,’ said the author, ‘from the people of a land amongst whom, for the last six hundred years, national provocations have never ceased to keep alive the strongest and often the worst passions of our nature; whose

pauses, during that long lapse of a country's existence, from actual conflict in the field, have been but so many changes into mental strife, and who to this day are held prepared, should the war-cry be given, to rush at each other's throats, and enact scenes that, in the columns of a newspaper, would shew more terribly vivid than any selected by us from former facts, for the purposes of candid, though slight illustration.' There was too much of this 'strong writing' in 'The Croppy,' and worse faults were found in the prolixity of some of the dialogues and descriptions, and a too palpable imitation of the style of Scott in his historical romances. The scenes peculiarly Irish are, however, written with Mr. Banim's characteristic vigour: he describes the burning of a cabin till we seem to witness the spectacle; and the massacre at Vinegar Hill is portrayed with the distinctness of dramatic action. Nanny the knitter is also one of his happiest Irish likenesses. The experiment made by the author to depict the manners and frivolities of the higher classes—to draw a sprightly heroine, a maiden aunt, or the ordinary characters and traits of genteel society—was decidedly a failure. His strength lay in the cabin and the wild heath, not in the drawing-room. In 1830 Mr. Banim published 'The Denounced,' in three volumes, a work consisting of two tales—The Last Baron of Crana, and The Conformists. The same beauties and defects which characterise 'The Croppy' are seen in 'The Denounced,' but the Conformists is a deeply interesting story, and calls forth Mr. Banim's peculiarities of description and knowledge of character in a very striking light. His object is to depict the evils of that system of anti-Catholic tyranny when the penal laws were in full force, by which home education was denied to Catholic families unless by a Protestant teacher. The more rigid of the Catholics abjured all instruction thus administered; and Mr. Banim describes the effects of ignorance and neglect on the second son of a Catholic gentleman, haughty, sensitive, and painfully alive to the disadvantages and degradation of his condition. The whole account of this family, the D'Arcys, is written with great skill and effect.

In 1838 Mr. Banim collected several of his contributions to periodical works, and published them under the title of 'The Bit o' Writin', and other Tales.' In 1842 he sent forth an original and excellent novel, in three volumes, 'Father Connell,' the hero being an aged and benevolent Catholic priest, not unworthy of association with the Protestant Vicar of Wakefield. This primitive pastor becomes the patron of a poor vagrant boy, Neddy Fennell, whose adventures furnish the incidents for the story. This was destined to be the last work of the author. He died in August 1842, in the prime of life, in the neighbourhood of Kilkenny, which also was his birth-place. 'Mr. Banim began life as a miniature-painter; but, seduced from his profession by promptings too strong to be resisted, and by the success of a tragedy, "Damon and Pythias," he early abandoned

art, and adopted literature as a profession; and he will be long remembered as the writer of that powerful and painful series of novels, "Tales of the O'Hara Family." Some years previous, the general sympathy was attracted to Mr. Banim's struggle against the suffering and privation which came in the train of disease that precluded all literary exertion; and on that occasion Sir Robert Peel came to the aid of the distressed author, whose latter years were restored to his native country, and made easy by a yearly pension of £150 from the civil list, to which an addition of £40 a year was afterwards made for the education of his daughter, an only child.' Besides the works we have mentioned, Mr. Banim wrote 'Boyne Water,' and other poetical pieces; and he contributed largely to the different magazines and annuals. The 'Tales of the O'Hara Family' had given him a name that carried general attraction to all lovers of light literature; and there are few of these short and hasty tales that do not contain some traces of his unrivalled Irish power and fidelity of delineation. In some respects Mr. Banim was a mannerist: his knowledge extended over a wide surface of Irish history and of character, under all its modifications; but his style and imagination were confined chiefly to the same class of subjects, and to a peculiar mode of treating them. A Life of Banim, with extracts from his correspondence—unfolding a life of constant struggle and exertion—was published in 1857, written by Mr. P. J. Murray.

Description of the Burning of a Croppy's House.

The smith kept a brooding and gloomy silence; his almost savage yet steadfast glare fastened upon the element that, not more raging than his own bosom, devoured his dwelling. Fire had been set to the house in many places within and without; and though at first it crept slowly along the surface of the thatch, or only sent out bursting wreaths of vapour from the interior, or through the doorway, few minutes elapsed until the whole of the combustible roof was one mass of flame, shooting up into the serene air in a spire of dazzling brilliancy, mixed with vivid sparks, and relieved against a background of dark-gray smoke.

Sky and earth appeared reddened into common ignition with the blaze. The houses around gleamed hotly; the very stones and rocks on the hillside seemed portions of fire; and Shawn-a-Gow's bare head and herculean shoulders were covered with spreading showers of the ashes of his own roof.

His distended eye fixed, too, upon the figures of the actors in this scene, now rendered fiercely distinct, and their scabbards, their buttons, and their polished black helmets, bickering redly in the glow, as, at a command from their captain, they sent up the hillside three shouts over the demolition of the Croppy's dwelling. But still, though his breast heaved, and though wreaths of foam edged his lips, Shawn was silent; and little Peter now feared to address a word to him. And other sights and occurrences claimed whatever attention he was able to afford. Rising to a pitch of shrillness that overmastered the cheers of the yeomen, the cries of a man in bodily agony struck on the ears of the listeners on the hill, and looking hard towards a spot brilliantly illuminated, they saw Saunders Smyly vigorously engaged in one of his tasks as disciplinarian to the Ballybreehoone cavalry. With much ostentation, his instrument of torture was flourished round his head, and though at every lash the shrieks of the sufferer came loud, the lashes themselves were scarce less distinct.

A second group challenged the eye. Shawn-a-Gow's house stood alone in the village. A short distance before its door was a lime-tree, with benches contrived all round the trunk, upon which, in summer weather, the gossippers of the village used to sit themselves. This tree, standing between our spectators and the blaze, cut darkly

against the glowing objects beyond it; and three or four yeomen, their backs turned to the hill, their faces to the burning house, and consequently their figures also appearing black, seemed busily occupied in some feat that required the exertion of pulling with their hands lifted above their heads. Shawn flashed an inquiring glance upon them, and anon a human form, still, like their figures, vague and undefined in blackness, gradually became elevated from the ground beneath the tree, until its head almost touched a projecting branch, and then it remained stationary, suspended from that branch.

Shawn's rage increased to madness at this sight, though he did not admit it to be immediately connected with his more individual causes for wrath. And now came an event that made a climax, for the present, to his emotions, and at length caused some expressions of his pent-up feelings. A loud crackling crash echoed from his house; a volume of flame, taller and more dense than any by which it was preceded, darted up to the heavens; then almost former darkness fell on the hillside; a gloomy red glow alone remained on the objects below; and nothing but thick smoke, dotted with sparks, continued to issue from his dwelling. After everything that could interiorly supply food to the flame had been devoured, it was the roof of his old house that now fell in.

'By the ashes o' my cabin, burnt down before me this night—an' I stannin' a houseless beggar on the hillside lookin' at id—while I can get an Orangeman's house to take the blaze, an' a wisp to kindle the blaze up, I'll burn ten houses for that one!'

And so asseverating, he recrossed the summit of the hill, and, followed by Peter Rooney, descended into the little valley of refuge.

The national character of Ireland was further illustrated by two collections of tales published anonymously, entitled 'To-day in Ireland,' 1825; and 'Yesterday in Ireland,' 1829. Though imperfectly acquainted with the art of a novelist, this writer is often correct and happy in his descriptions and historical summaries. Like Banim, he has ventured on the stormy period of 1798, and has been more minute than his great rival in sketching the circumstances of the rebellion.—MR. EYRE EVANS CROWE, author of a 'History of France,' and of 'The English in Italy and France,' a work of superior merit, was the author of these tales.—THE REV. CÆSAR OTWAY, of Dublin, in his 'Sketches of Ireland,' and his 'Tour in Connaught,' &c., has displayed many of the most valuable qualities of a novelist, without attempting the construction of a regular story. His lively style and humorous illustrations of the manners of the people render his topographical works very pleasant as well as instructive reading. Mr. Otway was a keen theologian, a determined anti-Catholic, but full of Irish feeling and universal kindness. He died in March 1842.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

Gerald Griffin, author of some excellent Irish tales, was born at Limerick on the 12th of December, 1803. His first schoolmaster appears to have been a true Milesian pedant and original, for one of his advertisements begins, 'When ponderous polysyllables promulgate professional powers!'—and he boasted of being one of *three* persons in Ireland who knew how to read correctly; namely, the Bishop of Killaloe, the Earl of Clare, and himself, Mr. MacEligot! Gerald was afterwards placed under a private tutor, whence he was removed to attend a school at Limerick. While a mere youth he became con-

nected with the *Limerick Advertiser* newspaper ; but having written a tragedy, he migrated to London in his twentieth year, with the hope of distinguishing himself in literature and the drama. Disappointment very naturally followed, and Gerald betook himself to reporting for the daily press and contributing to the magazines. In 1825 he succeeded in getting an operatic melodrama brought out at the English Opera House ; and in 1827 appeared his 'Holland-tide, or Munster Popular Tales,' a series of short stories, thoroughly Irish, and evincing powers of observation and description from which much might be anticipated. This fortunate beginning was followed the same year by 'Tales of the Munster Festivals, containing Card-drawing, the Half-sir, and Suil Dhuv, the Coiner,' three volumes.

The nationality of these tales, and the talent of the author in depicting the mingled levity and pathos of the Irish character, rendered them exceedingly popular. His reputation was still further increased by the publication, in 1829, of 'The Collegians; a Second Series of Tales of the Munster Festivals,' three volumes, which proved to be the most popular of all his works, and was thought by many to place Griffin as an Irish novelist above Banim and Carleton. Some of the scenes possess a deep and melancholy interest ; for, in awakening terror, and painting the sterner passions and their results, Griffin displayed the art and power of a master. 'The Collegians,' says a writer in the 'Edinburgh Review,' 'is a very interesting and well-constructed tale, full of incident and passion. It is a history of the clandestine union of a young man of good birth and fortune with a girl of far inferior rank, and of the consequences which too naturally result. The gradual decay of an attachment which was scarcely based on anything better than sensual love—the irksomeness of concealment—the goadings of wounded pride—the suggestions of self-interest, which had been hastily neglected for an object which proves inadequate when gained—all these combining to produce, first, neglect, and lastly, aversion, are interestingly and vividly described.' In 1830 Mr. Griffin was again in the field with his Irish sketches. Two tales, 'The Rivals,' and 'Tracey's Ambition,' were well received, though improbable in plot and ill arranged in incident. The author continued his miscellaneous labours for the press, and published, besides a number of contributions to periodicals, another series of stories, entitled 'Tales of the Five Senses.' These are not equal to his 'Munster Tales,' but are, nevertheless, full of fine Irish description and character, and of that 'dark and touching power' which Mr. Carleton assigns as the distinguishing excellence of his brother-novelist.

Notwithstanding the early success and growing reputation of Mr. Griffin, he soon became tired of the world, and anxious to retreat from its toils and its pleasures. He had been educated in the Roman Catholic faith, and one of his sisters had, about the year 1830, taken the veil. This circumstance awakened the poetical and devotional feelings and desires that formed part of his character, and he grew

daily more anxious to quit the busy world for a life of religious duty and service. The following verses, written at this time, are expressive of his new enthusiasm :

Seven dreary winters gone and spent,
Seven blooming summers vanished too,
Since, on an eager mission bent,
I left my Irish home and you.

How passed those years, I will not say ;
They cannot be by words renewed—
God washed their sinful parts away !
And blest be He for all their good.

With even mind and tranquil breast
I left my youthful sister then,
And now in sweet religious rest
I see my sister there again.

Returning from that stormy world,
How pleasing is a sight like this !
To see that bark with canvas furled
Still riding in that port of peace.

Oh, darling of a heart that still,
By earthly joys so deeply trod,
At moments bids its owner feel
The warmth of nature and of God !

Still be his care in future years
To learn of thee truth's simple way,
And free from foundless hopes or fears,
Serenely live, securely pray.

And when our Christmas days are past,
And life's vain shadows faint and dim,
Oh, be my sister heard at last,
When her pure hands are raised for him !

Christmas, 1830.

His mind, fixed on this subject, still retained its youthful buoyancy and cheerfulness. He retired from the world in the autumn of 1838, and joined the Christian Brotherhood—whose duty it is to instruct the poor—in the monastery at Cork. In the second year of his novitiate he was attacked with typhus fever, and died on the 12th of June, 1840.

WILLIAM CARLETON.

WILLIAM CARLETON, author of 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry,' was born at Prillisk, in the parish of Clogher, and county of Tyrone, in the year 1798. His father was a person in lowly station—a peasant—but highly and singularly gifted. His memory was unusually retentive, and as a teller of old tales, legends, and historical anecdotes, he was unrivalled; and his stock of them was inexhaustible. He spoke the Irish and English languages with nearly equal fluency. His mother was skilled in the native music of the country, and possessed the sweetest and most exquisite of human

voices.* She was celebrated for the effect she gave to the Irish cry or 'keene.' 'I have often been present,' says her son, 'when she has "raised the keene" over the corpse of some relative or neighbour, and my readers may judge of the melancholy charm which accompanied this expression of her sympathy, when I assure them that the general clamour of violent grief was gradually diminished, from admiration, until it became ultimately hushed, and no voice was heard but her own—wailing in sorrowful but solitary beauty.' With such parents Carleton could not fail to imbibe the peculiar feelings and superstitions of his country. His humble home was a fitting nursery for Irish genius.

His first schoolmaster was a Connaught man, named Pat Frayne, the prototype of Mat Kavanagh in 'The Hedge School.' He also received some instruction from a classical teacher, a 'tyrannical block-head' who settled in the neighbourhood; and it was afterwards agreed to send him to Munster, as a poor scholar, to complete his education. In some cases a collection is made to provide an outfit for the youth thus leaving home; but Carleton's own family supplied the funds supposed to be necessary. The circumstances attending his departure, Carleton has related in his fine tale, 'The Poor Scholar.' As he journeyed slowly along the road, his superstitious fears got the better of his ambition to be a scholar, and stopping for the night at a small inn by the way, a disagreeable dream determined the homesick lad to return to his father's cottage. His affectionate parents were equally joyed to receive him; and Carleton seems to have done little for some years but join in the sports and pastimes of the people, and attend every wake, dance, fair, and merrymaking in the neighbourhood. In his seventeenth year he went to assist a distant relative, a priest, who had opened a classical school near Glasslough, county of Monaghan, where he remained two years. A pilgrimage to the far-famed Lough Derg, or St. Patrick's Purgatory, excited his imagination; and the description of that performance, some years afterwards, 'not only,' he says, 'constituted my *debut* in literature, but was also the means of preventing me from being a pleasant, strong-bodied parish priest at this day; indeed it was the cause of changing the whole destiny of my subsequent life.'

About this time chance threw a copy of 'Gil Blas' in his way, and his love of adventure was so stimulated by its perusal, that he left his native place, and set off on a visit to a Catholic clergyman in the county of Louth. He stopped with him a fortnight, and succeeded in procuring a tuition in the house of a farmer near Corcreagh. This, however, was a tame life and a hard one, and Carleton resolved on precipitating himself on the Irish metropolis, with no other guide than a certain strong feeling of vague and shapeless ambition. He

* These particulars concerning the personal history of the novelist are contained in his introduction to the last edition of the *Traits and Stories*.

entered Dublin with only 2s. 9d. in his pocket. From this period we suppose we must date the commencement of Mr. Carleton's literary career. In 1830 appeared his 'Traits and Stories,' two volumes, published in Dublin, but without the author's name. The critics were unanimous in favour of the Irish sketcher. His account of the northern Irish—the Ulster creachts—was new to the reading public; and the 'dark mountains and green vales' of his native Tyrone, of Donegal, and Derry, had been left untouched by the previous writers on Ireland. A Second Series of these tales was published by Mr. Carleton in 1832, and was equally well received. In 1839 he sent forth a powerful Irish story, 'Fardorougha the Miser, or the Convicts of Lisnamona,' in which the passion of avarice is strikingly depicted, without its victim being wholly dead to natural tenderness and affection. Scenes of broad humour and comic extravagance are interspersed throughout the work.

Two years afterwards (1814) appeared 'The Fawn of Spring Vale, the Clarionet, and other Tales,' three volumes. There is more of pathetic composition in this collection than in the former; but one genial, light-hearted, humorous story, 'The Misfortunes of Barney Branagan,' was a prodigious favourite. In 1845 Mr. Carleton published another Irish novel, 'Valentine McClutchy,' in 1846, 'Rody the Rover,' in 1847, 'The Black Prophet,' in 1849, 'The Tithe Proctor,' in 1855, 'Willy Reilly,' and in 1860, 'The Evil Eye.' A pension of £200 was settled upon the Irish novelist. He died January 30, 1869. The great merit of Mr. Carleton is the truth of his delineations and the apparent artlessness of his stories. If he has not the passionate energy—or, as he himself has termed it 'the melancholy but indignant reclamations'—of John Banim, he has not his party prejudices or bitterness. He seems to have formed a fair and just estimate of the character of his countrymen, and to have drawn it as it actually appeared to him at home and abroad—in feud and in festival—in the various scenes which passed before him in his native district and during his subsequent rambles. The lower Irish, he justly remarks, were, until a comparatively recent period, treated with apathy and gross neglect by the only class to whom they could or ought to look up for sympathy or protection. Hence those deep-rooted prejudices and fearful crimes which stain the history of a people remarkable for their social and domestic virtues. 'In domestic life,' says Mr. Carleton, 'there is no man so exquisitely affectionate and humanised as the Irishman. The national imagination is active, and the national heart warm, and it follows very naturally that he should be, and is, tender and strong in all his domestic relations. Unlike the people of other nations, his grief is loud but lasting; vehement but deep; and whilst its shadow has been chequered by the laughter and mirth of a cheerful disposition, still, in the moments of seclusion, at his bedside prayer, or over the grave of those he loved, it will put itself forth; after half a life, with a vivid power of recollection which is

sometimes almost beyond belief.' A people thus cast in extremes—melancholy and humorous—passionate in affection and in hatred—cherishing the old language, traditions, and recollections of their country—their wild music, poetry, and customs—ready either for good or for evil—such a people certainly affords the novelist abundant materials for his fictions. The field is ample, and it has been richly cultivated.

Picture of an Irish Village and School-house.

The village of Findramore was situated at the foot of a long green hill, the outline of which formed a low arch, as it rose to the eye against the horizon. This hill was studded with clumps of beeches, and sometimes inclosed as a meadow. In the month of July, when the grass on it was long, many an hour have I spent in solitary enjoyment, watching the wavy motion produced upon its plant surface by the sunny winds, or the flight of the cloud-shadows, like gigantic phantoms, as they swept rapidly over it, whilst the murmur of the rocking fives, and the glancing of their bright leaves in the sun, produced a heartfelt pleasure, the very memory of which rises in my imagination like some fading recollection of a brighter world.

At the foot of this hill ran a clear deep-banked river, bounded on one side by a slip of rich level meadow, and on the other by a kind of common for the village geese, whose white feathers during the summer season lay scattered over its green surface. It was also the play-ground for the boys of the village school; for there ran that part of the river which, with very correct judgment, the urchins had selected as their bathing-place. A little slope or watering-ground in the bank brought them to the edge of the stream, where the bottom fell away into the fearful depths of the whirlpool under the hanging oak on the other bank. Well do I remember the first time I ventured to swim across it, and even yet do I see in imagination the two bunches of water-flagons on which the inexperienced swimmers trusted themselves in the water.

About two hundred yards above this, the *boheen* [little road] which led from the village to the main road crossed the river by one of those old narrow bridges whose arches rise like round ditches across the road—an almost impassable barrier to horse and car. On passing the bridge in a northern direction, you found a range of low thatched houses on each side of the road: and if one o'clock, the hour of dinner, drew near, you might observe columns of blue smoke curling up from a row of chimneys, some made of wicker-creels plastered over with a rich coat of mud, some of old narrow bottomless tubs, and others, with a great appearance of taste, ornamented with thick circular ropes of straw sewed together like bees' skeps with the peel of a brier; and many having nothing but the open vent above. But the smoke by no means escaped by its legitimate aperture, for you might observe little clouds of it bursting out of the doors and windows; the panes of the latter, being mostly stopped at other times with old hats and rags, were now left entirely open for the purpose of giving it a free escape.

Before the doors, on right and left, was a series of dunghills, each with its concomitant sink of green, rotten water; and if it happened that a stout-looking woman with watery eyes, and a yellow cap hung loosely upon her matted locks, came, with a chubby urchin on one arm and a pot of dirty water in her hand, its unceremonious ejection in the aforesaid sink would be apt to send you up the village with your finger and thumb—for what purpose you would yourself perfectly understand—closely, but not knowingly applied to your nostrils. But, independently of this, you would be apt to have other reasons for giving your horse, whose heels are by this time surrounded by a dozen of barking curs, and the same number of shouting urchins, a pretty sharp touch of the spurs, as well as for complaining bitterly of the odour of the atmosphere. It is no landscape without figures; and you might notice—if you are, as I suppose you to be, a man of observation—in every sink, as you pass along, a 'slip of a pig' stretched in the middle of the mud, the very *beau-ideal* of luxury, giving occasionally a long luxuriant grunt, highly expressive of his enjoyment; or perhaps an old farrower lying in indolent repose, with half-a-dozen young ones jostling each other for their draught, and punching her belly with their little snouts, reckless of the fumes they are creating; whilst the loud crow of the

cock, as he confidently flaps his wings on his own dunghill, gives the warning note for the hour of dinner.

As you advance, you will also perceive several faces thrust out of the doors, and rather than miss a sight of you, a grotesque visage peeping by a short-cut through the paneless windows, or a tattered female flying to snatch up her urchin that has been tumbling itself heels up in the dust of the road, lest 'the gentleman's horse might ride over it;' and if you happen to look behind, you may observe a shaggy-headed youth in tattered frieze, with one hand thrust indolently in his breast, standing at the door in conversation with the inmates, a broad grin of sarcastic ridicule on his face, in the act of breaking a joke or two upon yourself or your horse; or perhaps your jaw may be saluted with a lump of clay, just hard enough not to fall asunder as it flies, cast by some ragged gorsoon from behind a hedge, who squats himself in a ridge of corn to avoid detection.

Seated upon a hob at the door, you may observe a toilworn man without coat or waistcoat, his red muscular sunburnt shoulder peering through the remnant of a shirt, mending his shoes with a piece of twisted flax, called a *lingel*, or perhaps sewing two footless stockings, or *martyeens*, to his coat, as a substitute for sleeves.

In the gardens, which are usually fringed with nettles, you will see a solitary labourer, working with that carelessness and apathy that characterise an Irishman when he labours *for himself*, leaning upon his spade to look after you, and glad of any excuse to be idle.

The houses, however, are not all such as I have described—far from it. You see here and there, between the more humble cabins, a stout comfortable-looking farmhouse with ornamental thatching and well-glazed windows; adjoining to which is a hay-yard with five or six large stacks of corn, well trimmed and roped, and a fine yellow weather-beaten old hay-rick, half-cut—not taking into account twelve or thirteen circular strata of stones that mark out the foundations on which others had been raised. Neither is the rich smell of oats or wheat bread, which the good-wife is baking on the griddle, unpleasant to your nostrils; nor would the bubbling of a large pot, in which you might see, should you chance to enter, a prodigious square of fat, yellow, and almost transparent bacon tumbling about, be an unpleasant object; truly, as it hangs over a large fire, with well-swept hearthstone, it is in good keeping with the white settle and chairs, and the dresser with noggins, wooden trouncers, and pewter dishes, perfectly clean, and as well polished as a French courier.

As you leave the village, you have, to the left, a view of the hill which I have already described, and, to the right, a level expanse of fertile country, bounded by a good view of respectable mountains peering decently into the sky; and in a line that forms an acute angle from the point of the road where you ride, is a delightful valley, in the bottom of which shines a pretty lake; and a little beyond, on the slope of a green hill, rises a splendid house, surrounded by a park, well wooded and stocked with deer. You have now topped the little hill above the village, and a straight line of level road, a mile long, goes forward to a country town which lies immediately behind that white church with its spire cutting into the sky before you. You descend on the other side, and having advanced a few perches, look to the left, where you see a long thatched chapel, only distinguished from a dwelling house by its want of chimneys, and a small stone cross that stands on the top of the eastern gable; behind it is a grave-yard, and beside it a snug public-house, well whitewashed; then, to the right, you observe a door apparently in the side of a clay bank, which rises considerably above the pavement of the road. What! you ask yourself, can this be a human habitation? But ere you have time to answer the question, a confused buzz of voices from within reaches your ear, and the appearance of a little gorsoon, with a red close-cropped head and Milesian face, having in his hand a short white stick, or the thigh-bone of a horse, which you at once recognise as 'the pass' of a village school, gives you the full information. He has an inkhorn, covered with leather, dangling at the button-hole (for he has long since played away the buttons) of his frieze jacket—his mouth is circumscribed with a streak of ink—his pen is stuck knowingly behind his ear—his shins are dotted over with fire-blisters, black, red, and blue—on each heel a kibe—his 'leather crackers'—*videlicet*, breeches—shrunk up upon him, and only reaching as far down as the caps of his knees. Having spied you, he places his hand over his brows, to throw back the dazzling light of the sun, and

peers at you from under it, till he breaks out into a laugh, exclaiming, half to himself, half to you :

'You a gentleman!—no, nor one of your breed never was, you procthorin' thief you!'

You are now immediately opposite the door of the seminary, when half-a-dozen of those seated next it notice you.

'Oh, sir, here's a gentleman on a horse!—masther, sir, here's a gentleman on a horse, wid boots and spurs on him, that's looking in at us.'

'Silence!' exclaims the master; 'back from the door—boys, rehearse—every one of you rehearse, I say, you Bœotians, till the gentleman goes past!'

'I want to go out, if you please, sir.'

'No, you don't, Phelim.'

'I do indeed, sir.'

'What! is it afther contradictin' me you'd be? Don't you see the "porter's" out, and you can't go.'

'Well, 'tis Mat Meehan has it, sir; and he's out this half-hour, sir; I can't stay in, sir!'

'You want to be idling your time looking at the gentleman, Phelim.'

'No, indeed, sir.'

'Phelim, I know you of ould—go to your sate. I tell you, Phelim, you were born for the encouragement of the hemp manufacture, and you'll die promoting it.'

In the meantime the master puts his head out of the door, his body stooped to a 'half-bend'—a phrase, and the exact curve which it forms, I leave for the present to your own sagacity—and surveys you until you pass. That is an Irish hedge school, and the personage who follows you with his eye a hedge schoolmaster.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Mary Russell Mitford, the painter of English rural life in its happiest and most genial aspects, was born in 1786 at Alresford, in Hampshire. Reminiscences of her early boarding-school days are scattered through her works, and she appears to have been always an enthusiastic reader. Her father, Dr. Mitford, was at one time possessed of a considerable fortune—on one occasion he won a lottery-prize of £20,000—but he squandered it in folly and extravagance, and was latterly supported by the pen of his daughter. When very young, she published a volume of miscellaneous poems, and a metrical tale in the style of Scott, entitled '*Christine, the Maid of the South Seas*,' founded on the discovery of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. In 1823 was produced her effective and striking tragedy of '*Julian*,' dedicated to Mr. Macready, the actor, 'for the zeal with which he befriended the production of a stranger, for the judicious alterations which he suggested, and for the energy, the pathos, and the skill with which he more than embodied its principal character.' Next year Miss Mitford published the first volume of '*Our Village, Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery*,' to which four other volumes were subsequently added, the fifth and last in 1832. 'Every one,' says a lively writer*, 'now knows "*Our Village*," and every one knows that the nooks and corners, the haunts and the copses so delightfully described in its pages, will be found in the immediate neighborhood of Reading, and more especially around Three-Mile Cross, a cluster of cot-

* Mr. Chorley—*The Authors of England*. HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY, a pleasing miscellaneous writer and musical critic, died February 15, 1872.

tages on the Basingstoke Road, in one of which our authoress resided for many years. But so little were the peculiar and original excellence of her descriptions understood, in the first instance, that, after having gone the round of rejection through the more important periodicals, they at last saw the light in no worthier publication than the 'Lady's Magazine.' But the series of rural pictures grew, and the venture of collecting them into a separate volume was tried. The public began to relish the style, so fresh, yet so finished—to enjoy the delicate humour and the simple pathos of the tales; and the result was, that the popularity of these sketches outgrew that of the works of a loftier order proceeding from the same pen; that young writers, English and American, began to imitate so artless and charming a manner of narration; and that an obscure Berkshire hamlet, by the magic of talent and kindly feeling, was converted into a place of resort and interest for not a few of the finest spirits of the age.

Extending her observation from the country village to the market town, Miss Mitford published another interesting volume of descriptions, entitled 'Belford Regis' (1835). She also gleaned from the New World three volumes of 'Stories of American Life, by American Writers,' of which she remarks: 'The scenes described and the personages introduced are as various as the authors, extending in geographical space from Canada to Mexico, and including almost every degree of civilisation, from the wild Indian, and the almost equally wild hunter of the forest and prairies, to the cultivated inhabitant of the city and plain.' Besides her tragedies—which are little inferior to those of Miss Baillie as intellectual productions, while one of them, 'Rienzi,' has been highly successful on the stage—Miss Mitford contributed numerous tales to the annuals and magazines, shewing that her industry was equal to her talents. It is to her English tales, however, that she must chiefly trust her fame with posterity; and there is so much truth and observation, as well as beauty, in these rural delineations, that we cannot conceive their ever being considered obsolete or uninteresting. In them she has treasured not only the results of long and familiar observation, but the feelings and conceptions of a truly poetical mind. She is a prose Cowper, without his gloom or bitterness. In 1838, Miss Mitford's name was added to the pension-list—a well-earned tribute to one whose genius had been devoted to the honour and embellishment of her country. Though suffering almost constantly for many years from debility or acute pain, she continued her literary pursuits. In 1852, she published 'Recollections of a Literary Life,' three volumes—a work consisting chiefly of extracts—and in 1854, 'Atherston, and other Tales,' three volumes. The same year she published a collected edition of her 'Dramatic Works.' She died at her residence near Reading in January 1855, aged sixty-nine.

Tom Cordery, the Poacher.

This human oak grew on the wild North-of-Hampshire country; a country of heath, and hill, and forest, partly reclaimed, inclosed, and planted by some of the greater proprietors, but for the most part uncultivated and uncivilised, a proper refuge for wild animals of every species. Of these the most notable was my friend Tom Cordery, who presented in his own person no unfit emblem of the district in which he lived—the gentlest of savages, the wildest of civilised men. He was by calling rat-catcher, hare-finder, and broom-maker; a triad of trades which he had substituted for the one grand profession of poaching, which he followed in his younger days with unrivalled talent and success, and would, undoubtedly, have pursued till his death, had not the bursting of an overloaded gun unluckily shot off his left hand. As it was, he still contrived to mingle a little of his old unlawful occupation with his honest callings; was a reference of high authority amongst the young aspirants, an adviser of undoubted honour and secrecy—suspected, and more than suspected, as being one ‘who, though he played no more, o’erlooked the cards.’ Yet he kept to windward of the law, and indeed contrived to be on such terms of social and even friendly intercourse with the guardians of the game on M—— Common, as may be said to prevail between reputed thieves and the myrmidons of justice in the neighbourhood of Bow Street.

Never did any human being look more like that sort of sportsman commonly called a poacher. He was a tall, finely-built man, with a prodigious stride, that cleared the ground like a horse, and a power of continuing his slow and steady speed, that seemed nothing less than miraculous. Neither man, nor horse, nor dog, could out-tire him. He had a bold, undaunted presence, and an evident strength and power of bone and muscle. You might see, by looking at him, that he did not know what fear meant. In his youth he had fought more battles than any man in the forest. He was as if born without nerves, totally insensible to the recoils and disgusts of humanity. I have known him take up a huge adder, cut off its head, and then deposit the living and writhing body in his brimless hat, and walk with it coiling and wreathing about his head, like another Medusa, till the sport of the day was over, and he carried it home to secure the fat. With all this iron stubbornness of nature, he was of a most mild and gentle demeanour, had a fine placidity of countenance, and a quick blue eye beaming with good-humour. His face was sunburnt into one general pale vermilion hue that overspread all his features; his very hair was sunburnt too.

Everybody liked Tom Cordery. He had himself an aptness to like, which is certain to be repaid in kind; the very dogs knew him, and loved him, and would bear for him almost as soon as for their master. Even May, the most sagacious of greyhounds, appreciated his talents, and would as soon listen to Tom soothing as to old Tray giving tongue.

Behind those salows, in a nook between them and the hill, rose the uncouth and shapeless cottage of Tom Cordery. It is a scene which hangs upon the eye and the memory, striking, grand—almost sublime, and, above all, eminently foreign. No English painter would choose such a subject for an English landscape; no one, in a picture, would take it for English. It might pass for one of those scenes which have furnished models to Salvator Rosa. Tom’s cottage was, however, very thoroughly national and characteristic; a low, ruinous hovel, the door of which was fastened with a sedulous attention to security, that contrasted strangely with the tattered thatch of the roof and the half-broken windows. No garden, no pigsty, no pens for geese, none of the usual signs of cottage habitation; yet the house was covered with nondescript dwellings, and the very walls were animate with their extraordinary tenants—pheasants, partridges, rabbits, tame wild-ducks, half-tame hares, and their enemies by nature and education, the ferrets, terriers, and mongrels, of whom his retinue consisted. Great ingenuity had been evinced in keeping separate these jarring elements; and by dint of hutches, cages, fences, kennels, and half-a-dozen little hurdled inclosures, resembling the sort of courts which children are apt to build round their card-houses, peace was in general tolerably well preserved. Frequent sounds, however, of fear or of anger, as their several instincts were aroused, gave token that it was but a forced and hollow truce; and at such times the clamour was prodigious. Tom had the remarkable tenderness for animals when domesticated, which is

so often found in those whose sole vocation seems to be their destruction in the field; and the one long, straggling, uncelled, barn-like room, which served for kitchen, bed-chamber, and hall, was cumbered with bipeds and quadrupeds of all kinds and descriptions—the sick, the delicate, the newly caught, the lying-in. In the midst of this menagerie sat Tom's wife—for he was married, though without a family—married to a woman lame of a leg, as he himself was minus an arm—now trying to quiet her noisy inmates, now to outscold them. How long his friend, the keeper, would have continued to wink at this den of live game, none can say; the roof fairly fell in during the deep snow of last winter, killing, as poor Tom observed, two as fine litters of rabbits as ever were kitted. Remotely, I have no doubt that he himself fell a sacrifice to this misadventure. The overseer, to whom he applied to reinstate his beloved habitation, decided that the walls would never bear another roof, and removed him and his wife, as an especial favour, to a tidy, snug, comfortable room in the workhouse. The workhouse! From that hour poor Tom visibly altered. He lost his hilarity and independence. It was a change such as he had himself often inflicted—a complete change of habits, a transition from the wild to the tame. No labour was demanded of him; he went about as before, finding hares, killing rats, selling brooms; but the spirit of the man was departed. He talked of the quiet of his old abode, and the noise of his new; complained of children and other bad company; and looked down on his neighbours with the sort of contempt with which a cock-pheasant might regard a barn-door fowl. Most of all did he, braced into a gipsy-like defiance of wet and cold, grumble at the warmth and dryness of his apartment. He used to foretell that it would kill him, and assuredly it did so. Never could the typhus fever have found out that wild hillside, or have lurked under that broken roof. The free touch of the air would have chased the demon. Alas, poor Tom! warmth, and snugness, and comfort, whole windows, and an entire ceiling, were the death of him. Alas, poor Tom!

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK (1788-1866) was born at Weymouth, the son of a London merchant. He was an accomplished classical scholar, though self-taught from the age of thirteen. He was long connected with the East India Company, and in 1816 came to be Chief Examiner of Indian correspondence, as successor to James Mill, the historian. On Peacock's retirement in 1856, John Stuart Mill took his place. Peacock was the author of some lively, natural, and descriptive novels, with little plot or story, but containing witty and sarcastic dialogues, with copies of verses above mediocrity, and sketches of eccentric character. 'Headlong Hall' was produced in 1816; 'Nightmare Abbey' in 1818; 'Maid Marian' in 1822; 'Misfortunes of Elphin' in 1829; 'Crochet Castle' in 1831; and 'Gryll Grange' in 1860—the last, though written when its author was seventy-two, is as full of humour and clever dialogue as his earlier tales. Besides these works of fiction, Peacock wrote several poetical satires and other poems, and contributed to 'Fraser's Magazine' *Memoirs of Shelley*, with whom he was on terms of close intimacy. Conjointly with Byron, he was named as Shelley's executor, with a legacy of £1000. To Peacock we owe a clear and authentic account of the most interesting passages of Shelley's life and domestic history. In 1875 the collected works of Peacock were published in three volumes, with a Preface by Lord Houghton, and a biographical notice by Peacock's granddaughter, Edith Nicolls.

Freebooter Life in the Forest—From 'Maid Marian.'

The baron, with some of his retainers, and all the foresters, halted at daybreak in Sherwood Forest. The foresters quickly erected tents, and prepared an abundant breakfast of venison and ale.

'Now, Lord Fitzwater,' said the chief forester, 'recognise your son-in-law that was to have been, in the outlaw Robin Hood.'

'Ay, ay,' said the baron, 'I have recognised you long ago.'

'And recognise your young friend Gamwell,' said the second, 'in the outlaw Scarlet.'

'And Little John, the page,' said the third, 'in Little John the outlaw.'

'And Father Michael of Rubygill Abbey,' said the friar, 'in Friar Tuck of Sherwood Forest. Truly I have a chapel here hard by in the shape of a hollow tree, where I put up my prayers for travellers, and Little John holds the plate at the door, for good praying deserves good paying.'

'I am in fine company,' said the baron.

'In the very best of company,' said the friar; 'in the high court of Nature, and in the midst of her own nobility. Is it not so? This goodly grove is our palace: the oak and the beech are its colonnade and its canopy; the sun, and the moon, and the stars, are its everlasting lamps; the grass, and the daisy, and the primrose, and the violet, are its many-coloured floor of green, white, yellow, and blue; the May-flower, and the woodbine, and the eglantine, and the ivy, are its decorations, its curtains, and its tapestry; the lark, and the thrush, and the linnet, and the nightingale, are its unhired minstrels and musicians. Robin Hood is king of the forest both by dignity of birth and by virtue of his standing army, to say nothing of the free choice of his people, which he has indeed; but I pass it by as an illegitimate basis of power. He holds his dominion over the forest, and its horned multitude of citizen-deer, and its swinish multitude or peasantry of wild boars, by right of conquest and force of arms. He levies contributions among them by the free consent of his archers, their virtual representatives.' If they should find a voice to complain that we are "tyrants and usurpers, to kill and cook them up in their assigned and native dwelling-place," we should most convincingly admonish them, with point of arrow, that they have nothing to do with our laws but to obey them. Is it not written that the fat ribs of the herd shall be fed upon by the mighty in the land? And have not they, withal, my blessing?—my orthodox, canonical, and archiepiscopal blessing? Do I not give thanks for them when they are well roasted and smoking under my nose? What title had William of Normandy to England that Robin of Locksley has not to merry Sherwood? William fought for his claim. So does Robin. With whom both? With any that would or will dispute it. William raised contributions. So does Robin. From whom both? From all that they could or can make pay them. Why did any pay them to William? Why do any pay them to Robin? For the same reason to both—because they could not or cannot help it. They differ, indeed, in this, that William took from the poor and gave to the rich, and Robin takes from the rich and gives to the poor; and therein is Robin illegitimate, though in all else he is true prince. Scarlet and John, are they not peers of the forest?—lords temporal of Sherwood? And am not I lord spiritual? Am I not archbishop? Am I not Pope? Do I not consecrate their banner and absolve their sins? Are not they State, and am not I Church? Are not they State monarchical, and am not I Church militant? Do I not excommunicate our enemies from venison and brawn, and, by'r Lady! when need calls, beat them down under my feet? The State levies tax, and the Church levies tithe. Even so do we. Mass! we take all at once. What then? It is tax by redemption, and tithe by commutation. Your William and Richard can cut and come again, but our Robin deals with slippery subjects that come not twice to his exchequer. What need we, then, to constitute a court, except a fool and a laureate? For the fool, his only use is to make false knaves merry by art, and we are true men, and are merry by nature. For the laureate, his only office is to find virtues in those who have none, and to drink sack for his pains. We have quite virtue enough to need him not, and can drink our sack for ourselves.'

'Well preached, friar,' said Robin Hood; 'yet there is one thing wanting to constitute a court, and that is a queen.—And now, lovely Matilda, look round upon these silvan shades, where we so often have roused the stag from his ferny covert. The

rising sun smiles upon us through the stems of that beechen knoll. Shall I take your hand, Matilda, in the presence of this my court? Shall I crown you with our wild-wood coronal, and hail you Queen of the Forest? Will you be the Queen Matilda of your own true King Robin?

Matilda smiled assent.

'Not Matilda,' said the friar: 'the rules of our holy alliance require new birth. We have accepted in favour of Little John because he is Great John, and his name is a misnomer. I sprinkle not thy forehead with water, but thy lips with wine, and baptise thee MARIAN.'

Winter Scenery: Waterfalls in Frost—From Letter Written in Wales.

I wish I could find language sufficiently powerful to convey to you an idea of the sublime magnificence of the waterfalls in the frost, when the old, overhanging oaks are spangled with icicles; the rocks sheeted with frozen foam, formed by the flying spray; and the water that oozes from their sides congealed into innumerable pillars of crystal. Every season has its charms. The picturesque tourists—those birds of summer—see not half the beauties of nature.

Truth to Nature essential in Poetry.—From 'Gryll Grange.'

MISS ILEX. Few may perceive an inaccuracy, but to those who do, it causes a great diminution, if not a total destruction, of pleasure in perusal. Shakspeare never makes a flower blossom out of season! Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey are true to nature in this and in all other respects, even in their wildest imaginings.

THE REV. DR. OPIMIAN. Yet here is a combination, by one of our greatest poets, of flowers that never blossom in the same season:

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet.
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To deck the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

[MILTON's *Lycidas*.]

And at the same time he plucks the berries of the myrtle and the ivy.

MISS ILEX. Very beautiful, if not true to English seasons; but Milton might have thought himself justified in making this combination in Arcadia. Generally, he is strictly accurate, to a degree that is in itself a beauty. For instance, in his address to the nightingale:

Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even song,
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green.

The song of the nightingale ceases about the time that the grass is mown.

THE REV. DR. OPIMIAN. The old Greek poetry is always true to nature, and will bear any degree of critical analysis. I must say I take no pleasure in poetry that will not.

MR. MAC-BORROWDALE. No poet is truer to nature than Burns, and no one less so than Moore. His imagery is almost always false. Here is a highly applauded stanza, and very taking at first sight:

The night-dew of heaven, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the sod where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

But it will not bear analysis. The dew is the cause of the verdure, but the tear is not the cause of the memory: the memory is the cause of the tear.

THE REV. DR. OPIMIAN. There are inaccuracies more offensive to me than even false imagery. Here is one in a song which I have often heard with displeasure. A young man goes up a mountain, and as he goes higher and higher, he repeats *Excelsior*! but *excelsior* is only taller in the comparison of things on a common basis, not higher as a detached object in the air. Jack's bean-stalk was *excelsior* the higher it grew, but Jack himself was no more *celsus* at the top than he had been at the bottom.

MR. MAC-BORROWDALE. I am afraid, doctor, if you look for profound knowledge in popular poetry, you will often be disappointed.

THE REV. DR. OPIMIAN. I do not look for profound knowledge; but I do expect that poets should understand what they talk of. Burns was not a scholar, but he was always master of his subject. All the scholarship of the world would not have produced 'Tam o' Shanter,' but in the whole of that poem there is not a false image nor a misused word. What do you suppose these lines represent?

I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise.
One sitting on a crimson scarf unrolled—
A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold.

[TENNYSON'S *Dream of Fair Women*.]

MR. MAC-BORROWDALE. I should take it to be a description of the Queen of Bambo.

THE REV. DR. OPIMIAN. Yet thus one of our most popular poets describes Cleopatra, and one of our most popular artists has illustrated the description by a portrait of a hideous grinning Ethiop! Moore led the way to this perversion by demonstrating that the Egyptian women must have been beautiful because they were 'the countrywomen of Cleopatra.' Here we have a sort of counter-demonstration that Cleopatra must have been a fright because she was the countrywoman of the Egyptians. But Cleopatra was a Greek, the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes and a lady of Pontus. The Ptolemies were Greeks, and whoever will look at their genealogy, their coins, and their medals, will see how carefully they kept their pure blood uncontaminated by African intermixture. Think of this description and this picture applied to one who. Dio says—and all antiquity confirms him—was 'the most superlatively beautiful of women, splendid to see, and delighted to hear.' For she was eminently accomplished; she spoke many languages with grace and facility. Her mind was as wonderful as her personal beauty.

HISTORIANS AND BIOGRAPHERS.

In depth of research and critical investigation, the historical works of this period are honourable to our literature. Access has been readily obtained to all public documents, and private collections have been thrown open with a spirit of enlightened liberality. Certain departments of history—as the Anglo-Saxon period, and the progress generally of the English constitution—have also been cultivated with superior learning and diligence. The great works of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, still maintain their literary pre-eminence, but the historical value of the first two has been materially diminished by subsequent inquiry and new information.

WILLIAM MITFORD.

The most elaborate and comprehensive work we have here to notice is 'The History of Greece from the Earliest Period,' by WILLIAM MITFORD, Esq. (1744-1827). The first volume of Mr. Mitford's History came before the public in 1784, a second was published in 1790, and a third in 1797. It was not, however, until 1810 that the work was completed. Mr. Mitford, descended from an ancient family in Northumberland, was born in London on the 10th of February 1744, and was educated first at Cheam School, Surrey, and afterwards at Queen's College, Oxford. He studied the law, but abandoned it on obtaining a commission in the the South Hampshire Militia, of which regiment he was afterwards lieutenant-colonel.

In 1761, he succeeded to the family estate in Hampshire, and was thus enabled to pursue those classical and historical studies to which he was ardently devoted. His first publication was an 'Essay on the Harmony of Language,' intended principally to illustrate that of the English Language, 1774, which afterwards reached a second edition. While in the militia he published a 'Treatise on the Military Force, and particularly of the Militia of the Kingdom.' This subject seems to have engrossed much of his attention, for at a subsequent period of his life, when a member of the House of Commons, Mr. Mitford advocated the cause of the militia with much fervour, and recommended a salutary jealousy relative to a standing army in this country. He was nevertheless a general supporter of ministers, and held the government appointment of Verdurer of the New Forest. Mr. Mitford was twice elected member of parliament for the borough of Beer-Alston, in Devonshire, and afterwards for New Romney, in Kent. The 'History of Greece' has passed through several editions. Byron says of Mr. Mitford as an historian: 'His great pleasure consists in praising tyrants, abusing Plutarch, spelling oddly, and writing quaintly; and what is strange, after all, *his* is the best modern History of Greece in any language, and he is perhaps the best of all modern historians whatsoever. Having named his sins,' adds the noble poet, 'it is but fair to state his virtues—learning, labour, research, wrath, and partiality. I call the latter virtues in a writer, because they make him write in earnest.' The earnestness of Mr. Mitford is too often directed against what he terms 'the inherent weakness and the indelible barbarism of democratical government.'

He was a warm admirer of the English constitution and of the monarchical form of government, and this bias led him to be unjust to the Athenian people, whom he on one occasion terms 'the sovereign beggars of Athens.' His fidelity as a reporter of facts has also been questioned. 'He contracts the strongest individual partialities, and according as these lead, he is credulous or mistrustful—he exaggerates or he qualifies—he expands or he cuts down the documents on which he has to proceed. With regard to the bright side of

almost every king whom he has to describe, Mr. Mitford is more than credulous; for a credulous man believes all that he is told. Mr. Mitford believes more than he is told. With regard to the dark side of the same individuals, his habits of estimating evidence are precisely in the opposite extreme. In treating of the democracies or of the democratical leaders, his statements are not less partial and exaggerated.* It is undeniable that Mr. Mitford over-coloured the evils of popular government; but there is so much acuteness and spirit in his political disquisitions, and his narrative of events is so animated, full, and distinct, that he is always read with pleasure. His qualifications were great, and his very defects constitute a sort of individuality that is not without its attraction in so long a History. A more democratic but also more comprehensive view of Grecian history was afterwards taken by Mr. Grote.

Condemnation and Death of Socrates.

We are not informed when Socrates first became distinguished as a Sophist; for in that description of men he was in his own day reckoned. When the wit of Aristophanes was directed against him in the theatre, he was already among the most eminent, but his eminence seems to have been then recent. It was about the tenth or eleventh year of the Peloponnesian war, when he was six or seven and forty years of age, that, after the manner of the old comedy, he was offered to public derision upon the stage by his own name, as one of the persons of the drama, in the comedy of Aristophanes called 'The Clouds,' which is yet extant.

Two or three and twenty years had elapsed since the first representation of 'The Clouds'; the storms of conquest suffered from a foreign enemy, and of four revolutions in the civil government of the country, had passed; nearly three years had followed of that quiet which the revolution under Thrasybulus produced, and the act of amnesty should have confirmed, when a young man named Melitus went to the king-archon, and in the usual form delivered an information against Socrates, and bound himself to prosecute. The information ran thus: 'Melitus, son of Melitus, of the borough of Pitthos, declares these upon oath against Socrates, son of Sophroniscus, of the borough of Alopece; Socrates is guilty of reviling the gods whom the city acknowledges, and of preaching other new gods: moreover, he is guilty of corrupting the youth. Penalty, death.'

Xenophon begins his Memorials of his revered master with declaring his wonder how the Athenians could have been persuaded to condemn to death a man of such uncommonly clear innocence and exalted worth. Ælian, though for authority he can bear no comparison with Xenophon, has nevertheless, I think, given the solution. 'Socrates,' he says, 'disliked the Athenian constitution; for he saw that democracy is tyrannical, and abounds with all the evils of absolute monarchy.' But though the political circumstances of the times made it necessary for contemporary writers to speak with caution, yet both Xenophon and Plato have declared enough to shew that the assertion of Ælian was well founded; and further proof, were it wanted, may be derived from another early writer, nearly contemporary, and deeply versed in the politics of his age, the orator Æschines. Indeed, though not stated in the indictment, yet it was urged against Socrates by his prosecutors before the court, that he was disaffected to the democracy; and in proof, they affirmed it to be notorious that he had ridiculed what the Athenian constitution prescribed, the appointment to magistracy by lot. 'Thus,' they said, 'he taught his numerous followers, youths of the principal families of the city, to despise the established government, and to be turbulent and seditious; and his success had been seen in the conduct of two of the most eminent, Alcibiades and Critias. Even the best things he converted to these ill

* *Westminster Review* for 1826.

purposes : from the most esteemed poets, and particularly from Homer, he selected passages to enforce his anti-democratical principles.

Socrates, it appears, indeed, was not inclined to deny his disapprobation of the Athenian constitution. His defence itself, as it is reported by Plato, contains matter on which to found an accusation against him of disaffection to the sovereignty of the people, such as, under the jealous tyranny of the Athenian democracy, would sometimes subject a man to the penalties of high treason. 'You well know,' he says, 'Athenians, that I engaged in public business, I should long ago have perished without procuring any advantage either to you or to myself. Let not the truth offend you : it is no peculiarity of your democracy, or of your national character ; but wherever the people are sovereign, no man who shall dare honestly to oppose injustice—frequent and extravagant injustice—can avoid destruction.'

Without this proof, indeed, we might reasonably believe, that though Socrates was a good and faithful subject of the Athenian government, and would promote no sedition, no political violence, yet he could not like the Athenian constitution. He wished for wholesome changes by gentle means ; and it seems even to have been a principal object of the labours to which he dedicated himself, to infuse principles into the rising generation that might bring about the desirable change inseparably.

Melitus, who stood forward as his principal accuser, was, as Plato informs us, noway a man of any great consideration. His legal description gives some probability to the conjecture, that his father was one of the commissioners sent to Lacedæmon from the moderate party, who opposed the ten successors of the thirty tyrants, while Thrasybulus held Piræus, and Pausanias was encamped before Athens. He was a poet, and stood forward as in a common cause of the poets, who esteemed the doctrine of Socrates injurious to their interest. Unsupported, his accusation would have been little formidable ; but he seems to have been a mere instrument in the business. He was soon joined by Lycon, one of the most powerful speakers of his time. Lycon was the avowed patron of the rhetoricians, who, as well as the poets, thought their interest injured by the moral philosopher's doctrine. I know not that on any other occasion in Grecian history we have any account of this kind of party-interest operating ; but from circumstances nearly analogous in our own country—if we substitute for poets the clergy, and for rhetoricians the lawyers—we may gather what might be the party-spirit, and what the weight of influence of the rhetoricians and poets in Athens. With Lycon, Anytus, a man scarcely second to any in the commonwealth in rank and general estimation, who had held high command with reputation in the Peloponnesian war, and had been the principal associate of Thrasybulus in the war against the thirty, and the restoration of the democracy, declared himself a supporter of the prosecution. Nothing in the accusation could, by any known law of Athens, affect the life or the accused. In England, no man would be put upon trial on so vague a charge—no grand jury would listen to it. But in Athens, if the party was strong enough, it signified little what was the law. When Lycon and Anytus came forward, Socrates saw that his condemnation was already decided.

By the course of his life, however, and by the turn of his thoughts for many years, he had so prepared himself for all events, that, far from alarmed at the probability of his condemnation, he rather rejoiced at it, as at his age a fortunate occurrence. He was persuaded of the soul's immortality, and of the superintending providence of an all-good Deity, whose favour he had always been assiduously endeavouring to deserve. Men fear death, he said, as if unquestionably the greatest evil, and yet no man knows that it may not be the greatest good. If, indeed, great joys were in prospect, he might, and his friends for him, with somewhat more reason, regret the event ; but at his years, and with his scanty fortune—though he was happy enough at seventy still to preserve both body and mind in vigour—yet even his present gratifications must necessarily soon decay. To avoid, therefore, the evils of age, pain, sickness, decay of sight, decay of hearing, perhaps decay of understanding, by the easiest of deaths (for such the Athenian mode of execution—by a draught of hemlock—was reputed), cheered with the company of surrounding friends, could not be otherwise than a blessing.

Xenophon says that, by condescending to a little supplication, Socrates might easily have obtained his acquittal. No admonition or entreaty of his friends, however, could persuade him to such an unworthiness. On the contrary, when put

upon his defence, he told the people that he did not plead for his own sake, but for theirs, wishing them to avoid the guilt of an unjust condemnation. It was usual for accused persons to bewail their apprehended lot, with tears to supplicate favour, and, by exhibiting their children upon the bema, to endeavour to excite pity. He thought it, he said, more respectful to the court, as well as more becoming himself, to omit all this; however aware that their sentiments were likely so far to differ from his, that judgment would be given in anger for it.

Condemnation pronounced wrought no change upon him. He again addressed the court, declared his innocence of the matters laid against him, and observed that, even if every charge had been completely proved, still, all together did not, according to any known law, amount to a capital crime. 'But,' in conclusion he said, 'it is time to depart—I to die, you to live; but which for the greater good, God only knows.'

It was usual at Athens for execution very soon to follow condemnation—commonly on the morrow; but it happened that the condemnation of Socrates took place on the eve of the day appointed for the sacred ceremony of crowning the galley which carried the annual offerings to the gods worshipped at Delos, and immemorial tradition forbade all executions till the sacred vessel's return. Thus, the death of Socrates was respite thirty days, while his friends had free access to him in the prison. During all that time he admirably supported his constancy. Means were concerted for his escape; the jailer was bribed, a vessel prepared, and a secure retreat in Thessaly provided. No arguments, no prayers, could persuade him to use the opportunity. He had always taught the duty of obedience to the laws, and he would not furnish an example of the breach of it. To no purpose it was urged that he had been unjustly condemned—he had always held that wrong did not justify wrong. He waited with perfect composure the return of the sacred vessel, reasoned on the immortality of the soul, the advantage of virtue, the happiness derived from having made it through life his pursuit, and with his friends about him, took the fatal cup and died.

Writers who, after Xenophon and Plato, have related the death of Socrates, seem to have held themselves bound to vie with those who preceded them in giving pathos to the story. The purpose here has been rather to render it intelligible—to shew its connection with the political history of Athens—to derive from it illustration of the political history. The magnanimity of Socrates, the principal efficient of the pathos, surely deserves admiration; yet it is not that in which he has most outshone other men. The circumstances of Lord Russell's fate were far more trying. Socrates, we may reasonably suppose, would have borne Lord Russell's trial; but with Bishop Burnet for his eulogist, instead of Plato and Xenophon, he would not have had his present splendid fame. The singular merit of Socrates lay in the purity and the usefulness of his manners and conversation; the clearness with which he saw, and the steadiness with which he practised, in a blind and corrupt age, all moral duties; the disinterestedness and the zeal with which he devoted himself to the benefit of others; and the enlarged and warm benevolence, whence his supreme and almost only pleasure seems to have consisted in doing good. The purity of Christian morality, little enough, indeed, seen in practice, nevertheless is become so familiar in theory, that it passes almost for obvious, and even congenial to the human mind. Those only will justly estimate the merit of that near approach to it which Socrates made, who will take the pains to gather—as they may from the writings of his contemporaries and predecessors—how little conception was entertained of it before his time; how dull to a just moral sense the human mind has really been: how slow the progress in the investigation of moral duties, even where not only great pains have been taken, but the greatest abilities zealously employed; and when discovered, how difficult it has been to establish them by proofs beyond controversy, or proofs even that should be generally admitted by the reason of men. It is through the light which Socrates diffused by his doctrine, enforced by his practice, with the advantage of having both the doctrine and the practice exhibited to highest advantage in the incomparable writings of disciples such as Xenophon and Plato, that his life forms an era in the history of Athens and of man.

DR. JOHN GILLIES—SHARON TURNER—WILLIAM COXE—GEORGE CHALMERS—C. J. FOX.

While the first volume of Mitford's History was before the public, and experiencing that degree of favour which induced the author to continue his work, DR. JOHN GILLIES (1747-1836), who succeeded Robertson as Historiographer to His Majesty for Scotland, published 'The History of Ancient Greece, its Colonies and Conquests,' two volumes, quarto, 1786. The monarchial spirit of the new historian was scarcely less decided than that of Mr. Mitford, though expressed with less zeal and idiomatic plainness. 'The History of Greece,' says Dr. Gillies, 'exposes the dangerous turbulence of democracy, and arraigns the despotism of tyrants. By describing the incurable evils inherent in every republican policy, it evinces the inestimable benefits resulting to liberty itself from the lawful dominion of hereditary kings, and the steady operation of well-regulated monarchy.' The History of Dr. Gillies was executed with considerable ability and care; a sixth edition of the work (London, 1820, four volumes, 8vo) was published, and it may still be consulted with advantage. Dr. Gillies also wrote a 'View of the Reign of Frederick II. of Prussia,' a 'History of the World from the Reign of Alexander to Augustus' (1807-10), a translation of Aristotle's 'Rhetoric' (1823), &c.

In 1799, MR. SHARON TURNER, a London solicitor, commenced the publication of a series of works on English history. The first was a 'History of the Anglo-Saxons' (1799-1805); the second, a 'History of England during the Middle Ages (1814-15)'. In subsequent publications he continued the series to the end of the reign of Elizabeth; the whole being comprised in twelve volumes, and containing much new and interesting information on the government, laws, literature, and manners, as well as on the civil and ecclesiastical history of the country. From an ambitious attempt to rival Gibbon in loftiness of style and diction, Mr. Turner has disfigured his History by a pomp of expression and involved intricacy of style, that often border on the ludicrous, and mar the effect of his narrative. This defect is more conspicuous in his latter volumes. The early part of his History, devoted to the Anglo-Saxons, and the labour, as he informs us, of sixteen years, is by far the most valuable. Mr. Turner also published a 'Sacred History of the World,' in two volumes. So late as 1845, Mr. Turner published an historical poem, 'Richard III.' He latterly enjoyed a pension of £200 per annum, and died at his residence in London, February 13, 1847, aged seventy-nine.

History has been largely indebted to the persevering labours of the REV. WILLIAM COXE, Archdeacon of Wilts (1747-1828). In the capacity of tutor to young noblemen, Mr. Coxe travelled over various countries, and published 'Travels in Switzerland' (1778-1801), and 'Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark' (1778-84). Set-

ting at home, and obtaining church preferment, he entered on those historical works, derived from family papers and other authentic sources, which form his most valuable publications. In 1798 appeared his 'Memoirs of the Life and Administration of Sir Robert Walpole;' in 1802, 'Memoirs of Lord Walpole;' in 1807, 'History of the House of Austria;' in 1813, 'Memoirs of the Kings of Spain of the House of Bourbon;' in 1816-19, 'Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough;' in 1821, 'Correspondence of the Duke of Shrewsbury;' and in 1829, 'Memoirs of the Pelham Administration.' The last was a posthumous publication. The 'Memoirs' of Walpole and Marlborough are valuable works, containing letters, private, official, and diplomatic, with other details drawn from manuscript collections. As a biographer, Coxe was apt to fall into the common error of magnifying the merits and sinking the defects of his hero; but the service he rendered to history by the collection of such a mass of materials can hardly be overestimated.

Resembling Turner and Coxe in the vastness of his undertakings, but inferior as a writer, was GEORGE CHALMERS (1742-1825), a native of Fochabers, county of Elgin, and originally a barrister in one of the American colonies before their disjunction from Britain. His first composition, 'A History of the United Colonies, from their Settlement till the Peace of 1763,' appeared in 1780; and from time to time he gave to the world many works connected with history, politics, and literature. Among these was a 'Life of Sir David Lyndsay,' with an edition of his works; a 'Life of Mary, Queen of Scots, from the State Papers,' &c. In 1807 he commenced the publication of his 'Caledonia,' of which three large volumes had appeared, when his death precluded the hope of its being completed. It contains a laborious antiquarian detail of the earlier periods of Scottish history, with minute topographical and historical accounts of the various provinces of the country.

CHARLES JAMES FOX (1749-1806), the celebrated statesman and orator, during his intervals of relaxation from public life, among other literary studies and occupations, commenced a History of the Reign of King James II., intending to continue it to the settlement at the Revolution of 1688. An Introductory Chapter, giving a rapid view of our constitutional history from the time of Henry VII., he completed. He wrote also some chapters of his History; but at the time of his death he had made but little progress in his work.

Public affairs, and a strong partiality and attachment to the study of the classics, and to works of imagination and poetry, were constantly drawing him off from historical researches; added to which, he was fastidiously scrupulous as to all the niceties of language, and wished to form his plan exclusively on the model of ancient writers, without note, digression, or dissertation. 'He once assured me,' says his nephew, Lord Holland, 'that he would admit no word into his book for which he had not the authority of Dryden.' We need

not therefore wonder that Mr. Fox died before completing his History. Such minute attention to style, joined to equal regard for facts and circumstances, must have weighed down any writer even of active habits and uninterrupted application. In 1808, the unfinished composition was given to the world by Lord Holland, under the title of 'A History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II., with an Introductory Chapter.' An Appendix of original papers was also added. The History is plainly written, without the slightest approach to pedantry or pretence; but the style of the great statesman, with all the care bestowed upon it, is far from being perfect. It wants force and vivacity, as if, in the process of elaboration, the graphic clearness of narrative and distinct perception of events and characters necessary to the historian, had evaporated. The sentiments and principles of the author are, however, worthy of his liberal and capacious mind.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

As a philosophical historian, critic, and politician, SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH deserves honourable mention. He was also one of the last of the Scottish metaphysicians, and one of the most brilliant conversers of his times—qualifications apparently very dissimilar. His candour, benevolence, and liberality gave a grace and dignity to his literary speculations and to his daily life. Mackintosh was a native of Inverness-shire, and was born at Aldourie-house, on the banks of Loch Ness, October 24, 1765. His father was a brave Highland officer, who possessed a small estate, called Kylachy, in his native county, which Sir James afterwards sold for £9000. From his earliest days James Mackintosh had a passion for books; and though all his relatives were Jacobites, he was a staunch Whig. After studying at Aberdeen—where he had as a college-companion and friend the pious and eloquent Robert Hall—Mackintosh went to Edinburgh, and studied medicine. In 1788, he repaired to London, wrote for the press, and afterwards applied himself to the study of law. In 1791, he published his '*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*,' a defence of the French Revolution, in reply to Burke, which for cogency of argument, historical knowledge, and logical precision, is a remarkable work to be written by a careless and irregular young man of twenty-six. Though his bearing to his great antagonist was chivalrous and polite, Mackintosh attacked his opinions with the ardour and impetuosity of youth; and his work was received with great applause. Four years afterwards he acknowledged to Burke that he had been the dupe of his own enthusiasm, and that a 'melancholy experience' had undeceived him.

The excesses of the French Revolution had no doubt contributed to this change, which, though it afterwards was made the cause of obloquy and derision to Mackintosh, seems to have been adopted with perfect sincerity and singleness of purpose. He afterwards de-

livered and published a series of lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations, which greatly extended his reputation. In 1795, he was called to the bar, and in his capacity of barrister, in 1803, he made a brilliant defence of M. Peltier, an emigrant royalist of France, who had been indicted for a libel on Napoleon, then First Consul. The forensic display of Mackintosh is too much like an elaborate essay or dissertation, but it marked him out for legal promotion, and he received the appointment—to which his poverty, not his will, consented—of Recorder of Bombay. He was knighted; sailed from England in the beginning of 1804; and after discharging faithfully his high official duties, returned at the end of seven years, the earliest period that entitled him to his retiring pension of £1200 per annum. Mackintosh now obtained a seat in parliament, and stuck faithfully by his old friends the Whigs, without one glimpse of favour, till, in 1827, his friend Mr. Canning, on the formation of his administration, made him a privy-councillor. On the accession of the Whig ministry in 1830, he was appointed a commissioner for the affairs of India. On questions of criminal law and national policy Mackintosh spoke forcibly, but he cannot be said to have been a successful parliamentary orator.

Amid the bustle of public business he did not neglect literature, though he wanted resolution for continuous and severe study. The charms of society, the interruptions of public business, and the debilitating effects of his residence in India, also co-operated with his constitutional indolence in preventing the realisation of the ambitious dreams of his youth. He contributed, however, various articles to the 'Edinburgh Review,' and wrote a masterly 'Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy' for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' He wrote three volumes of a compendious popular 'History of England' for Lardner's 'Cabinet Cyclopædia,' which, though deficient in the graces of narrative and style, contains some admirable views of constitutional history and antiquarian research. His learning was abundant; he wanted only method and elegance. He also contributed a short but valuable life of Sir Thomas More—which sprung out of his researches into the reign of Henry VIII., and was otherwise a subject congenial to his taste—to the same miscellany; and he was engaged on a 'History of the Revolution of 1688,' when his life was somewhat suddenly terminated on the 30th of May, 1832. The portion of his 'History of the Revolution,' which he had written and corrected—amounting to about 350 pages—was published in 1834, with a continuation by some writer who was opposed to Sir James in many essential points. In the works of Mackintosh we have only the fragments of a capacious mind; but in all of them his learning, his candour, his strong love of truth, his justness of thinking and clearness in perceiving, and his genuine philanthropy, are conspicuous. It is to be regretted that he had no Boswell to record his conversation.

Chivalry and Modern Manners.—From the ‘Vindiciæ Gallicæ.’

The collision of armed multitudes [in Paris] terminated in unforeseen excesses and execrable crimes. In the eye of Mr. Burke, however, these crimes and excesses assume an aspect far more important than can be communicated to them by their own insulated guilt. They form, in his opinion, the crisis of a revolution far more important than any change of government—a revolution in which the sentiments and opinions that have formed the manners of the European nations are to perish. ‘The age of chivalry is gone, and the glory of Europe extinguished for ever!’ He follows this exclamation by an eloquent eulogium on chivalry, and by gloomy predictions of the future state of Europe, when the nation that has been so long accustomed to give her the tone in arts and manners is thus debased and corrupted. A caviller might remark, that ages much more near the meridian fervour of chivalry than ours have witnessed a treatment of queens as little gallant and generous as that of the Parisian mob. He might remind Mr. Burke that, in the age and country of Sir Philip Sidney, a queen of France, whom no blindness to accomplishment, no malignity of detraction, could reduce to the level of Marie Antoinette, was, by ‘a nation of men of honour and cavaliers,’ permitted to languish in captivity, and expire on a scaffold; and he might add, that the manners of a country are more surely indicated by the systematic cruelty of a sovereign, than by the licentious frenzy of a mob. He might remark, that the mild system of modern manners which survived the massacres with which fanaticism had for a century desolated and almost barbarised Europe, might perhaps resist the shock of one day’s excesses committed by a delirious populace.

But the subject itself is, to an enlarged thinker, fertile in reflections of a different nature. That system of manners which arose among the Gothic nations of Europe, of which chivalry was more properly the effusion than the source, is, without doubt, one of the most peculiar and interesting appearances in human affairs. The moral causes which formed its character have not perhaps been hitherto investigated with the happiest success. But to confine ourselves to the subject before us, chivalry was certainly one of the most prominent features and remarkable effects of this system of manners. Candour must confess that this singular institution is not *alone* admirable as a corrector of the ferocious ages in which it flourished. It contributed to polish and soften Europe. It paved the way for that diffusion of knowledge and extension of commerce which afterwards in some measure supplanted it, and gave a new character to manners. Society is inevitably progressive. In government, commerce has overthrown that ‘fendal and chivalrous’ system under whose shade it first grew. In religion, learning has subverted that superstition whose opulent endowments had first fostered it. Peculiar circumstances softened the barbarism of the middle ages to a degree which favoured the admission of commerce and the growth of knowledge. These circumstances were connected with the manners of chivalry; but the sentiments peculiar to that institution could only be preserved by the situation which gave them birth. They were themselves enfeebled in the progress from ferocity and turbulence, and almost obliterated by tranquillity and refinement. But the auxiliaries which the manners of chivalry had in rude ages reared gathered strength from its weakness, and flourished in its decay. Commerce and diffused knowledge have, in fact, so completely assumed the ascendant in polished nations, that it will be difficult to discover any relics of Gothic manners but in a fantastic exterior, which has survived the generous illusions that made these manners splendid and seductive. Their direct influence has long ceased in Europe; but their indirect influence, through the medium of those causes, which would not perhaps have existed but for the mildness which chivalry created in the midst of a barbarous age, still operates with increasing vigour. The manners of the middle age were, in the most singular sense, compulsory. Enterprising benevolence was produced by general fierceness, gallant courtesy by ferocious rudeness, and artificial gentleness resisted the torrent of natural barbarism. But a less incongruous system has succeeded, in which commerce, which unites men’s interests, and knowledge, which excludes those prejudices that tend to embroil them, present a broader basis for the stability of civilised and beneficent manners.

Mr. Burke, indeed, forbodes the most fatal consequences to literature, from events which he supposes to have given a mortal blow to the spirit of chivalry. I have ever been protected from such apprehensions by my belief in a very simple truth—that

diffused knowledge immortalises itself. A literature which is confined to a few may be destroyed by the massacre of scholars and the conflagration of libraries, but the diffused knowledge of the present day could only be annihilated by the extirpation of the civilised part of mankind.

Extract from Speech in Defence of Mr. Peltier, for a Libel on Napoleon Bonaparte, February 1803.

Gentlemen—There is one point of view in which this case seems to merit your most serious attention. The real prosecutor is the master of the greatest empire the civilised world ever saw—the defendant is a defenceless proscribed exile. I consider this case, therefore, as the first of a long series of conflicts between the greatest power in the world and the ONLY FREE PRESS remaining in Europe. Gentlemen, this distinction of the English press is new—it is a proud and a melancholy distinction. Before the great earthquake of the French Revolution had swallowed up all the asylums of free discussion on the continent, we enjoyed that privilege, indeed, more fully than others, but we did not enjoy it exclusively. In Holland, in Switzerland, in the imperial towns of Germany, the press was either le: ally or practically free. Holland and Switzerland are no more; and since the commencement of this prosecution, fifty imperial towns have been erased from the list of independent states by one dash of the pen. Three or four still preserve a precarious and trembling existence. I will not say by what compliances they must purchase its continuance. I will not insult the feebleness of states whose unmerited fall I do most bitterly deplore.

These governments were, in many respects, one of the most interesting parts of the ancient system of Europe. The perfect security of such inconsiderable and feeble states, their undisturbed tranquillity amidst the wars and conquests that surrounded them, attested, beyond any other part of the European system, the moderation, the justice, the civilisation, to which Christian Europe had reached in modern times. Their weakness was protected only by the habitual reverence for justice which, during a long series of ages, had grown up in Christendom. This was the only fortification which defended them against those mighty monarchs to whom they offered so easy a prey. And, till the French Revolution, this was sufficient. Consider, for instance, the republic of Geneva; think of her defenceless position in the very jaws of France; but think also of her undisturbed security, of her profound quiet, of the brilliant success with which she applied to industry and literature, while Louis XIV. was pouring his myriads into Italy before her gates; call to mind, if ages crowded into years have not effaced them from your memory, that happy period when we scarcely dreamed more of the subjugation of the feeblest republic in Europe than of the conquest of her mightiest empire, and tell me if you can imagine a spectacle more beautiful to the moral eye, or a more striking proof of progress in the noblest principles of civilisation. These feeble states, these monuments of the justice of Europe, the asylum of peace, of industry, and of literature—the organs of public reason, the refuge of oppressed innocence and persecuted truth—have perished with those ancient principles which were their sole guardians and protectors. They have been swallowed up by that fearful convulsion which has shaken the uttermost corners of the earth. They are destroyed, and gone for ever! One asylum of free discussion is still inviolate. There is still one spot in Europe where man can freely exercise his reason on the most important concerns of society, where he can boldly publish his judgment on the acts of the proudest and most powerful tyrants. The press of England is still free. It is guarded by the free constitution of our forefathers. It is guarded by the hearts and arms of Englishmen, and I trust I may venture to say, that if it be to fall, it will fall only under the ruins of the British empire. It is an awful consideration, gentlemen. Every other monument of European liberty has perished. That ancient fabric which has been gradually reared by the wisdom and virtue of our fathers, still stands. It stands, thanks be to God! solid and entire—but it stands alone, and it stands in ruins! Believing, then, as I do, that we are on the eve of a great struggle, that this is only the first battle between reason and power—that you have now in your hands, committed to your trust, the only remains of free discussion in Europe, now confined to this kingdom; addressing you, therefore, as the guardians of the most important interests of mankind; convinced that the unfettered exercise of reason

depends more on your present verdict than on any other that was ever delivered by a jury, I trust I may rely with confidence on the issue—I trust that you will consider yourselves as the advanced-guard of liberty—as having this day to fight the first battle of free discussion against the most formidable enemy that it ever encountered!

DR. JOHN LINGARD—GEORGE BRODIE—WILLIAM GODWIN.

DR. JOHN LINGARD, a Roman Catholic priest, published in 1819 three volumes of a 'History of England from the Invasion by the Romans.' He subsequently continued his work in five more volumes, bringing his narrative down to the abdication of James II. To talents of a high order, both as respects acuteness of analysis and powers of description and narrative, Dr. Lingard added unconquerable industry, and access to sources of information new and important. He is generally as impartial as Hume, or even Robertson; but it is undeniable that his religious opinions have in some cases perverted the fidelity of his history, leading him to palliate the atrocities of the Bartholomew Massacre, and to darken the shades in the characters of Queen Elizabeth, Cranmer, Anne Boleyn, and others connected with the reformation in the church. His work was subjected to a rigid scrutiny by Dr. John Allen, in two elaborate articles in the 'Edinburgh Review,' by the Rev. Mr. Todd, who published a defence of the character of Cranmer—and by other zealous Protestant writers. To these antagonists Dr. Lingard replied in 1826 by a vindication of his fidelity as an historian, which affords an excellent specimen of calm controversial writing. His work has now taken its place among the most valuable of our national histories. It has gone through three editions and has been received with equal favour on the continent. The most able of his critics (though condemning his account of the English Reformation, and other passages evincing a peculiar bias) admits that Dr. Lingard possesses, what he claims, the rare merit of having collected his materials from original historians and records, by which his narrative receives a freshness of character, and a stamp of originality, not to be found in any general History of England in common use. We give a specimen of the narrative style of the author.

Cromwell's Expulsion of the Parliament in 1653.

At length Cromwell fixed on his plan to procure the dissolution of the parliament, and to vest for a time the sovereign authority in a council of forty persons, with himself at their head. It was his wish to effect this quietly by the votes of the parliament—his resolution to effect it by open force, if such votes were refused. Several meetings were held by the officers and members at the lodgings of the Lord-general in Whitehall. St. John and a few others gave their assent; the rest, under the guidance of Whitelock and Widdrington, declared that the dissolution would be dangerous, and the establishment of the proposed council unwarrantable. In the meantime the House resumed the consideration of the new representative body; and several qualifications were voted, to all of which the officers raised objections, but chiefly to the 'admission of members,' a project to strengthen the government by the introduction of the Presbyterian interest. 'Never,' said Cromwell, 'shall any of that judgment who have deserted the good cause be admitted to power.' On the

last meeting, held on the 19th of April, all these points were long and warmly debated. Some of the officers declared that the parliament must be dissolved 'one way or other;' but the general checked their indiscretion and precipitancy, and the assembly broke up at midnight, with an understanding that the leading men on each side should resume the subject in the morning.

At an early hour the conference was recommenced, and, after a short time, interrupted, in consequence of the receipt of a notice by the general, that it was the intention of the House to comply with the desires of the army. This was a mistake; the opposite party had indeed resolved to pass a bill of dissolution; not, however, the bill proposed by the officers, but their own bill, containing all the obnoxious provisions, and to pass it that very morning, that it might obtain the force of law before their adversaries could have time to appeal to the power of the sword. While Harrison 'most strictly and humbly' conjured them to pause before they took so important a step, Ingoldsby hastened to inform the Lord-general at Whitehall. His resolution was immediately formed, and a company of musketeers received orders to accompany him to the House. At this eventful moment, big with the most important consequences both to himself and his country, whatever were the workings of Cromwell's mind, he had the art to conceal them from the eyes of the beholders. Leaving the military in the lobby, he entered the House and composedly seated himself on one of the outer benches. His dress was a plain suit of black cloth, with gray worsted stockings. For a while he seemed to listen with interest to the debate; but when the Speaker was going to put the question, he whispered to Harrison, 'This is the time; I must do it;' and rising, put off his hat to address the House. At first his language was decorous, and even laudatory. Gradually he became more warm and animated; at last he assumed all the vehemence of passion, and indulged in personal vituperation. He charged the members with self-seeking and profaneness, with the frequent denial of justice, and numerous acts of oppression; with idolising the lawyers, the constant advocates of tyranny; with neglecting the men who had bled for them in the field, that they might gain the Presbyterians who had apostatised from the cause; and with doing all this in order to perpetuate their own power and to replenish their own purses. But their time was come; the Lord had disowned them; He had chosen more worthy instruments to perform his work. Here the orator was interrupted by Sir Peter Wentworth, who declared that he had never heard language so unparliamentary—language, too, the more offensive, because it was addressed to them by their own servant, whom they had too fondly cherished, and whom, by their unprecedented bounty they had made what he was. At these words Cromwell put on his hat, and, springing from his place, exclaimed: 'Come, come, sir, I will put an end to your prating.' For a few seconds, apparently in the most violent agitation, he paced forward and backward, and then, stamping on the floor, added: 'You are no parliament; I say you are no parliament; bring them in, bring them in.' Instantly the door opened, and Colonel Worsley entered, followed by more than twenty musketeers. 'This,' cried Sir Henry Vane, 'is not honest; it is against morality and common honesty.' 'Sir Henry Vane,' replied Cromwell; 'O Sir Henry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane! He might have prevented this. But he is a juggler, and has not common honesty himself?' From Vane he directed his discourse to Whitelock, on whom he poured a torrent of abuse; then pointing to Chaloner, 'There,' he cried, 'sits a drunkard;' next to Marten and Wentworth, 'There are two whoremasters;' and afterwards selecting different members in succession, described them as dishonest and corrupt livers, a shame and scandal to the profession of the gospel. Suddenly, however, checking himself, he turned to the guard and ordered them to clear the House. At these words Colonel Harrison took the Speaker by the hand and led him from the chair; Algernon Sidney was next compelled to quit his seat; and the other members, eighty in number, on the approach of the military, rose and moved towards the door. Cromwell now resumed his discourse. 'It is you,' he exclaimed, 'that have forced me to do this. I have sought the Lord both day and night that He would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work.' Alderman Allan took advantage of these words to observe, that it was not yet too late to undo what had been done; but Cromwell instantly charged him with peculation, and gave him into custody. When all were gone, fixing his eye on the mace, 'What,' said he, 'shall we do with this fool's bauble? Here,

carry it away.' Then, taking the act of dissolution from the clerk, he ordered the doors to be locked, and, accompanied by the military, returned to Whitehall.

That afternoon the members of the council assembled in their usual place of meeting. Bradshaw had just taken the chair, when the Lord-general entered and told them that if they were there as private individuals, they were welcome; but if as the Council of State, they must know that the parliament was dissolved, and with it also the council. 'Sir,' replied Bradshaw, with the spirit of an ancient Roman, 'we have heard what you did at the House this morning, and before many hours all England will know it. But, sir, you are mistaken to think that the parliament is dissolved. No power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves; therefore, take you notice of that.' After this protest they withdrew. Thus, by the parricidal hands of its own children, perished the Long Parliament, which, under a variety of forms, had, for more than twelve years, defended and invaded the liberties of the nation. It fell without a struggle or a groan, unpitied and unregretted. The members slunk away to their homes, where they sought by submission to purchase the forbearance of their new master; and their partisans, if partisans they had, reserved themselves in silence for a day of retribution, which came not before Cromwell slept in his grave. The royalists congratulated each other on an event which they deemed a preparatory step to the restoration of the king; the army and navy, in numerous addresses, declared that they would live and die stand and fall, with the Lord-general; and in every part of the country the congregations of the saints magnified the arm of the Lord, which had broken the mighty, that in lieu of the sway of mortal men, the fifth monarchy, the reign of Christ might be established on earth.

It would, however, be unjust to the memory of those who exercised the supreme power after the death of the king, not to acknowledge that there existed among them men capable of yielding with energy the destinies of a great empire. They governed only four years; yet under their auspices, the conquests of Ireland and Scotland were achieved, and a navy was created, the rival of that of Holland, and the terror of the rest of Europe. But there existed an essential error in their form of government. Deliberative assemblies are always slow in their proceedings; yet the pleasure of parliament, as the supreme power, was to be taken on every subject connected with the foreign relations or the internal administration of the country; and hence it happened that, among the immense variety of questions which came before it, those commanded immediate attention which were deemed of immediate necessity; while the others, though often of the highest importance to the national welfare, were first postponed, then neglected, and ultimately forgotten. To this habit of procrastination was perhaps owing the extinction of its authority. It disappointed the hopes of the country, and supplied Cromwell with the most plausible arguments in defence of his conduct.

Besides his elaborate 'History of England,' Dr. Lingard was author of a work evincing great erudition and research, on the 'Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church,' published in 1809. Dr. Lingard died at Hornby, near Lancaster, his birth-place, in July 1851, aged eighty.

The great epoch of the English Commonwealth, and the struggle by which it was preceded, has been illustrated by MR. GEORGE BRODIE'S 'History of the British Empire from the Accession of Charles I. to the Restoration,' four volumes, 1822, and by MR. WILLIAM GODWIN'S 'History of the Commonwealth of England,' four volumes, 1824-1827. The former work is chiefly devoted to an exposure of the errors and misrepresentations of Hume; while Mr. Godwin writes too much in the spirit of a partisan, without the calmness and dignity of the historian. Both works, however, afford new and important facts and illustrations of the momentous period of which they treat. Mr. Brodie was Historiographer Royal of Scotland; he died January 2, 1867.

W. ROSCOE—M. LAING—JOHN PINKERTON.

WILLIAM ROSCOE (1753–1831), as the author of the ‘Life of Lorenzo de’ Medici,’ and the ‘Life and Pontificate of Leo X.,’ may be more properly classed with our historians than biographers. The two works contain an account of the revival of letters, and fill up the blank between Gibbon’s ‘Decline and Fall’ and Robertson’s ‘Charles V.’ Mr. Roscoe was a native of Liverpool, the son of humble parents, and while engaged as clerk to an attorney, he devoted his leisure hours to the cultivation of his taste for poetry and elegant literature. He acquired a competent knowledge of the Latin, French, and Italian languages. After the completion of his clerkship, Mr. Roscoe entered into business in Liverpool, and took an active part in every scheme of improvement, local and national. He wrote a poem on the ‘Wrongs of Africa,’ to illustrate the evils of slavery, and also a pamphlet on the same subject, which was translated into French by Madame Necker. The stirring times in which he lived called forth several short political dissertations from his pen; but about the year 1789, he applied himself to the great task he had long meditated, a biographical account of Lorenzo de’ Medici. He procured much new and valuable information, and in 1796 published the result of his labours in two quarto volumes, entitled ‘The Life of Lorenzo de’ Medici, called the Magnificent.’ The work was highly successful, and at once elevated Mr. Roscoe into the proud situation of one of the most popular authors of the day. A second edition was soon called for, and Messrs. Cadell and Davies purchased the copyright for £1200. About the same time he relinquished the practice of an attorney, and studied for the bar, but ultimately settled as a banker in Liverpool. His next literary appearance was as the translator of ‘The Nurse,’ a poem from the Italian of Luigi Tansillo.

In 1805 was published his second great work, ‘The Life and Pontificate of Leo X.,’ four volumes quarto, which, though carefully prepared, and also enriched with new information, did not experience the same success as his ‘Life of Lorenzo.’ ‘The history of the reformation of religion,’ it has been justly remarked, ‘involved many questions of subtle disputation, as well as many topics of character and conduct; and, for a writer of great candour and discernment, it was scarcely possible to satisfy either the Papists or the Protestants.’ The liberal sentiments and accomplishments of Mr. Roscoe recommended him to his townsmen as a fit person to represent them in parliament, and he was accordingly elected in 1806. He spoke in favour of the abolition of the slave-trade, and of the civil disabilities of the Catholics, which excited against him a powerful and violent opposition. Inclined to quiet and retirement, and disgusted with the conduct of his opponents, Mr. Roscoe withdrew from parliament at the next dissolution, and resolutely declined offering himself as a candidate. He still, however, took a warm interest in passing events, and published several pamphlets on the topics of the

day. He projected a History of Art and Literature, a task well suited to his talents and attainments, but did not proceed with the work. Pecuniary embarrassments also came to cloud his latter days. The banking establishment of which he was a partner was forced in 1816 to suspend payment, and Mr. Roscoe had to sell his library, pictures, and other works of art. His love of literature continued undiminished. He gave valuable assistance in the establishment of the Royal Institution of Liverpool, and on its opening, delivered an inaugural address on the Origin and Vicissitudes of Literature, Science, and Art, and their Influence on the present State of Society. In 1827 Mr. Roscoe received the great gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature for his merits as an historian. He had previously edited an edition of Pope, in which he evinced but little research or discrimination.

MALCOLM LAING, a zealous Scottish historian, was born in the year 1762 at Strynzia, his paternal estate, in Orkney. He was educated for the Scottish bar, and passed advocate in 1785. He appeared as an author in 1793, having completed Dr. Henry's 'History of Great Britain' after that author's death. The sturdy Whig opinions of Laing formed a contrast to the tame moderatism of Henry; but his attainments and research were far superior to those of his predecessor. In 1800 he published 'The History of Scotland from the Union of the Crowns on the Accession of King James VI. to the Throne of England, to the Union of the Kingdoms in the Reign of Queen Anne; with two Dissertations, Historical and Critical, on the Gowrie Conspiracy, and on the supposed Authenticity of Ossian's Poems.' This is an able work, marked by strong prejudices and predilections, but valuable to the historical student for its acute reasoning and analysis. Laing attacked the translator of 'Ossian' with unmerciful and almost ludicrous severity; in revenge for which, the Highland admirers of the Celtic Muse attributed his sentiments to the prejudice natural to an Orkney man, caused by the severe checks given by the ancient Caledonians to their predatory Scandinavian predecessors! Laing replied by another publication—'The Poems of Ossian, &c., containing the Poetical Works of James Macpherson, Esq., in Prose and Rhyme, with Notes and Illustrations.' In 1804, he published another edition of his 'History of Scotland,' to which he prefixed a 'Preliminary Dissertation on the Participation of Mary, Queen of Scots, in the Murder of Darnley.' The latter is a very ingenuous historical argument, the ablest of Mr. Laing's productions, uniting the practised skill and acumen of the Scottish lawyer with the knowledge of the antiquary and historian. The latter portion of Mr. Laing's life was spent on his paternal estate in Orkney, where he entered upon a course of local and agricultural improvement with the same ardour that he devoted to his literary pursuits. He died in the year 1818. 'Mr. Laing's merit,' says a writer in the 'Edinburgh Review,' 'as a critical inquirer into history,

an enlightened collector of materials, and a sagacious judge of evidence, has never been surpassed. In spite of his ardent love of liberty, no man has yet presumed to charge him with the slightest sacrifice of historical integrity to his zeal. That he never perfectly attained the art of full, clear, and easy narrative, was owing to the peculiar style of those writers who were popular in his youth, and may be mentioned as a remarkable instance of the disproportion of particular talents to a general vigour of mind.'

JOHN PINKERTON (1758-1826) distinguished himself by the fierce controversial tone of his historical writings, and by the violence of his prejudices, yet was a learned and industrious collector of forgotten fragments of ancient history and of national antiquities. He was a native of Edinburgh, and bred to the law. The latter, however, he soon forsook for literary pursuits. He commenced by writing imperfect verses, which, in his peculiar antique orthography, he styled 'Rimes,' from which he diverged to collecting 'Select Scottish Ballads,' 1783, and inditing an 'Essay on Medals,' 1784. Under the name of Heron, he published some 'Letters on Literature,' and was recommended by Gibbon to the booksellers as a fit person to translate the monkish historians. He afterwards (1786) published 'Ancient Scottish Poems,' being the writings of Sir Richard Maitland and others, extracted from a manuscript in the Pepys Library at Cambridge. But Pinkerton was an unfaithful editor. His first historical work was 'A Dissertation on the Origin and Progress of the Scythians, or Goths,' in which he laid down that theory which he maintained through life, that the Celts of Ireland, Wales and Scotland are savages, and have been savages since the world began! His next important work was an 'Inquiry into the History of Scotland preceding the Reign of Malcolm III., or 1056,' in which he debates at great length, and, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, with much display of learning, on the history of the Goths, and the conquests which he states them to have obtained over the Celts in their progress through all Europe. In 1796 he published a 'History of Scotland during the Reign of the Stuarts,' the most laborious and valuable of his works. He also compiled a 'Modern Geography,' edited a 'Collection of Voyages and Travels,' was some time editor of the 'Critical Review,' wrote a 'Treatise on Rocks,' and was engaged on various other literary tasks. Pinkerton died in want and obscurity in Paris.

SIR JOHN FENN, MR. GAIRDNER, AND THE PASTON LETTERS.

JOHN FENN (1739-1794), a country gentleman residing at East Dereham in Norfolk, described by Horace Walpole as a 'smatterer in antiquity, and a very good sort of a man,' conferred an invaluable boon on all historical readers, and on all students of the English language and English social life in former times, by editing and publishing the series of family archives known as 'The Paston Letters.' The first publication of the Letters took place in 1787, when two quarto vol-

umes were issued from the press, containing original letters written by various persons of rank and consequence during the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III.* In 1789 a third and fourth volume were published; and in 1823 a fifth and concluding volume appeared, bringing down the correspondence to the end of Henry VII.'s reign.

A very complete edition of these Letters was published in 1872-75, containing upwards of five hundred letters previously unpublished, and edited by MR. JAMES GAIRDNER of the Public Record Office: vol. i. comprising the reign of Henry VI.; vols. ii. and iii. Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., and Henry VII.* Mr. Gairdner prefixed a valuable Introduction to this new edition, and added illustrative notes. The genuineness of the letters is undoubted. It appears that, in the village of Paston, about twenty miles north of Norwich, lived for several centuries a family which took its surname from the place, the head of which, in the reign of Henry VI., was William Paston, a justice of the Common Pleas, celebrated as 'the good judge.' The last representative of the family was William, Baron Paston and Earl of Yarmouth (second baron and earl), who died in 1732. The correspondence of this family supplies a blank in English history during the Wars of the Roses, but is chiefly interesting and curious for the light it throws on the social life of England at that period—the round of domestic duties and employments, dress, food, entertainments, &c., pertaining to a good county family.

As a specimen, we quote a paper of instructions addressed by Mrs. Agnes Paston to some member of her household in London:

Erands to London of Agnes Paston the xxviii day of Jenure, the yer of Kyng Henry the Sext, xxvi (1458).

To prey Grenefeld to send me feythfully word, by wrytyn, who Clement Paston hath do his dever in lernyng. And if he hathe nought do well, nor wyll nought amend, prey hym that he wyll trewly belassch hym, tyl he wyll amend; and so ded the last maystr, and the best that ever he had, att Caunbrage. And sey Grenefeld that if he wyll take up on hym to bryng hym in to good rewyll and lernyng, that I may verily know he doth hys dever, I wyll geve hym x marcs for hys labor; for I had lever he wer fayr beryed than lost for defeaute.

Item, to se who many gownys Clement hathe; and the that be bar, late hem be reysyd. He hath achort grene gowne, and achort musterdevelers gowne, wer never reysyd; and achort blew gowne that was reysyd, and mad of a syde gowne, when I was last in London; and a syde russet gowne, furred with bever; was mad this tyme ii yer; and a syde murry gowne was mad this tyme twelmonth.

Item, to do make me vi sponys, of viii ounce of troy wyght, well facyond, and dubbyl gylt.

And say Elyzabet Paston that she must use hyr selfe to werke redyly, as other jentylwomen done, and sumwhat to help hyr selfe ther with.

Item, to pay the Lady Pole xxvi. viiid. for hyr bord.

And if Grenefeld have do wel hys dever to Clement, or wyll do hys dever, geffe hym the nobyll.

AGNES PASTON.

* The publisher of this work, Mr. Edward Arber, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, deserves the thanks of all lovers of our early literature, for his series of cheap and correct reprints of works previously scarce or only attainable at high prices. By his enterprise and literary taste, many of the choice and rare Elizabethan poems and tracts are now within the reach of all classes of readers.

[To pray Greenfield to send me faithfully word, by writing, how Clement Paston hath done his devoir (or duty) in learning. And if he hath not done well, nor will not amend, pray him that he will truly be-lash him till he will amend: and so did the last master, and the best he ever had, at Cambridge. And say (to) Greenfield that if he will take upon him to bring him into good rule and learning, that I may verily know he doth his duty, I will give him ten marks for his labour: for I had liefer he were fair buried than lost for default.

Item, to see how many gowns Clement hath; and they that be bare, let them be raised (1). He hath a short green gown, and a short musterdevelus (2) gown, were never raised; and a short blue gown that was raised, and made of a syde (3) gown, when I was last at London; and a syde russet gown, furred with beaver, was made this time two-year; and a syde murrey (4) gown was made this time twelmonth.

Item, to do make me (get me made) six spoons, of eight ounce of Troy weight, well fashioned, and double gilt.

And say (to) Elizabeth Paston that she must use herself to work readily, as other gentlewomen (hath) done, and somewhat to help herself therewith.

Item, to pay the Lady Pole 26s. 6d. for her board.

And if Greenfield have done well his duty to Clement, or will do his duty, give him the noble (5).

AGNES PASTON.

The following affecting farewell letter (the spelling modernised) possesses historical interest:

The Duke of Suffolk to his Son, April 30, 1450.

MY DEAR AND ONLY WELL-BELOVED SON—I beseech our Lord in heaven, the Maker of all the world, to bless you, and to send you ever grace to love Him and to dread Him; to the which as far as a father may charge his child, I both charge you and pray you to set all spirits and wits to do, and to know His holy laws and commandments, by the which ye shall with His great mercy pass all the great tempests and troubles of this wretched world. And that also wittingly, ye do nothing for love nor dread of any earthly creature that should displease Him. And thus as any frailty maketh you to fall, beseecheth His mercy soon to call you to Him again with repentance, satisfaction, and contrition of your heart never more in will to offend Him.

Secondly, next Him, above all earthly thing, to be true liegeman in heart, in will, in thought, in deed, unto the king our aldermost high and dread sovereign lord, to whom both ye and I be so much bound to; charging you as father can and may, rather to die than to be the contrary, or to know anything that were against the welfare of prosperity of his most royal person, but that, as far as your body and life may stretch, ye live and die to defend it, and to let his Highness have knowledge thereof in all the haste ye can.

Thirdly, in the same wise, I charge you, my dear son, always, as ye be bounded by the commandment of God, to do, to love, to worship your lady and mother, and also that ye obey always her commandments, and to believe her counsels and advices in all your works, the which dreaded not, but shall be best and truest to you. And if any other body would stir you to the contrary, to flee the counsel in any wise, for ye shall find it naught and evil.

Furthermore, as far as father may and can, I charge you in any wise to flee the company and counsel of proud men, of covetous men, and of flattering men, the more especially and mightily to withstand them, and not to draw nor to meddle with them, with all your might and power. And to draw to you and to your company good and virtuous men, and such as be of good conversation, and of truth, and by them shall ye never be deceived, nor repent you of. Moreover, never follow your own wit in no wise, but in all your works, of such folks as I write of above,

1 A new nap or pile raised on the bare cloth. Thus in Shakspeare: 'Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.'—*Hen. VI.* Part II.

2 A kind of mixed gray woolen cloth, which continued in use to Elizabeth's reign.—*HALLIWELL.*

3 Syde gown—a low-hanging gown. See Sir David Lindsay, *ante*.

4 Murrey or Murray colour was a dark red.

5 The noble, a gold coin, value 6s. 8d.

asketh your advice and counsel, and doing thus, with the mercy of God, ye shall do right well, and live in right much worship and great heart's rest and ease. And I will be to you as good lord and father as my heart can think.

And last of all, as heartily and as lovingly as ever father blessed his child in earth. I give you the blessing of our Lord and of me, which of His infinite mercy increase you in all virtue and good living. And that your blood may, by His grace, from kindred to kindred multiply in this earth to His service, in such wise as, after the departing from this wretched world here, ye and they may glorify Him eternally among His angels in heaven.

Written of mine hand the day of my departing from this land. Your true and loving father,
SUFFOLK.*

HENRY HALLAM.

The greatest historical name in this period, and one of the most learned of our constitutional writers and critics, was MR. HENRY HALLAM, son of Dr. Hallam, Dean of Wells. He was born in 1778, was educated at Eaton and Christ Church, Oxford, and was called to the bar by the Inner Temple. He was early appointed a Commissioner of Audit, an office which at once afforded him leisure and a competency, and enabled him to prosecute those studies on which his fame rests. Mr. Hallam was one of the early contributors to the 'Edinburgh Review.' Scott's edition of Dryden was criticised by Mr. Hallam in the Review for October, 1808, with great ability and candour. His first important work was a 'View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages,' two volumes quarto, 1818, being an account of the progress of Europe from the middle of the fifth to the end of the fifteenth century. To this work he afterwards added a volume of 'Supplemental Notes.' In 1827 he published 'The Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.,' also in two volumes; and in 1837-38 an 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries,' in four volumes. With vast stores of knowledge, and indefatigable application, Mr. Hallam possessed a clear and independent judgment, and a style grave and impressive, yet enriched with occasional imagery and rhetorical graces. His 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe' is a great monument of his erudition. His knowledge of the language and literature of each nation was critical, if not profound, and his opinions were conveyed in a style remarkable for its succinctness and perspicuity. In his first two works, the historian's views of political questions are those generally adopted by the Whig party, but are stated with calmness and moderation. He was peculiarly a supporter of *principles*, not of *men*. Mr. Hallam, like Burke, in his latter years 'lived in an inverted order: they who ought to have succeeded him had

* The duke embarked on Thursday the 30th April 1450, having been sentenced to five years' banishment from England. He was accused of having, in his communications with the French, been invariably opposed to the interests of England, and in particular that he had been bribed to deliver up Anjou and Maine to France. The pinnace in which he sailed was boarded off Dover by a ship called *Nicholas of the Tower*, the master of which saluted him with the words, 'Welcome, traitor,' and he was barbarously murdered, his body brought to land, and thrown upon the sands at Dover.

gone before him; they who should have been to him as posterity were in the place of ancestors.' His eldest son, Arthur Henry Hallam—the subject of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam'—died in 1833; and another son, Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, was taken from him, shortly after he had been called to the bar, in 1850. The afflicted father collected and printed for private circulation the 'Remains, in Verse and Prose, of Arthur Henry Hallam' (1834), and some friend added memorials of the second son. Both were eminently accomplished, amiable, and promising young men. The historian died January 21, 1859, having reached the age of eighty-one.

Effects of the Feudal System.—From the 'Views of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages.'

It is the previous state of society, under the grandchildren of Charlemagne, which we must always keep in mind, if we would appreciate the effects of the feudal system upon the welfare of mankind. The institutions of the eleventh century must be compared with those of the ninth, not with the advanced civilisation of modern times. The state of anarchy which we usually term feudal was the natural result of a vast and barbarous empire feebly administered, and the cause, rather than the effect, of the general establishment of feudal tenures. These, by preserving the mutual relations of the whole, kept alive the feeling of a common country and common duties; and settled, after the lapse of ages, into the free constitution of England, the firm monarchy of France, and the federal union of Germany.

The utility of any form of policy may be estimated by its effects upon national greatness and security, upon civil liberty and private rights, upon the tranquillity and order of society, upon the increase and diffusion of wealth, or upon the general tone of moral sentiment and energy. The feudal constitution was little adapted for the defence of a mighty kingdom, far less for schemes of conquest. But as it prevailed alike in several adjacent countries, none had anything to fear from the military superiority of its neighbours. It was this inefficiency of the feudal militia, perhaps, that saved Europe, during the middle ages, from the danger of universal monarchy. In times when princes had little notions of confederacies for mutual protection, it is hard to say what might not have been the successes of an Otho, a Frederic, or a Philip Augustus, if they could have wielded the whole force of their subjects whenever their ambition required. If an empire equally extensive with that of Charlemagne, and supported by military despotism, had been formed about the twelfth or thirteenth centuries, the seeds of commerce and liberty, just then beginning to shoot, would have perished; and Europe, reduced to a barbarous servitude, might have fallen before the free barbarians of Tartary.

If we look at the feudal polity as a scheme of civil freedom, it bears a noble countenance. To the feudal law it is owing that the very names of right and privilege were not swept away, as in Asia, by the desolating hand of power. The tyranny which, on every favourable moment, was breaking through all barriers, would have rioted without control, if, when the people were poor and disunited, the nobility had not been brave and free. So far as the sphere of feudality extended, it diffused the spirit of liberty and the notions of private right. Every one will acknowledge this who considers the limitations of the services of vassalage, so cautiously marked in those law-books which are the records of customs; the reciprocity of obligation between the lord and his tenant; the consent required in every measure of a legislative or general nature; the security, above all, which every vassal found in the administration of justice by his peers, and even—we may in this sense say—in the trial by combat. The bulk of the people, it is true, were degraded by servitude; but this had no connection with the feudal tenures.

The peace and good order of society were not promoted by this system. Though private wars did not originate in the feudal customs, it is impossible to doubt that they were perpetuated by so convenient an institution, which indeed owed its universal establishment to no other cause. And as predominant habits of warfare are totally irreconcilable with those of industry, not merely by the immediate works of

destruction which render its efforts unavailing, but through that contempt of peaceful occupations which they produce, the feudal system must have been intrinsically adverse to the accumulation of wealth, and the improvement of those arts which mitigate the evils or abridge the labours of mankind.

But, as the school of moral discipline, the feudal institutions were perhaps most to be valued. Society had sunk, for several centuries after the dissolution of the Roman empire, into a condition of utter depravity; where, if any vices could be selected as more eminently characteristic than others, they were falsehood, treachery, and ingratitude. In slowly purging off the lees of this extreme corruption, the feudal spirit exerted its ameliorating influence. Violation of faith stood first in the catalogue of crimes, most repugnant to the very essence of a feudal tenure, most severely and promptly avenged, most branded by general infamy. The feudal law-books breathe throughout a spirit of honourable obligation. The feudal course of jurisdiction promoted, what trial by peers is peculiarly calculated to promote, a keener feeling, as well as a readier perception, of moral as well as of legal distinctions. In the reciprocal services of lord and vassal, there was ample scope for every magnanimous and disinterested energy. The heart of man, when placed in circumstances that have a tendency to excite them, will seldom be deficient in such sentiments. No occasions could be more favourable than the protection of a faithful supporter, or the defence of a beneficent sovereign, against such powerful aggression as left little prospect except of sharing in his ruin.

The Houses and Furniture of the Nobles in the Middle Ages.—From the same.

It is an error to suppose that the English gentry were lodged in stately, or even in well-sized houses. Generally speaking, their dwellings were almost as inferior to those of their descendants in capacity as they were in convenience. The usual arrangement consisted of an entrance-passage running through the house, with a hall on one side, a parlour beyond, and one or two chambers above; and on the opposite side, a kitchen, pantry, and other offices. Such was the ordinary manor-house of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as appears not only from the documents and engravings, but, as to the latter period, from the buildings themselves—sometimes, though not very frequently, occupied by families of consideration, more often converted into farm-houses, or distinct tenements. Larger structures were erected by men of great estates during the reigns of Henry IV. and Edward IV.; but very few can be traced higher; and such has been the effect of time, still more through the advance or decline of families, and the progress of architectural improvement, than the natural decay of these buildings, that I should conceive it difficult to name a house in England, still inhabited by a gentleman, and not belonging to the order of castles, the principal apartments of which are older than the reign of Henry VII. The instances at least must be extremely few.

The two most essential improvements in architecture during this period, one of which had been missed by the sagacity of Greece and Rome, were chimneys and glass windows. Nothing apparently can be more simple than the former; yet the wisdom of ancient times had been content to let the smoke escape by an aperture in the centre of the roof; and a discovery, of which Vitruvius had not a glimpse, was made, perhaps, by some forgotten semi-barbarian! About the middle of the fourteenth century the use of chimneys is distinctly mentioned in England and in Italy; but they are found in several of our castles which bear a much older date. This country seems to have lost very early the art of making glass, which was preserved in France, whence artificers were brought into England to furnish the windows in some new churches in the seventh century. It is said that, in the reign of Henry III., a few ecclesiastical buildings had glazed windows. Suger, however, a century before, had adorned his great work, the Abbey of St. Denis, with windows not only glazed but painted; and I presume that other churches of the same class, both in France and England, especially after the lancet-shaped window had yielded to one of ampler dimensions, were generally decorated in a similar manner. Yet glass is said not to have been employed in the domestic architecture of France before the fourteenth century; and its introduction into England was probably by no means earlier. Nor, indeed, did it come into general use during the period of the middle ages. Glazed windows were considered as movable furniture, and prob-

ably bore a high price. When the Earls of Northumberland, as late as the reign of Elizabeth, left Alnwick Castle, the windows were taken out of their frames and carefully laid by.

But if the domestic buildings of the fifteenth century would not seem very spacious or convenient at present, far less would this luxurious generation be content with their internal accommodations. A gentleman's house containing three or four beds was extraordinarily well provided; few probably had more than two. The walls were commonly bare, without wainscot, or even plaster, except that some great houses were furnished with hangings, and that, perhaps, hardly so soon as the reign of Edward IV. It is unnecessary to add, that neither libraries of books nor pictures could have found a place among furniture. Silver-plate was very rare, and hardly used for the table. A few inventories of furniture that still remain exhibit a miserable deficiency. And this was incomparably greater in private gentlemen's houses than among citizens, and especially foreign merchants. We have an inventory of the goods belonging to Contarini, a rich Venetian trader, at his house on St. Botolph's Lane, A.D. 1481. There appears to have been no less than ten beds, and glass windows are especially noted as movable furniture. No mention, however, is made of chairs or looking-glasses. If we compare his account, however trifling in our estimation, with a similar inventory of furniture in Skipton Castle, the great honour of the Earls of Cumberland, and among the most splendid mansions of the north, not at the same period—for I have not found any inventory of a nobleman's furniture so ancient—but in 1572, after almost a century of continual improvement, we shall be astonished at the inferior provision of the baronial residence. There were not more than seven or eight beds in this great castle, nor had any of the chambers either chairs, glasses, or carpets. It is in this sense, probably, that we must understand Æneas Sylvius, if he meant anything more than to express a traveller's discontent, when he declares that the Kings of Scotland would rejoice to be as well lodged as the second class of citizens at Nuremberg. Few burghers of that town had mansions. I presume, equal to the palaces of Dunfermline or Stirling; but it is not unlikely that they were better furnished.

It has been justly remarked, that in Mr. Hallam's 'Literature of Europ,' there is more of sentiment than could have been anticipated from the calm, unimpassioned tenor of his historic style. We may illustrate this by two short extracts.

Shakspeare's Self-retrospection.

There seems to have been a period of Shakspeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world and his own conscience; the memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worse nature, which intercourse with unworthy associates, by choice or circumstances, peculiarly teaches; these, as they sank into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of 'Lear' and 'Timon,' but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jacques, gazing with an undiminished serenity, and with a gaiety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play, and next one rather more severe in the Duke of 'Measure for Measure.' In all these, however, it is merely contemplative philosophy. In 'Hamlet,' this is mingled with the impulses of a perturbed heart under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances; it shines no longer, as in the former characters, with a steady light, but plays in fitful convulsions amidst feigned gaiety and extravagance. In 'Lear,' it is the flash of sudden inspiration across the incongruous imagery of madness; in 'Timon,' it is obscured by the exaggerations of misanthropy. These plays all belong to nearly the same period: 'As You Like It' being usually referred to 1600, 'Timon' to the same year. 'Measure for Measure' to 1603, and 'Lear' to 1604. In the later plays of Shakspeare, especially in 'Macbeth' and the 'Tempest,' much of moral speculation will be found, but he has never returned to this type of character in the personages.

Milton's Blindness and Remembrance of his Early Reading.

In the numerous imitations, and still more numerous traces of older poetry which we perceive in 'Paradise Lost,' it is always to be kept in mind that he had only his recollection to rely upon. His blindness seems to have been complete before 1654;* and I scarcely think he had begun his poem before the anxiety and trouble into which the public strife of the Commonwealth and Restoration had thrown him, gave leisure for immortal occupations. Then the remembrance of early reading came over his dark and lonely path, like the moon emerging from the clouds. Then it was that the Muse was truly his; not only as she poured her creative inspiration into his mind, but as the daughter of Memory, coming with fragments of ancient melodies, the voice of Euripides, and Homer, and Tasso; sounds that he had loved in youth, and treasured up for the solace of his age. They who, though not enduring the calamity of Milton, have known what it is, when afar from books, in solitude or in travelling, or in the intervals of worldly care, to feed on poetical recollections, to murmur over the beautiful lines whose cadence has long delighted their ear, to recall the sentiments and images which retain by association the charm that early years once gave them—they will feel the inestimable value of committing to the memory, in the prime of its power, what it will easily receive and indelibly retain. I know not, indeed, whether an education that deals much with poetry, such as is still usual in England, has any more solid argument among many in its favour, than it lays the foundation of intellectual pleasures at the other extreme of life.

P. F. TYTLER—SIR W. NAPIER—LIEUT.-COL. CURWOOD—JAMES MILL.

'The History of Scotland,' by PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, is an attempt to 'build the history of that country upon unquestionable muniments.' The author professed to have anxiously endeavoured to examine the most authentic sources of information, and to convey a true picture of the times, without prepossession or partiality. He commences with the accession of Alexander III., because it is at that period that our national annals become particularly interesting to the general reader. The first volume of Mr. Tytler's History was published in 1828, and a continuation appeared at intervals, conducting the narrative to the year 1603, when James VI. ascended the throne of England. The style of the History is plain and perspicuous, with just sufficient animation to keep alive the attention of the reader. Mr. Tytler added considerably to the amount and correctness of our knowledge of Scottish history. He took up a few doubtful or erroneous opinions on questions of fact (such as that John Knox was accessory to the murder of Rizzio, of which he failed to give any satisfactory proof); but the industry and talent he evinced entitled him to the gratitude of his countrymen. A second edition of this work, up to the period already mentioned, extends to nine volumes. Mr. Tytler was author of the 'Lives of Scottish Worthies' and a 'Life of Sir Walter Raleigh,' and he edited two volumes of Letters illustrative of the history of England under Edward VI. and Mary.

* Todd publishes a letter addressed by Milton to Andrew Marvell, dated February 21, 1652-3, and assumes that the poet 'had still the use of one eye, which could direct his hand.' The editor of this work has inspected the letter to Marvell in the State Paper Office, and ascertained that it is not in Milton's handwriting. It is in a fine current clerk-like hand.

This gentleman was grandson of Mr. William Tytler, whom Burns has characterised as

Revered defender of beauteous Stuart;

and his father, Lord Woodhouselee, a Scottish judge, wrote a popular 'Universal History.' Latterly, Mr. Patrick F. Tytler enjoyed a pension of £200 per annum. He died at Malvern, December 24, 1849. A Life of Mr. Tytler was published (1859) by the Rev. John Burgon, M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford. It represents the historian in a very prepossessing light, as affectionate, pious, and cheerful, beloved by all who knew him.

'The History of the War in the Peninsula, and in the South of France, from the year 1807 to the year 1814,' in six volumes, 1828-40, by COLONEL SIR W. F. P. NAPIER, is acknowledged to be the most valuable record of that war which England waged against the power of Napoleon. They had previously written a History of this period, but it was heavy and uninteresting, and is now rarely met with. Sir W. Napier was an actor in the great struggle he records, and peculiarly conversant with the art of war. The most ample testimony has been borne to the accuracy of the historian's statements, and to the diligence and acuteness with which he has collected his materials. Sir William Napier was a son of Colonel the Hon. George Napier, by Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of the second Duke of Richmond. He was born at Castletown, in Ireland, in 1785. Besides his important History, he was author of an account of 'The Conquest of Scinde, of The Life and Opinions of Sir Charles Napier,' the celebrated military commander, and conqueror of Scinde. In defending his brother, Sir William breaks out into the following eloquent reference to the great poet of his generation:

Eulogium on Lord Byron.

But while the Lord High Commissioner, Adam, could only see in the military resident of Cephalonia a person to be crushed by the leaden weight of power without equity, there was another observer in that island who appreciated, and manfully proclaimed the great qualities of the future conqueror of Scinde. This man, himself a butt for the rancour of envious dullness, was one whose youthful genius pervaded the world while he lived, and covered it with a pall when he died. For to him mountain and plain, torrent and lake, the seas, the skies, the earth, light and darkness, and even the depths of the human heart, gave up their poetic secrets; and he told them again, with such harmonious melody, that listening nations marvelled at the sound; and when it ceased, they sorrowed. Lord Byron noted, and generously proclaimed the merits which Sir Frederick Adam marked as defects.

Sir William Napier died February 12, 1860.

Assault of Badajoz.—From 'The History of the War in the Peninsula.'

Dry but clouded was the night, the air was thick with watery exhalations from the rivers, the ramparts and trenches unusually still; yet a low murmur pervaded the latter, and in the former lights flittered here and there, while the deep voices of the sentinels proclaimed from time to time that all was well in Badajoz. The French, confiding in Phillipon's direful skill, watched from their lofty station the approach of enemies they had twice before baffled, and now hoped to drive a third time blasted

and ruined from the walls. The British, standing in deep columns, were as eager to meet that fiery destruction as the others were to pour it down, and either were alike terrible for their strength, their discipline, and the passions awakened in their resolute hearts.

Former failures there were to avenge on one side: on both, leaders who furnished no excuse for weakness in the hour of trial, and the possession of Badajos was become a point of personal honour with the soldiers of each nation; but the desire for glory on the British part was dashed with a hatred of the citizens from an old grudge, and recent toil and hardship, with much spilling of blood, had made many incredibly savage; for these things, which render the noble-minded averse to cruelty, harden the vulgar spirit. Numbers, also, like Caesar's centurion, who could not forget the plunder of Avaricum, were heated with the recollection of Rodrigo, and thirsted for spoil. Thus every passion found a cause of excitement, the wondrous power of discipline bound the whole together as with a band of iron, and in the pride of arms none doubted their might to bear down every obstacle that man could oppose to their fury.

At ten o'clock, the castle, the San Roque, the breaches, the Pardaleras, the distant bastion of San Vincente, and the bridge-head on the other side of the Guadiana, were to be simultaneously assailed. It was hoped the strength of the enemy would quickly shrivel within that fiery girdle, but many are the disappointments of war. An unforeseen accident delayed the attack of the fifth division, and a lighted carcass, thrown from the castle, falling close to the third division, exposed its columns, and forced it to anticipate the signal by half an hour. Thus everything was suddenly disturbed, yet the double columns of the fourth and light divisions moved silently and swiftly against the breaches, and the guard of the trenches, rushing forward with a shout, encompassed the San Roque with fire, and broke in so violently that scarcely any resistance was made.

Soon, however, a sudden blaze of light and the rattling of musketry indicated the commencement of a more vehement combat at the castle. There Kempt—for Picton, hurt by a fall in the camp, and expecting no change in the hour, was not present—there Kempt, I say, led the third division. He passed the Rivillas in single files by a narrow bridge under a terrible musketry, re-formed and ran up the rugged hill, to fall at the foot of the castle severely wounded. Being carried back to the trenches, he met Picton at the bridge hastening to take the command, but meanwhile the troops, spreading along the front, had reared their heavy ladders, some against the lofty castle, some against the adjoining front on the left, and with incredible courage ascended amidst showers of heavy stones, logs of wood and bursting shells rolled off the parapet, while from the flanks musketry was plied with fearful rapidity, and in front, with pikes and bayonets, the leading assailants were stabbed and the ladders pushed from the walls: and all this was attended with deafening shouts, the crash of breaking ladders, and the shrieks of crushed soldiers answering to the sullen stroke of the fallen weights.

Still swarming round the remaining ladders, those undaunted veterans strove who should first climb; but all were overturned, the French shouted victory, while the British, baffled, yet untamed, fell back a few paces, and took shelter under the rugged edge of the hill. There the broken ranks being re-formed, the heroic Colonel Ridge, springing forward, called with stentorian voice on his men to follow, and, seizing a ladder, raised it against the castle, to the right of the former attack, where the wall was lower, and where an embrasure offered some facility: a second ladder was placed alongside of his by the grenadier officer, Canch, and the next instant he and Ridge were on the rampart, the shouting troops pressed after them, and the garrison, amazed and in a manner surprised, were driven fighting through the double gate into the town: the castle was won. Soon a reinforcement from the French reserve came to the gate, through which both sides fired, and the enemy retired; but Ridge fell, and no man died that night with more glory—yet many died, and there was much glory.

All this time the tumult at the breaches was such as if the earth had been rent asunder, and its central fires bursting upwards uncontrolled. The two divisions reached the glacis just as the firing at the castle had commenced, and the flash of a single musket, discharged from the covered way as a signal, shewed them the French were ready; yet no stir followed, and darkness covered the breaches. Some hay-packs were then thrown, some ladders placed, and the forlorn-hopes and storming-

parties of the light division, five hundred in all, descended into the ditch without opposition ; but then a bright flame, shooting upwards, displayed all the terrors of the scene. The ramparts, crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, were on one side ; on the other, the red columns of the British, deep and broad, coming on like streams of burning lava ; it was the touch of the magician's wand ; a crash of thunder followed, and the storming-parties were dashed to pieces by the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder-barrels.

For an instant the light division soldiers stood on the brink of the ditch, amazed at the terrific sight, but then, with a shout that matched even the sound of the explosion, they flew down the ladders, or, disdaining their aid, leaped, reckless of the depth, into the gulf below ; and nearly at the same moment, amidst a blaze of musketry that dazzled the eyes, the fourth division came running in to descend with a like fury. There were only five ladders for both columns, which were close together, and the deep cut made in the bottom of the ditch, as far as the counter-guard of the Trinidad, was filled with water from the inundation ; into this miry snare the head of the fourth division fell, and it is said above a hundred of the Fusileers, the men of Albuera, were there smothered. Those who followed, checked not, but, as if the disaster had been expected, turned to the left, and thus came upon the face of the unfinished ravelin, which, rough and broken, was mistaken for the breach, and instantly covered with men ; a wide and deep chasm was, however, still between them and the ramparts, from whence came a deadly fire, wasting their ranks. Thus baffled, they also commenced a rapid discharge of musketry, and disorder ensued ; for the men of the light division, whose conducting engineer had been disabled early, having their flank confined by an unfinished ditch intended to cut off the Santa Maria, rushed towards the breaches of the curtain and the Trinidad, which were indeed before them, but which the fourth division had been destined to storm.

Great was the confusion ; the ravelin was crowded with men of both divisions, and while some continued to fire, others jumped down and ran towards the breach ; many also passed between the ravelin and the counter-guard of the Trinidad ; the two divisions got mixed, and the reserves, which should have remained at the quarries, also came pouring in until the ditch was quite filled, the rear still crowding forward, and all cheering vehemently. The enemy's shouts also were loud and terrible ; and the bursting of shells and of grenades, roaring of guns from the flanks, answered by the iron howitzers from the parallel, the heavy roll and horrid explosion of the powder-barrels, the whizzing flight of the blazing splinters, the loud exhortations of the officers, and the continual clatter of the muskets, made a maddening din.

Now a multitude bounded up the great breach as if driven by a whirlwind ; but across the top glittered a range of sword-blades, sharp-pointed, keen-edged, immovably fixed in ponderous beams chained together and set deep in the ruins ; and for ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks studded with iron points, on which the feet of the foremost being set, the planks slipped, and the unhappy soldiers, falling forward on the spikes, rolled down upon the ranks behind. Then the Frenchmen, shouting at the success of their stratagem, and leaping forward, plied their shot with terrible rapidity, for every man had several muskets, and each musket, in addition to its ordinary charge, contained a small cylinder of wood stuck full of wooden slugs, which scattered like hail when they were discharged.

Once and again the assailants rushed up the breaches, but the sword-blades, immovable and impassable, always stopped the charge, and the hissing shells and thundering powder-barrels exploded unceasingly. Hundreds of men had now fallen, hundreds more were dropping, yet the heroic officers still called aloud for new trials, and sometimes followed by many, sometimes by few, ascended the ruins ; and so furious were the men themselves, that in one of these charges the rear strove to push the foremost on to the sword-blades, willing even to make a bridge of their writhing bodies ; the others frustrated the attempt by dropping down, yet men fell so fast from the shot, it was hard to say who went down voluntarily, who were stricken, and many stooped unhurt that never rose again. Vain also would it have been to break through the sword-blades ; for a finished trench and parapet were behind the breach, where the assailants, crowded into even a narrower space than the ditch was, would still have been separated from their enemies, and the slaughter have continued.

At the beginning of this dreadful conflict, Andrew Barnard had with prodigious efforts separated his division from the other, and preserved some degree of military

array ; but now the tumult was such, no command could be heard distinctly except by those close at hand, while the mutilated carcasses heaped on each other, and the wounded, struggling to avoid being trampled upon, broke the formations : order was impossible ! Nevertheless, officers of all stations, followed more or less numerously by the men, were seen to start out as if struck by a sudden madness, and rush into the breach, which, yawning and glittering with steel, seemed like the mouth of some huge dragon belching forth smoke and flame. In one of these attempts Colonel Macleod of the 43d, whose feeble body would have been quite unfit for war if it had not been sustained by an unconquerable spirit, was killed. Wherever his voice was heard, there his soldiers gathered, and with such strong resolution did he lead them up the ruins, that when one, falling behind him, plunged a bayonet into his back, he complained not, but continuing his course, was shot dead within a yard of the sword-blades. There was, however, no want of gallant leaders or desperate followers, until two hours passed in these vain efforts convinced the soldiers the Trinidad was impregnable ; and as the opening in the curtain, although less strong, was retired, and the approach impeded by deep holes and cuts made in the ditch, the troops did not much notice it after the partial failure of one attack, which had been made early. Gathering in dark groups, and leaning on their muskets, they looked up with sullen desperation at the Trinidad, while the enemy stepping out on the ramparts, and aiming their shots by the light of the fire-balls which they threw over, asked, as their victims fell, *Why they did not come into Batajos ?*

In this dreadful situation, while the dead were lying in heaps and others continually falling, the wounded crawling about to get some shelter from the merciless shower above, and withal a sickening stench from the burnt flesh of the slain, Captain Nicholas of the Engineers was observed, by Lieutenant Shaw of the 43d, making incredible efforts to force his way with a few men into the Santa Maria. Collecting fifty soldiers of all regiments, he joined him, and passing a deep cut along the foot of this breach, these two young officers, at the head of their band, rushed up the slope of the ruins ; but ere they gained two-thirds of the ascent, a concentrated fire of musketry and grape dashed nearly the whole dead to the earth : Nicholas was mortally wounded, and the intrepid Shaw* stood alone ! After this no further effort was made at any point, and the troops remained passive but unflinching beneath the enemy's shot, which streamed without intermission ; for many of the riflemen on the glacis, leaping early into the ditch, had joined in the assault ; and the rest, raked by a cross-fire of grape from the distant bastions, baffled in their aim by the smoke and flames from the explosions, and too few in number, had entirely failed to quell the French musketry.

About midnight, when two thousand brave men had fallen, Wellington, who was on a height close to the quarries, sent orders for the remainder to retire and re-form for a second assault ; he had just then heard that the castle was taken, and thinking the enemy would still hold out in the town, was resolved to assail the breaches again. This retreat from the ditch was not effected without further carnage and confusion ; for the French fire never slackened, and a cry arose that the enemy were making a sally from the flanks, which caused a rush towards the ladders. Then the groans and lamentations of the wounded, who could not move, and expected to be slain, increased ; and many officers who did not hear of the order endeavoured to stop the soldiers from going back ; some would even have removed the ladders, but were unable to break the crowd.

All this time the third division lay close in the castle, and either from fear of risking the loss of a point which insured the capture of the place, or that the egress was too difficult, made no attempt to drive away the enemy from the breaches. On the other side, however, the fifth division had commenced the false attack on the Pardaleras, and on the right of the Guadiana the Portuguese were sharply engaged at the bridge : thus the town was girdled with fire ; for Walker's brigade had, during the feint on the Pardaleras, escalated the distant bastion of San Vincente. Moving up the bank of the river, he reached a French guard-house at the barrier-gate undis-

* Now Major-general Shaw Kennedy. Captain Nicholas, when dying, told the story of this effort, adding that he saw Shaw while thus standing alone, deliberately pull out his watch, and repeating the hour aloud, declare that the breach could not be carried that night.

covered, the ripple of the waters smothering the sound of the footsteps; but then the explosion at the breaches took place, the moon shone out, and the French sentinels, discovering the column, fired. The British soldiers, springing forward under a sharp musketry, began to hew down the wooden barrier at the covered way; but the Portuguese, panic-stricken, threw down the scaling ladders; the others snatched them up, and, forcing the barrier, jumped into the ditch: but there the guiding engineer was killed, there was a *cunette* which embarrassed the column, and when the foremost men succeeded in rearing the ladders, they were found too short, for the walls were generally above thirty feet high. The fire of the French was deadly, a small mine was sprung beneath the soldiers' feet, beams of wood and live shells were rolled over on their heads, showers of grape from the flank swept the ditch, and many after man dropped dead from the ladders.

Fortunately, some of the defenders were called away to aid in recovering the castle, the ramparts were not entirely manned, and the assailants, having discovered a corner of the bastion where the scarp was only twenty feet high, placed three ladders under an embrasure which had no gun and was only stopped with a gabion. Some men got up with difficulty, for the ladders were still too short, but the first man, being pushed up by his comrades, drew others after him, until many had gained the summit; and though the French shot heavily against them from both flanks and from a house in front, they thickened and could not be driven back. Half the 4th Regiment then entered the town itself, while the others pushed along the rampart towards the breach, and by dint of hard fighting successively won three bastions. In the last General Walker, leaping forward sword in hand, just as a French cannoner discharged a gun, fell with so many wounds, it was wonderful how he survived; and his soldiers, seeing a lighted match on the ground, cried out, 'A mine!' At that word, such is the power of imagination, those troops whom neither the strong barrier nor the deep ditch, nor the high walls, nor the deadly fire of the enemy could stop, staggered back appalled by a chimera of their own raising; and in that disorder a French reserve under General Veillande drove on them with a firm and rapid charge, pitching some over the walls, killing others outright, and cleansing the ramparts even to the San Vincente: but there Leith had placed a battalion of the 38th, and when the French came up shouting and slaying all before them, it arose, and with one close volley destroyed them. Then the panic ceased, and in compact order the soldiers once more charged along the walls towards the breaches; yet the French, although turned on both flanks and abandoned by fortune, would not yield.

Meanwhile the detachment of the 4th Regiment which had entered the town when the San Vincente was first carried, was strangely situated; for the streets, though empty were brilliantly illuminated, no person was seen, yet a low buzz and whisper were heard around, lattices were now and then gently opened, and from time to time shots were fired from underneath the doors of the houses by the Spaniards, while the regiment, with bugles sounding, advanced towards the great square of the town. In its progress, several mules going with ammunition to the breaches were taken; but the square was as empty and silent as the streets, and the houses as bright with lamps. A terrible enchantment seemed to prevail; nothing to be seen but light, and only low whispers heard, while the tumult at the breaches was like the crashing of thunder: there the fight raged; and quitting the square, the regiment attempted to take the enemy in reverse, but they were received with a rolling musketry, driven back with loss, and resumed their movement through the streets.

At last the breaches were abandoned by the French, other parties entered the place, desultory combats took place in various parts, and finally Veillande and Philipon, both wounded, seeing all ruined, passed the bridge with a few hundred soldiers, and entered San Christoval. Early next morning they surrendered upon summons to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who with great readiness had pushed through the town to the drawbridge ere the French had time to organise further resistance; yet even at the moment of ruin, this noble governor had sent horsemen out from the fort in the night to carry the news to Soult's army, which they reached in time to prevent a greater misfortune.

Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness, which tarnished the lustre of the soldier's heroism. All indeed were not alike, hundreds risked and many lost their lives in striving to stop the violence; but madness generally prevailed, and the worst men being leaders, all the dreadful passions of human nature were displayed.

Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajos! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their own excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled: the wounded men were then looked to, the dead disposed of.

Five thousand men and officers fell during the siege, including seven hundred Portuguese; three thousand five hundred were stricken in the assault, sixty officers and more than seven hundred men slain on the spot. Five generals, Kempt, Harvey, Bowes, Colville, and Picton, were wounded, the first three severely; six hundred men and officers fell in the escalade of San Vincente, as many at the castle, and more than two thousand at the breaches; each division there lost twelve hundred! But how deadly the strife was at that point may be gathered from this: the 43d and 52d Regiments of the light division alone lost more men than the seven regiments of the third division engaged at the castle!

Let it be remembered that this frightful carnage took place in a space of less than a hundred yards square; that the slain died not all suddenly, nor by one manner of death; that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water; that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions; that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking, and the town was won at last: these things considered, it must be admitted that a British army bears with it an awful power. And false would it be to say the French were feeble men; the garrison stood and fought manfully and with good discipline, behaving worthily. Shame there was none on either side. Yet who shall do justice to the bravery of the British soldiers? the noble emulation of the officers? Who shall measure out the glory of Ridge, of Macleod, of Nicholas, of O'Hare of the Rifles, who perished on the breach at the head of the stormers, and with him nearly all the volunteers for that desperate service. Who shall describe the springing valour of that Portuguese grenadier who was killed, the foremost man at the Santa Marta? or the martial fury of that desperate rifleman, who, in his resolution to win, thrust himself beneath the chained sword-blades, and there suffered the enemy to dash his head to pieces with the ends of their muskets? Who can sufficiently honour the intrepidity of Walker, of Shaw, of Canch, or the resolution of Ferguson of the 43d, who, having at Rodrigo received two deep wounds, was here, with his hurts still open, leading the stormers of his regiment, the third time a volunteer, and the third time wounded! Nor are these selected as pre-eminent; many and signal were the other examples of unbounded devotion, some known, some that will never be known; for in such a tumult much passed unobserved, and often the observers felt themselves ere they could bear testimony to what they saw: but no age, no nation, ever sent forth braver troops to battle than those who stormed Badajos.

When the havoc of the night was told to Wellington, the pride of conquest sunk into a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers.

Further light has been thrown on the Spanish war, as well as on the whole of our other military operations at the period, by the publication of 'The Despatches of Field-marshal the Duke of Wellington,' by **LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GURWOOD**, twelve volumes, 1836-38. The skill, moderation, and energy of the Duke of Wellington are strikingly illustrated by this compilation. 'No man ever before,' says a critic in the 'Edinburgh Review,' 'had the gratification of himself witnessing the formation of such a monument to his glory. His despatches will continue to furnish, through every age, lessons of practical wisdom which cannot be too highly prized by public men of every station; whilst they will supply to military commanders, in particular, examples for their guidance which they cannot too carefully study, nor too anxiously endeavour to emulate.' The son of the Great Captain, the present Duke of Wellington, has published

several additional volumes of his illustrious father's correspondence.

The 'History of British India,' by JAMES MILL (1773-1836), is by far the ablest work on our Indian empire. It was published in 1817-18, in five volumes. This work led to the author being employed in conducting the correspondence of the East India Company. Mr. Mill was a man of acute and vigorous mind. He was a native of Logie Pert, near Montrose, and soon rose above his originally humble station by the force of his talents. He contributed to the leading reviews, co-operated with Jeremy Bentham and other zealous reformers, and also took a high position as an original thinker and metaphysician. He had early abandoned the creed of his youth, and become a sceptic as hard and confirmed as David Hume; and he taught his son, John Stuart Mill, to be equally unbelieving and equally decided in his unbelief. In fame and talent, however, the son eclipsed his father. Mr. Mill's History has been continued to the close of the government of Lord W. Bentinck in 1835, by Mr. Horace H. Wilson, the work then forming nine volumes, 1848.

JAMES BOSWELL.

A great number of biographical works were published during this period. The French have cultivated biography with more diligence than the English; but much has been done of late years to remedy this defect in our national literature. Individual specimens of great value we have long possessed. The Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert, by Izaak Walton, are entitled to the highest praise for the fullness of their domestic details, no less than for the fine simplicity and originality of their style. The 'Lives of the Poets,' by Johnson, and the occasional Memoirs by Goldsmith, Mallet, and other authors, are either too general or too critical to satisfy the reader as representations of the daily life, habits, and opinions of those whom we venerate or admire. Mason's Life of Gray was a vast improvement on former biographies, as the interesting and characteristic correspondence of the poet, and his literary diary and journals, bring him personally before us, pursuing the silent course of his studies, or mingling occasionally as a retired scholar in the busy world around him. The success of Mason's bold and wise experiment prompted another and more complete work—'The Life of Dr. Johnson,' by Boswell.

JAMES BOSWELL (1740-1795) was by birth and education a gentleman of rank and station—the son of a Scottish judge, and heir to an ancient family and estate. He had studied for the bar; but being strongly impressed with admiration of the writings and character of Dr. Johnson, he attached himself to the rugged moralist, soothed and flattered his irritability, submitted to his literary despotism and caprice, and sedulously cultivating his acquaintance and society whenever his engagements permitted, he took faithful and copious notes of his conversation. In 1773 Boswell accompanied Johnson to

the Hebrides; and after the death of the latter, he published, in 1785, his *Journal of the Tour*, being a record of each day's occurrences, and of the more striking parts of Johnson's conversation. The work was eminently successful. And in 1791 Boswell gave to the world his full-length portrait of his friend, 'The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.' in two volumes quarto. A second edition was published in 1794; and the author was engaged in preparing a third when he died. A great number of editions have since been printed, the latest of which was edited by Mr. J. W. Croker. Anecdotes and recollections of Johnson were also published by Mrs. Piozzi, Sir John Hawkins, Malone, Miss Reynolds, &c. Boswell had awakened public curiosity, and shewn how much wit, wisdom, and sagacity, joined to real worth and benevolence, were concealed under the personal oddities and ungainly exterior of Johnson. Never was there so complete a portraiture of any single individual. The whole time spent by Boswell in the society of his illustrious friend did not amount to more than nine months; yet so diligent was he in writing and inquiring—so thoroughly did he devote himself to his subject, that notwithstanding his limited opportunities, and the claims of society, he was able to produce what all mankind have agreed in considering the best biography in existence. Though vain, dissipated, and conceited, Boswell had taste enough to discern the racy vigour and richness of Johnson's conversation, and he was observant enough to trace the peculiarities of his character and temperament. He forced himself into society, and neglected his family and his profession, to meet his friend; and he was content to be ridiculed and slighted, so that he could thereby add one page to his journal, or one scrap of writing to his collection. He sometimes sat up three nights in a week to fulfil his task, and hence there is a freshness and truth in his notes and impressions which attest their fidelity.

Boswell must have possessed considerable dramatic power to have rendered his portraits and dialogues so animated and varied. His work introduces us to a great variety of living characters, who speak, walk, and think, as it were, in our presence; and besides furnishing us with useful, affecting, and ennobling lessons of morality, live over again the past for the delight and entertainment of countless generations of readers. Boswell's convivial habits hastened his death. In 1856 a volume of Letters addressed by Boswell to his friend the Rev. Mr. Temple, was published, and painfully illustrated the weakness and vanity of his character.

The talents and character of Boswell have been successfully vindicated by Carlyle from the strictures of Macaulay and others, who insist so strongly on the biographer's imputed meanness of spirit, egregious vanity, folly, and sensuality, scarcely allowing him a single redeeming good quality. His *bad qualities*, as Carlyle says, lay open to the general eye; his *good qualities* belonged not to the time he lived in, were far from common then, and indeed, in such a degree, were al-

most unexampled. 'Towards Johnson his feeling was not sycophancy, which is the lowest, but reverence, which is the highest of human feelings.' 'Consider, too, with what force, diligence, and vivacity he has rendered back all which, in Johnson's neighbourhood, his open sense had so eagerly and freely taken in. That loose-flowing, careless-looking work of his is as a picture by one of nature's own artists; the best possible resemblance of a reality; like the very image thereof in a clear mirror—which, indeed, it was. Let but the mirror be clear, this is the great point; the picture must and will be genuine. How the babbling Bozzy, inspired only by love, and the recognition and vision which love can lend, epitomises nightly the words of wisdom, and so, by little and little, unconsciously works together for us a whole *Johnsoniad*; a more free, perfect, sunlit, and spirit-speaking likeness, than for many centuries had been drawn by man of man! Scarcely since the days of Homer has the feat been equalled.'

GIBBON—LORD SHEFFIELD—DR. CURRIE.

With a pardonable and engaging egotism, which forms an interesting feature in his character, the historian GIBBON has made several sketches of his own life and studies. From these materials, and embodying *verbatim* the most valuable portions, LORD SHEFFIELD compiled a Memoir, which was published, with the miscellaneous works of Gibbon, in 1795. A number of the historian's letters were also included in this collection; but the most important and interesting part of the work is his Journal and Diary, giving an account of his literary occupations. The calm unshrinking perseverance and untiring energy of Gibbon form a noble example to all literary students; and where he writes of his own personal history and opinions, his lofty philosophical style never forsakes him. Thus he opens his slight Memoir in the following strain:

'A lively desire of knowing and of recording our ancestors so generally prevails, that it must depend on the influence of some common principle in the minds of men. We seem to have lived in the persons of our forefathers: it is the labour and reward of vanity to extend the term of this ideal longevity. Our imagination is always active to enlarge the narrow circle in which nature has confined us. Fifty or a hundred years may be allotted to an individual, but we step forwards beyond death with such hopes as religion and philosophy will suggest; and we fill up the silent vacancy that precedes our birth, by associating ourselves to the authors of our existence. Our calmer judgment will rather tend to moderate than to suppress the pride of an ancient and worthy race. The satirist may laugh, the philosopher may preach, but Reason herself will respect the prejudices and habits which have been consecrated by the experience of mankind.'

Gibbon states, that before entering upon the perusal of a book, he wrote down or considered what he knew of the subject, and afterwards examined how much the author had added to his stock of

knowledge. A severe test for some authors! From habits like this sprung the 'Decline and Fall.'

In 1800, DR. JAMES CURRIE (1756-1805) published his edition of the Works of Burns for the benefit of the poet's family, and enriched it with an excellent Memoir, that has served for the groundwork of many subsequent Lives of Burns. It has been found that he tampered rather too freely with the poet's MSS., but generally to their advantage. The candour and ability displayed by Currie have scarcely been sufficiently appreciated. Such a task was new to him, and was beset with difficulties. He believed that Burns's misfortunes arose chiefly from his errors—he lived at a time when this impression was strongly prevalent—yet he touched on the subject of the poet's frailties with delicacy and tenderness. He estimated his genius highly as a great poet, without reference to his personal position, and thus in some measure anticipated the unequivocal award of posterity. His remarks on Scottish poetry and on the condition of the Scottish peasantry, appear now somewhat prolix and affected; but at the time they were written, they tended to interest and inform the English reader, and to forward the author's benevolent object, in extending the sale of the poet's works. By his generous, disinterested labours, Dr. Currie materially benefited the poet's family.

WILLIAM HAYLEY—LORD HOLLAND.

After the death of Cowper in 1800, every poetical reader was anxious to learn the personal history and misfortunes of a poet who had afforded such exquisite glimpses of his own life and habits, and the amiable traits of whose character shone so conspicuously in his verse. His letters and manuscripts were placed at the disposal of MR. WM. HAYLEY, whose talents as a poet were then greatly overrated, but who had personally known Cowper. Accordingly, in 1803-4, appeared 'The Life and Posthumous Works of William Cowper,' three volumes quarto. The work was a valuable contribution to English biography. The inimitable letters of Cowper were themselves a treasure beyond price; and Hayley's prose, though often poor enough, was better than his poetry. What the 'Hermit of Earsham' left undone has since been supplied by Southey, who in 1835 gave the world an edition of Cowper in fifteen volumes, about three of which are filled with a life of the poet, and notes. The Lives of both Hayley and Southey are written in the style of Mason's Memoir, letters being freely interspersed throughout the narrative. Of a similar description, but not to be compared with these in point of interest or execution, is the Life of Dr. Beattie, by Sir William Forbes, published in 1806, in two volumes.

In the same year LORD HOLLAND published an 'Account of the Life and Writings of Lope Felix de Vega,' the celebrated Spanish dramatist. De Vega was one of the most fertile writers upon record; his miscellaneous works fill twenty-two quarto volumes, and his dra-

mas twenty-five volumes. He died in 1835, aged seventy-three. His fame has been eclipsed by abler Spanish writers; but De Vega gave a great impulse to the literature of his nation, and is considered the parent of the continental drama. The amiable and accomplished nobleman who recorded the life of this Spanish prodigy, died at Holland House, October 23, 1840, aged sixty-seven. Lord Holland was a generous patron of literature and art. Holland House was but another name for refined hospitality and social freedom, in which men of all shades of opinion participated. As a literary man, the noble lord left few or no memorials that will survive; but he will long be remembered as a generous-hearted English nobleman, who, with princely munificence and varied accomplishments, ever felt a strong interest in the welfare of the great mass of the people; who was an intrepid advocate of popular rights in the most difficult and trying times; and who, amidst all his courtesy and hospitality, held fast his political integrity and consistency to the last.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The 'Life of Nelson,' by SOUTHEY, published in two small volumes—since compressed into one—in 1813, rose into instant and universal favour, and may be considered as one of our standard popular biographies. Its merit consists in the clearness and beautiful simplicity of its style, and its lucid arrangement of facts, omitting all that is unimportant or strictly technical. The substance of this 'Life' was originally an article in the 'Quarterly Review;' Mr. Murray, the publisher, gave Southey £100 to enlarge the essay, and publish it in a separate form with his name; and this sum he handsomely doubled. Southey afterwards published a 'Life of John Wesley,' the celebrated founder of the Methodists, in which he evinces a minute acquaintance with the religious controversies and publications of that period, joined to the art of the biographer, in giving prominence and effect to his delineations. His sketches of field-preaching and lay-preachers present some curious and interesting pictures of human nature under strong excitement. The same author contributed a series of Lives of British Admirals to the 'Cabinet Cyclopædia,' edited by Dr. Lardner.

The Death of Nelson.—From Southey's 'Life of Nelson.'

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. 'They have done for me at last, Hardy,' said he. 'I hope not,' cried Hardy. 'Yes,' he replied, 'my back-bone is shot through.' Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet repaired, and ordered that now ones should be rove immediately: then, that he might

not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; 'for,' said he, 'you can do nothing for me.' All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurraed; and at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: 'Will no one bring Hardy to me? he must be killed; he is surely dead!' An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence: Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. 'Well, Hardy,' said Nelson, 'how goes the day with us?' 'Very well,' replied Hardy; 'ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and shew an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing.' 'I hope,' said Nelson, 'none of our ships have struck?' Hardy answered, 'There was no fear of that.' Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. 'I am a dead man, Hardy,' said he; 'I am going fast: It will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me.' Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. 'O no,' he replied; 'it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so.' Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him; 'You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast,' putting his hand on his left side, 'which tells me so.' And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, 'So great that he wished he was dead. Yet,' said he, in a lower voice, 'one would like to live a little longer too!' And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added: 'What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation!' Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly: but fourteen or fifteen at least. 'That's well,' cried Nelson; 'but I bargained for twenty.' And then, in a stronger voice, he said; 'Anchor, Hardy; anchor.' Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. 'Not while I live, Hardy,' said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: 'do you anchor.' His previous orders for preparing to anchor had shewn how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him, in a low voice, 'Don't throw me overboard,' and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feeling: 'Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy,' said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, 'Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!' Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. 'Who is that?' said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, 'God bless you, Hardy.' And Hardy then left him—for ever. Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, 'I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone.' Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, 'Doctor, I have not been a great sinner' and after a short pause, 'Remember that I leave

Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatio as a legacy to my country.' His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, 'Thank God, I have done my duty!' These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have awakened the church-bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and 'old men from the chimney-corner' to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening his body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them.

Wesley's Old Age and Death.—From 'Southey's Life of John Wesley.'

'I desire and I,' said Wesley, 'have taken leave of one other. I propose to be busy as long as I live, if my health is so long indulged to me.' This resolution was made in the prime of life, and never was resolution more punctually observed. 'Lord, let me not live to be useless!' was the prayer which he uttered after seeing one whom he had long known as an active and useful magistrate, reduced by age to be 'a picture of human nature in disgrace, feeble in body and mind, and slow of speech and understanding.' He was favoured with a constitution vigorous beyond that of ordinary men, and with an activity of spirit which is even rarer than his singular felicity of health and strength. Ten thousand cares of various kinds he said, were no more weight or burden to his mind, than ten thousand hairs were to his head. But in truth his only cares were those of superintending the work of his ambition, which continually prospered under his hands. Real cares he had none: no anxieties, no sorrow, no griefs which touched him to the quick. His manner of life was the most favourable that could have been devised for longevity. He rose early, and lay

down at night with nothing to keep him waking, or trouble him in sleep. His mind was always in a pleasurable and wholesome state of activity; he was temperate in his diet, and lived in perpetual locomotion; and frequent change of air is perhaps, of all things, that which most conduces to joyous health and long life. . . .

Upon his eighty-sixth birthday, he says, 'I now find I grow old. My sight is decayed, so that I cannot read a small print, unless in a strong light. My strength is decayed; so that I walk much slower than I did some years since. My memory of names, whether of persons or places, is decayed, till I stop a little to recollect them. What I should be afraid of is, if I took thought for the morrow, that my body should weigh down my mind, and create either stubbornness, by the decrease of my understanding, or peevishness, by the increase of bodily infirmities. But thou shalt answer for me, O Lord, my God!' His strength now diminished so much, that he found it difficult to preach more than twice a day; and for many weeks he abstained from his five o'clock morning sermons, because a slow and settled fever parched his mouth. Finding himself a little better, he resumed the practice, and hoped to hold on a little longer; but, at the beginning of the year 1790, he writes: 'I am now an old man, decayed from head to foot. My eyes are dim; my right hand shakes much; my mouth is hot and dry every morning; I have a lingering fever almost every day; my motion is weak and slow. However, blessed be God! I do not slack my labours: I can preach and write still.' In the middle of the same year, he closed his cash account-book with the following words, written with a tremulous hand, so as to be scarcely legible: 'For upwards of eighty-six years I have kept my accounts exactly: I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction that I save all I can, and give all I can; that is, all I have.' His strength was now quite gone, and no glasses would help his sight. 'But I feel no pain,' he says, 'from head to foot; only, it seems, nature is exhausted, and, humanly speaking, will sink more and more, till

The weary springs of life stand still at last.

On the 1st of February 1791, he wrote his last letter to America. It shows how anxious he was that his followers should consider themselves as one united body. 'See,' said he, 'that you never give place to one thought of separating from your brethren in Europe. Lose no opportunity of declaring to all men that the Methodist are one people in all the world, and that it is their full determination so to continue. He expressed, also, a sense that his hour was almost come. 'Those that desire to write,' said he, 'or say anything to me, have no time to lose; for *Time has shaken me by the hand and Death is not far behind*:' words which his father had used in one of the last letters that he addressed to his sons at Oxford. On the 17th of that month he took cold after preaching at Lambeth. For some days he struggled against an increasing fever, and continued to preach till the Wednesday following, when he delivered his last sermon. From that time he became daily weaker and more lethargic, and on the 2d of March, he died in peace; being in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and the sixty-fifth of his ministry.

During his illness he said, 'Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen; and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel.' Some years before, he had prepared a vault for himself, and for those itinerant preachers who might die in London. In his will he directed that six poor men should have twenty shillings each for carrying his body to the grave; 'for I particularly desire,' said he, 'there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp except the tears of them that loved me, and are following me to Abraham's bosom. I solemnly adjure my executors, in the name of God, punctually to observe this.' At the desire of many of his friends, his body was carried into the chapel the day preceding the interment, and there lay in a kind of state becoming the person, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown, cassock, and band; the old clerical cap on his head, a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other. The face was placid, and the expression which death had fixed upon his venerable features was that of a serene and heavenly smile. The crowds who flocked to see him were so great, that it was thought prudent, for fear of accidents, to accelerate the funeral, and perform it between five and six in the morning. The intelligence, however, could not be kept entirely secret, and several hundred persons attended at that unusual hour. Mr. Richardson, who performed the service, had been one of his preachers almost thirty years. When he came to

that part of the service, 'Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of our dear *brother*,' his voice changed, and he substituted the word *father*; and the feeling with which he did this was such, that the congregation, who were shedding silent tears, burst at once into loud weeping.

DR. THOMAS M'CRIE.

The most valuable historical biography of this period is the 'Life of John Knox,' by DR. THOMAS M'CRIE (1732-1835), a Scottish clergyman. Dr. M'Crie had a warm sympathy with the sentiments and opinions of his hero; and on every point of his history he possessed the most complete information. He devoted himself to his task as to a great Christian duty, and not only gave a complete account of the principal events of Knox's life, 'his sentiments, writings, and exertions in the cause of religion and liberty,' but illustrated, with masterly ability, the whole contemporaneous history of Scotland. Men may differ as to the views taken by Dr. M'Crie of some of those subjects, but there can be no variety of opinion as to the talents and learning he displayed. His 'Life of Knox' was first published in 1813, and has passed through six editions. Following up his historical and theological retrospect, the same author afterwards published a 'Life of Andrew Melville' (1819), but the subject is less interesting than that of his first biography. He wrote also *Memoirs of Veitch and Brysson*—Scottish clergymen and supporters of the Covenant—and *Histories of the Reformation in Italy and in Spain*. Dr. M'Crie published in 1817, a series of papers in the 'Edinburgh Christian Instructor,' containing a vindication of the Covenanters from the distorted view which he believed Sir Walter Scott to have given of them in his tale of 'Old Mortality.' Sir Walter replied anonymously, by reviewing his own work in the 'Quarterly Review.' There were faults and absurdities on the side both of the Covenanters and the Royalists, but the cavalier predilections of the great novelist certainly led him to look with more regard on the latter—heartless and cruel as they were—than on the poor persecuted peasants.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The general demand for biographical composition tempted some of our most popular original writers to embark in this delightful department of literature. Southey, as we have seen, was early in the field; and his more distinguished poetical contemporaries, Scott, Moore, and Campbell, also joined. The first, besides his copious *Memoirs of Dryden and Swift*, prefixed to their works, contributed a series of *Lives of the English Novelists* to an edition of their works published by Ballantyne, which he executed with great taste, candour, and discrimination. He afterwards undertook a 'Life of Napoleon Bonaparte,' which was at first intended as a counterpart to Southey's 'Life of Nelson,' but ultimately swelled out into nine volumes. The hurried composition of this work, and the habits of the author, accustomed to the dazzling creations of fiction, rather than

the sober plodding of historical inquiry and calm investigation, led to many errors and imperfections. It abounds in striking and eloquent passages; the battles of Napoleon are described with great clearness and animation; and the view taken of his character and talents is, on the whole, just and impartial, very different from the manner in which Scott had alluded to Napoleon in his 'Vision of Don Roderick.' The great diffuseness of the style, however, and the want of philosophical analysis, render the 'Life of Napoleon' more a brilliant chronicle of scenes and events than an historical memoir worthy the genius of its author. It was at first full of errors, but afterwards carefully corrected by its author. The friends of Sir Walter attributed his mental disease in great measure to the labour entailed upon him by this 'Life of Napoleon.' A 'Life of Napoleon,' in four volumes, 1828, was published by WILLIAM HAZLITT, the essayist and critic (1778-1830), but it is a partial and prejudiced work.

THOMAS MOORE.

MR. MOORE published a 'Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan,' 1825; 'Notices of the Life of Lord Byron,' 1830; and 'Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald,' 1831. The last has little interest. The 'Life of Byron,' by its intimate connection with recent events and living persons, was a duty of very delicate and difficult performance. This was further increased by the freedom and licentiousness of the poet's opinions and conduct, and by the versatility or *mobility* of his mind, which changed with every passing impulse and impression. 'As well,' says Moore, 'from the precipitance with which he gave way to every impulse, as from the passion he had for recording his own impressions, all those heterogeneous thoughts, fantasies, and desires that, in other men's minds, "come like shadows, so depart," were by him fixed and embodied as they presented themselves, and at once taking a shape cognisable by public opinion, either in his actions or his words, in the hasty letter of the moment, or the poem for all time, laid open such a range of vulnerable points before his judges, as no one individual ever before, of himself, presented.' Byron left ample materials for his biographer. His absence from England, and his desire 'to keep the minds of the English public for ever occupied about him—if not with his merits, with his faults; if not in applauding, in blaming him'—led him to maintain a regular correspondence with Moore and his publisher Mr. Murray. Byron also kept a journal; and recorded memoranda of his opinions, his reading, &c.; something in the style of Burns. He was a master of prose as of verse, unsurpassed in brilliant sketches of life, passion, and adventure, whether serious or comic, and also an acute literary critic.

Byron had written Memoirs of his own life, which he presented to Moore, who sold the manuscript to Murray the publisher for 2000 guineas. The friends of the noble poet became alarmed on account of the disclosures said to have been made in the Memoir, and offered

to advance the money paid for the manuscript, in order that Lady Byron and the rest of the family might have an opportunity of deciding whether the work should be published or suppressed. The result was, that the manuscript was destroyed by Mr. Wilmot Horton and Colonel Doyle, as the representatives of Mrs. Leigh, Byron's half-sister. Moore repaid the 2000 guineas to Murray, and the latter engaged him to write the 'Life of Byron,' contributing a great mass of materials, and ultimately giving no less than £4870 for the 'Life' ('Quarterly Review,' 1853). Moore was, strictly speaking, not justified in destroying the manuscript which Byron had intrusted him with as a vindication of his name and honour. He might have expunged the objectionable passages. But it is urged in his defence, that while part of the work never could have been published, all that was valuable or interesting to the public was included in the noble poet's journals and memorandum-books. Moore's 'Notices' are written with taste and modesty, and in very pure and unaffected English. As an editor, he preserved too much of what was worthless and unimportant; as a biographer, he was too indulgent to the faults of his hero, yet who could have wished a friend to dwell on the errors of Byron?

Character and Personal Appearance of Lord Byron.—From Moore's 'Notices of the Life of Lord Byron.'

The distinctive properties of Lord Byron's character, as well moral as literary, arose mainly from those two great sources—the unexampled versatility of his powers and feelings, and the facility with which he gave way to the impulses of both. 'No men,' says Cowper, in speaking of persons of a versatile turn of mind, 'are better qualified for companions in such a world as this than men of such temperament. Every scene of life has two sides, a dark and a bright one; and the mind that has an equal mixture of melancholy and vivacity is best of all qualified for the contemplation of either.' It would not be difficult to shew that to this readiness in reflecting all hues, whether of the shadows or the lights of our variegated existence, Lord Byron owed not only the great range of his influence as a poet, but those powers of fascination which he possessed as a man. This susceptibility, indeed, of immediate impressions, which in him was so active, lent a charm, of all others the most attractive, to his social intercourse, by giving to those who were, at the moment, present, such ascendant influence, that they alone for the time occupied all his thoughts and feelings, and brought whatever was most agreeable in his nature into play. So much did this extreme mobility—this readiness to be strongly acted on by what was nearest—abound in his disposition, that, even with the casual acquaintance of the hour his heart was upon his lips, and it depended wholly upon themselves whether they might not become at once the depositaries of every secret, if it might be so called, of his whole life.

The same facility of change observable in the movements of his mind was seen also in the free play of his features, as the passing thoughts within darkened or shone through them. His eyes, though of a light gray, were capable of all extremes of expression, from the most joyous hilarity to the deepest sadness, from the very sunshine of benevolence to the most concentrated scorn or rage. But it was in the mouth and chin that the great beauty as well as expression of his fine countenance lay. 'Many pictures have been painted of him,' says a fair critic of his features, 'with various success; but the excessive beauty of his lips escaped every painter and sculptor. In their ceaseless play they represented every emotion, whether paled with anger, curled in disdain, smiling in triumph, or dimpled with archness and love.' His head was remarkably small, so much so as to be rather out of proportion with his face. The forehead, though a little too narrow, was high, and appeared more so

from his having his hair (to preserve it he said) shaved over the temples, while the glossy dark-brown curls, clustering over his head, gave the finish to its beauty. When to this is added that his nose, though handsomely, was rather too thickly shaped, that his teeth were white and regular, and his complexion colourless, as good an idea perhaps as it is in the power of mere words to convey may be conceived of his features. In height he was, as he himself has informed us, five feet eight inches and a half, and to the length of his limbs he attributed his being such a good swimmer. His hands were very white, and—according to his own notion of the size of hands as indicating birth—aristocratically small. The lameness of his right foot, though an obstacle to grace, but little impeded the activity of his movements.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

MR. CAMPBELL, besides the biographies in his 'Specimens of the Poets,' published a 'Life of Mrs. Siddons,' the distinguished actress, and a 'Life of Petrarch.' The latter is homely and earnest, though on a romantic and fanciful subject. There is a *reality* about Campbell's biographies quite distinct from what might be expected to emanate from the imaginative poet, but he was too little of a student, and generally too careless and indolent to be exact.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM, T. H. LISTER, P. FRASER TYTLER, ETC.

Amongst other additions to our standard biography may be mentioned the 'Life of Lord Clive,' by SIR JOHN MALCOLM (1836); and the 'Life of Lord Clarendon,' by MR. T. H. LISTER (1838). The 'Life of Sir Walter Raleigh,' by MR. PATRICK FRASER TYTLER (published in one volume in the 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library,' 1833), is also valuable for its able defence of that adventurous and interesting personage, and for its careful digest of state-papers and contemporaneous events. Free access to all public documents and libraries is now easily obtained, and there is no lack of desire on the part of authors to prosecute, or of the public to reward these researches. A 'Life of Lord William Russell,' by LORD JOHN RUSSELL (1819), is enriched with information from the family papers at Woburn Abbey; and from a similarly authentic private source, LORD NUGENT wrote 'Memoirs of Hampden' (1831). The Diaries and Journals of Evelyn and Pepys, so illustrative of the court and society during the seventeenth century, have already been noticed. To these we may add the 'Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson,' written by his wife, Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, and first published in 1806. Colonel Hutchinson was governor of Nottingham Castle during the period of the Civil War. He was one of the best of the Puritans, and his devoted wife has done ample justice to his character and memory in her charming domestic narrative. Another work of the same description, published from family papers in 1822, is 'Memoirs of the Lives and Characters of the Right Hon. George Baillie of Jerviswood,' and of 'Lady Grisell Baillie,' written by their daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope. These Memoirs refer to a later period than that of the Commonwealth, and illustrate Scottish history. George Baillie—

whose father had fallen a victim to the vindictive tyranny of the government of Charles II.—was a Presbyterian and Covenanter, but neither gloomy nor morose. He held office under Queen Anne and George I., and died in 1738, aged seventy-five. His daughter, Lady Murray, who portrays the character of her parents with a skilful yet tender hand, and relates many interesting incidents of the times in which they lived, was distinguished in the society of the court of Queen Anne, and has been commemorated by Gay, as one of the friends of Pope, and as 'the sweet-tongued Murray'.

While the most careful investigation is directed towards our classic authors—Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, Chaucer, &c. forming each the subject of numerous Memoirs—scarcely a person of the least note has been suffered to depart without the honours of biography. The present century has amply atoned for any want of curiosity on the part of former generations, and there is some danger that this taste or passion may be carried too far. Memoirs of 'persons of quality'—of wits, dramatists, artists, and actors, appear every season. Authors have become as familiar to us as our personal associates. Shy, retired men like Charles Lamb, and studious recluses like Wordsworth, have been portrayed in all their strength and weakness. We have Lives of Shelley, of Keats, Hazlitt, Hannah More, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Maclean (L. E. L.), of James Smith (one of the authors of 'The Rejected Addresses'), of Monk Lewis, Hayley, and many authors of less distinction. In this influx of biographies worthless materials are often elevated for a day, and the gratification of a prurient curiosity or idle love of gossip is more aimed at than literary excellence or sound instruction. The error, however, is one on the right side. 'Better,' says the traditional maxim of English law, 'that nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer'—and better, perhaps, that nine useless lives should be written than that one valuable one should be neglected. The chaff is easily winnowed from the wheat; and even in the Memoirs of comparatively insignificant persons, some precious truth, some lesson of dear-bought experience, may be found treasured up for 'a life beyond life.' In what may be termed professional biography, facts and principles not known to the general reader are often conveyed. In Lives like those of Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Francis Horner, and Jeremy Bentham, new light is thrown on the characters of public men, and on the motives and sources of public events. Statesmen, lawyers, and philosophers both act and are acted upon by the age in which they live, and, to be useful, their biography should be copious. In the Life of Sir Humphry Davy by his brother, and of James Watt by M. Arago, we have many interesting facts connected with the progress of scientific discovery and improvement; and in the Lives of Curran, Grattan, and Sir James Mackintosh (each in two volumes), by their sons, the public history of the country is illustrated. Sir John Barrow's Lives of Howe and Anson are excellent specimens of

naval biography; and we have also lengthy Memoirs of Lord St. Vincent, Lord Collingwood, Sir Thomas Munro, Sir John Moore, Sir David Baird, Lord Exmouth, Lord Keppel, &c. On the subject of biography in general, we quote with pleasure an observation by Mr. Carlyle:

‘If an individual is really of consequence enough to have his life and character recorded for public remembrance, we have always been of opinion that the public ought to be made acquainted with all the inward springs and relations of his character. How did the world and man’s life, from his particular position, represent themselves to his mind? How did co-existing circumstances modify him from without—how did he modify these from within? With what endeavours and what efficacy rule over them? with what resistance and what suffering sink under them? In one word, what and how produced was the effect of society on him? what and how produced was his effect on society? He who should answer these questions in regard to any individual, would, as we believe, furnish a model of perfection in biography. Few individuals, indeed, can deserve such a study; and many lives will be written, and, for the gratification of innocent curiosity, ought to be written, and read, and forgotten, which are not in this sense biographies.’

We have enumerated the most original biographical works of this period: but a complete list of all the Memoirs, historical and literary, that have appeared would fill pages. Two general Biographical Dictionaries have also been published: one in ten volumes quarto, published between the years 1799 and 1815 by Dr. Aikin; and another in thirty-two volumes octavo, re-edited, with great additions, between 1812 and 1816 by Mr. Alexander Chalmers. An excellent epitome was published in 1828, in two large volumes, by John Gorton. A general Biographical Dictionary, or ‘Cyclopædia of Biography,’ conducted by Charles Knight (1858), with ‘Supplement’ (1872), has been published in seven volumes. In Lardner’s ‘Cyclopædia,’ Murray’s ‘Family Library,’ and the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, are some valuable short biographies by authors of established reputation. The ‘Lives of the Scottish Poets’ have been published by David Irving (1804–1810); and a ‘Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen,’ by Robert Chambers, in four volumes octavo (1837), to which a supplemental volume has been added. A more extended and complete general biographical dictionary is still a desideratum.

THEOLOGIANS AND METAPHYSICIANS.

Critical and biblical literature have made great progress within the last century, but the number of illustrious divines is not great. The early Fathers of the Protestant Church had indeed done so much in general theology and practical divinity, that comparatively little was left to their successors.

DR. PALEY.

The greatest divine of the period is DR. WILLIAM PALEY, a man of remarkable vigour and clearness of intellect, and originality of character. His acquirements as a scholar and churchman were grafted on a homely, shrewd, and benevolent nature, which no circumstances could materially alter. There was no doubt or obscurity either about the man or his works; he stands out in bold relief among his brother-divines, like a sturdy oak on a lawn or parterre—a little hard and cross-grained, but sound, fresh, and massive—dwarfing his neighbours with his weight and bulk, and his intrinsic excellence.

He shall be like a tree that grows
Near planted by a river,
Which in his season yields his fruit,
And his leaf fadeth never.

So says our old version of the Psalms with respect to the fate of a righteous man, and Paley was a righteous man whose mind yielded precious fruit, and whose leaves will never fade. This excellent author was born at Peterborough in 1743. His father was afterwards curate of Giggleswick, Yorkshire, and teacher of the grammar-school there. At the age of fifteen he was entered as sizar at Christ's College, Cambridge, and after completing his academical course, he became tutor in an academy at Greenwich. As soon as he was of sufficient age, he was ordained to be assistant curate of Greenwich. He was afterwards elected a Fellow of his college, and went thither to reside, engaging first as tutor. He next lectured in the university on Moral Philosophy and the Greek Testament. Paley's college-friend, Dr. Law, Bishop of Carlisle, presented him with the rectory of Musgrave, in Westmoreland, and he removed to his country charge, worth only £80 per annum. He was soon inducted into the vicarage of Dalston, in Cumberland, to a prebend's stall in Carlisle Cathedral, and also to the archdeaconry of Carlisle. In 1785, appeared his long-meditated 'Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy,' in 1790 his 'Horæ Paulinæ,' and in 1794 his 'View of the Evidences of Christianity.' Friends and preferment now crowded in on him. The Bishop of London (Porteus) made Paley a prebend of St. Paul's; the Bishop of Lincoln presented him with the sub-deanery of Lincoln; and the

Bishop of Durham gave him the rectory of Bishop-Wearmouth, worth about a thousand pounds per annum—and all these within six months, the luckiest half-year of his life. The boldness and freedom of some of Paley's disquisitions on government, and perhaps a deficiency, real or supposed, in personal dignity, and some laxness, as well as an inveterate provincial homeliness, in conversation, prevented his rising to the bench of bishops. When his name was once mentioned to George III., the monarch is reported to have said: 'Paley! what, *pigeon Paley*?'—an allusion to a famous sentence in the 'Moral and Political Philosophy,' on property. As a specimen of his style of reasoning, and the liveliness of his illustrations, we subjoin this passage, which is part of an estimate of the relative duties of men in society:

Of Property.

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn, and if—instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted, and no more—you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap, reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and the refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round, and looking on all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it and tearing it to pieces: if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men. Among men, you see the ninety-and-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one, and this one too, oftentimes, the feeblest and worst of the whole set—a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool—getting nothing for themselves all the while but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their own industry produces; looking quietly on while they see the fruits of all their labour spent or spoiled; and if one of the number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him, and hanging him for the theft.

There must be some very important advantages to account for an institution which, in the view of it above given, is so paradoxical and unnatural.

The principal of these advantages, are the following:

I. It increases the produce of the earth.

The earth, in climates like ours, produces little without cultivation; and none would be found willing to cultivate the ground, if others were to be admitted to an equal share of the produce. The same is true of the care of flocks and herds of tame animals.

Crabs and acorns, red deer, rabbits, game, and fish, are all which we should have to subsist upon in this country, if we trusted to the spontaneous productions of the soil; and it fares not much better with other countries. A nation of North American savages, consisting of two or three hundred, will take up and be half-starved upon a tract of land which in Europe, and with European management, would be sufficient for the maintenance of as many thousands.

In some fertile soils, together with great abundance of fish upon their coasts, and in regions where clothes are unnecessary, a considerable degree of population may subsist without property in land, which is the case in the islands of Otaheite; but in less-favoured situations, as in the country of New Zealand, though this sort of property obtain in a small degree, the inhabitants, for want of a more secure and regular establishment of it, are driven oftentimes by the scarcity of provisions to devour one another.

II. It preserves the produce of the earth to maturity.

We may judge what would be the effects of a community of right to the productions of the earth from the trifling specimens which we see of it at present. A cherry-tree in a hedgerow, nuts in a wood, the grass of an unstinted pasture, are seldom of much advantage to anybody, because people do not wait for the proper season of reaping them. Corn, if any were sown, would never ripen; lambs and

calves would never grow up to sheep and cows, because the first person that met them would reflect that he had better take them as they are than leave them for another.

III. It prevents contests.

War and waste, tumult and confusion, must be unavoidable and eternal where there is not enough for all, and where there are no rules to adjust the division.

IV. It improves the conveniency of living.

This it does two ways. It enables mankind to divide themselves into distinct professions, which is impossible, unless a man can exchange the productions of his own art for what he wants from others, and exchange implies property. Much of the advantage of civilised over savage life depends upon this. When a man is, from necessity, his own tailor, tent-maker, carpenter, cook, huntsman, and fisherman, it is not probable that he will be expert at any of his callings. Hence the rude habitations, furniture, clothing, and implements of savages, and the tedious length of time which all their operations require.

It likewise encourages those arts by which the accommodations of human life are supplied, by appropriating to the artist the benefit of his discoveries and improvements, without which appropriation ingenuity will never be exerted with effect.

Upon these several accounts we may venture, with a few exceptions, to pronounce that even the poorest and the worst provided, in countries where property, and the consequences of property, prevail, are in a better situation with respect to food, raiment, houses, and what are called the necessities of life, than any are in places where most things remain in common.

The balance, therefore, upon the whole, must preponderate in favour of property with a manifest and great excess.

Inequality of property, in the degree in which it exists in most countries of Europe, abstractedly considered, is an evil; but it is an evil which flows from those rules concerning the acquisition and disposal of property, by which men are incited to industry, and by which the object of their industry is rendered secure and valuable. If there be any great inequality unconnected with this origin, it ought to be corrected.

From the same work we give another short extract:

Distinctions of Civil Life lost in Church.

The distinctions of civil life are almost always insisted upon too much, and urged too far. Whatever, therefore, conduces to restore the level, by qualifying the dispositions which grow out of great elevation or depression of rank, improves the character on both sides. Now things are made to appear little by being placed beside what is great. In which manner, superiorities, that occupy the whole field of the imagination, will vanish or shrink to their proper diminutiveness, when compared with the distance by which even the highest of men are removed from the Supreme Being, and this comparison is naturally introduced by all acts of joint worship. If ever the poor man holds up his head, it is at church: if ever the rich man views him with respect, it is there: and both will be the better, and the public profited, the oftener they meet in a situation, in which the consciousness of dignity in the one is tempered and mitigated, and the spirit of the other erected and confirmed.

In 1802 Paley published his 'Natural Theology,' his last work. He enjoyed himself in the country with his duties and recreations; he was particularly fond of angling; and he mixed familiarly with his neighbours in all their plans of utility, sociality, and even conviviality. He disposed of his time with great regularity: in his garden he limited himself to one hour at a time, twice a day; in reading books of amusement, one hour at breakfast and another in the evening, and one for dinner and his newspaper. By thus dividing and husbanding his pleasures, they remained with him to the last. He died on the 25th of May 1805.

No works of a theological or philosophical nature have been so extensively popular among the educated classes of England as those of

Paley. His perspicacity of intellect and simplicity of style are almost unrivalled. Though plain and homely, and often inelegant, he has such vigour and discrimination, and such a happy vein of illustration, that he is always read with pleasure and instruction. No reader is ever at a loss for his meaning, or finds him too difficult for comprehension. He had the rare art of popularising the most recondite knowledge, and blending the business of life with philosophy. The principles inculcated in some of his works have been disputed, particularly his doctrine of expediency as a rule of morals, which has been considered as trenching on the authority of revealed religion, and also lowering the standard of public duty. The system of Paley certainly would not tend to foster the great and heroic virtues. In his early life he is reported to have said, with respect to his subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, that he was 'too poor to keep a conscience;' and something of the same laxness of moral feeling pervades his ethical system. His abhorrence of all hypocrisy and pretence was probably at the root of this error. Like Dr. Johnson, he was a practical moralist, and looked with distrust on any high-strained virtue or enthusiastic devotion. Paley did not write for philosophers or metaphysicians, but for the great body of the people anxious to acquire knowledge, and to be able to give 'a reason for the hope that is in them.' He considered the art of life to consist in properly '*setting our habits*,' and for this no subtle distinctions or profound theories were necessary. His '*Moral and Political Philosophy*' is framed on this basis of utility, directed by strong sense, a discerning judgment, and a sincere regard for the true end of all knowledge—the well-being of mankind here and hereafter. Of Paley's other works, Sir James Mackintosh has pronounced the following opinion: 'The most original and ingenious of his writings is the "*Horæ Paulinæ*." The "*Evidences of Christianity*" are formed out of an admirable translation of Butler's "*Analogy*," and a most skilful abridgement of Lardner's "*Credibility of the Gospel History*." He may be said to have thus given value to two works, of which the first was scarcely intelligible to most of those who were most desirous of profiting by it; and the second soon wears out the greater part of readers, though the few who are more patient have almost always been gradually won over to feel pleasure in a display of knowledge, probity, charity, and meekness unmatched by an avowed advocate in a cause deeply interesting his warmest feelings. His "*Natural Theology*" is the wonderful work of a man who, after sixty, had studied anatomy in order to write it.' This is not quite correct. Paley was all his life a student of natural history, taking notes from the works of Ray, Derham, Nieuwentyt, and others; and to these he added his own original observations, clear expression, and arrangement.

The World was made with a Benevolent Design.—From ‘Natural Theology.’

It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. ‘The insect youth are on the wing.’ Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy and the exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment; so busy and so pleased: yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half-domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and, under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them. But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment, for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted but that this is a state of gratification: what else should fix them so close to the operation and so long? Other species are running about with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark of pleasure. Large patches of ground are sometimes half covered with these brisk and sprightly natures. If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it—which which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement—all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply ‘the effects of that excess.’ Walking by the sea-side in a calm evening, upon a sandy shore and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height, perhaps, of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young shrimps in the act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this; if they had meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose, then, what I have no doubt of, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment; what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view!

The young of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing anything of the use of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak. Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or perhaps of the single word which it has learned to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavours to walk, or rather to run—which precedes walking—although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having anything to say; and with walking, without knowing where to go. And, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the waking-hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see.

But it is not for youth alone that the great Parent of creation hath provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat no less than with the playful kitten; in the arm-chair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance or the animation of the chase. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardour of pursuit, succeeds what is, in no inconsiderable degree, an equivalent for them all, ‘perception of ease.’ Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasure; the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degrees of animal power which

they respectively possess. The vigour of youth was to be stimulated to action by impatience of rest; whilst to the imbecility of age, quietness and repose become positive gratifications. In one important step the advantage is with the old. A state of ease is, generally speaking, more attainable than a state of pleasure. A constitution, therefore, which can enjoy ease, is preferable to that which can taste only pleasure. This same perception of ease oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort, especially when riding at its anchor after a busy or tempestuous life. It is well described by Rousseau to be the interval of repose and enjoyment between the hurry and the end of life. How far the same cause extends to other animal natures, cannot be judged of with certainty. The appearance of satisfaction with which most animals, as their activity subsides, seek and enjoy rest, affords reason to believe that this source of gratification is appointed to advanced life under all or most of its various forms. In the species with which we are best acquainted, namely, our own, I am far, even as an observer of human life, from thinking that youth is its happiest season, much less the only happy one.

A new and illustrated edition of Paley's 'Natural Theology' was published in 1835, with scientific illustrations by Sir Charles Bell, and a Preliminary Discourse by Henry, Lord Brougham.

Character of St. Paul.—From the 'Horæ Paulinæ.'

Here, then, we have a man of liberal attainments and, in other points, of sound judgment, who had addicted his life to the service of the gospel. We see him, in the prosecution of his purpose, travelling from country to country, enduring every species of hardship, encountering every extremity of danger, assaulted by the populace, punished by the magistrates, scourged, beat, stoned, left for dead: expecting, wherever he came, a renewal of the same treatment, and the same dangers; yet, when driven from one city, preaching in the next; spending his whole time in the employment, sacrificing to it his pleasures, his ease, his safety; persisting in this course to old age, unaltered by the experience of perverseness, ingratitude, prejudice, desertion; unsubdued by anxiety, want, labour, persecutions; unwearied by long confinement, undismayed by the prospect of death. Such was Paul. We have his letters in our hands; we have also a history purporting to be written by one of his fellow-travellers, and appearing, by a comparison with these letters, certainly to have been written by some person well acquainted with the transactions of his life. From the letters, as well as from the history, we gather not only the account which we have stated of him, but that he was one out of many who acted and suffered in the same manner; and that of those who did so, several had been the companions of Christ's ministry, the ocular witnesses, or pretending to be such, of his miracles and of his resurrection. We moreover find this same person referring in his letters to his supernatural conversion, the particulars and accompanying circumstances of which are related in the history; and which accompanying circumstances, if all or any of them be true, render it impossible to have been a delusion. We also find him positively, and in appropriate terms, asserting that he himself worked miracles, strictly and properly so-called, in support of the mission which he executed; the history, inau- while, recording various passages of his ministry which come up to the extent of this assertion. The question is, whether falsehood was ever attested by evidence like this. Falsehoods, we know, have found their way into reports, into tradition, into books; but is an example to be met with of a man voluntarily undertaking a life of want and pain, of incessant fatigue, of continual peril; submitting to the loss of his home and country, to stripes and stoning, to tedious imprisonment, and the constant expectation of a violent death, for the sake of carrying about a story of what was false, and what, if false, he must have known to be so?

DR. WATSON—DR. HORSLEY—DR. PORTEUS—GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

DR. RICHARD WATSON, Bishop of Llandaff (1737-1816), did good service to the cause of revealed religion and social order by his replies to Gibbon the historian, and Thomas Paine. To the former,

he addressed a series of letters, entitled 'An Apology for Christianity,' in answer to Gibbon's celebrated chapters on the Rise and Progress of Christianity; and when Paine published his 'Age of Reason,' the bishop met it with a vigorous and conclusive reply, which he termed 'An Apology for the Bible.' Dr. Watson also published a few Sermons, and a collection of Theological Tracts, selected from various authors, in six volumes. His Whig principles stood in the way of his church preferment, and he had not magnanimity enough to conceal his disappointment, which is strongly expressed in an autobiographical Memoir published after his death by his son. Dr. Watson, however, was a man of forcible intellect and of various knowledge. His controversial works are highly honourable to him, both for the manly and candid spirit in which they are written, and the logical clearness and strength of his reasoning.

DR. SAMUEL HORSLEY, Bishop of St. Asaph (1733-1806), was one of the most conspicuous churchmen of his day. He belonged to the High Church party, and strenuously resisted all political or ecclesiastical change. He was learned and eloquent, but prone to controversy, and deficient in charity and the milder virtues. His character was not unlike that of one of his patrons, Chancellor Thurlow, stern and unbending, but cast in a manly mould. He was an indefatigable student. His first public appearance was in the character of a man of science. He was some time secretary of the Royal Society—wrote various short treatises on scientific subjects, and published an edition of Sir Isaac Newton's works. As a critic and scholar, he had few equals; and his disquisitions on the prophets Isaiah and Hosea, his translation of the Psalms, and his 'Biblical Criticisms' (in four volumes), justly entitled him to the honour of the mitre. His Sermons; in three volumes, are about the best in the language: clear, nervous, and profound, he entered undauntedly upon the most difficult subjects, and dispelled, by research and argument, the doubt that hung over several passages of Scripture. He was for many years engaged in a controversy with Dr. Priestley on the subject of the Divinity of Christ. Both of the combatants lost their temper; but when Priestley resorted to a charge of 'incompetency and ignorance,' it was evident that he felt himself sinking in the struggle. In intellect and scholarship, Dr. Horsley was vastly superior to his antagonist. The political opinions and intolerance of the bishop were more successfully attacked by Robert Hall, in his 'Apology for the Freedom of the Press.'

DR. BEILBY PORTEUS, Bishop of London (1731-1808), was a popular dignitary of the Church, author of a variety of sermons and tracts connected with church-discipline. He distinguished himself at college by a prize poem 'On Death,' which has been often reprinted; it is but a feeble transcript of Blair's 'Grave.' Dr. Porteus warmly befriended Beattie the poet (whom he wished to take orders in the

Church of England), and he is said to have assisted Hannah More in her novel of 'Cœlebs.'

GILBERT WAKEFIELD (1756-1801) enjoyed celebrity both as a writer on controversial divinity and as a classical critic. He left the Church in consequence of his embracing Unitarian opinions, and afterwards left also the dissenting establishment at Hackney to which he had attached himself. He published translations of some of the epistles in the New Testament, and an entire translation of the same sacred volume with notes. He was also author of a work on Christian Evidence, in reply to Paine. The Bishop of Llandaff having, in 1798, written an address against the principles of the French Revolution, Wakefield replied to it, and was subjected to a crown prosecution for libel; he was found guilty, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. 'The sentence passed on him was infamous,' said Samuel Rogers: 'what rulers we had in those days!' ('Table Talk'), Wakefield published editions of Horace, Virgil, Lucretius, &c., which ranked him among the scholars of his time, though Porson thought little of his learning, and subsequent critics have been of the same opinion. Wakefield was an honest, precipitate, and simple-minded man; a Pythagorean in his diet, and eccentric in many of his habits and opinions. 'He was,' says one of his biographers, 'as violent against Greek accents as he was against the Trinity, and anathematised the final N as strongly as episcopacy.'

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

The infidel principles which abounded at the period of the French Revolution, and continued to agitate both France and England for some years, induced a disregard of vital piety long afterwards in the higher circles of British society. To counteract this, Mr. WILBERFORCE, then member of parliament for the county of York, published in 1797 'A Practical View of the Prevailing Religious System of Professed Christians in the Higher and Middle Classes of this Country, contrasted with Real Christianity.' Five editions of the work were sold within six months, and it still continues, in various languages, to form a popular religious treatise. The author attested by his daily life the sincerity of his opinions. William Wilberforce was the son of a wealthy merchant, and born at Hull in 1759. He was educated at Cambridge, and on completing his twenty-first year, was returned to parliament for his native town. He soon distinguished himself by his talents, and became the idol of the fashionable world, dancing at Almack's, and singing before the Prince of Wales. In 1784, while pursuing a continental tour with some relations, in company with Dean Milner, the latter so impressed him with the truths of Christianity, that Wilberforce entered upon a new life, and abandoned all his former gaieties. In parliament, he pursued a strictly independent course. For twenty years he laboured for the abolition of the slave-trade, a question with which his

name is inseparably entwined. His time, his talents, influence, and *prayers*, were directed towards the consummation of this object, and at length, in 1807, he had the high gratification of seeing it accomplished. The religion of Wilberforce was mild and cheerful, un-mixed with austerity or gloom. He closed his long and illustrious life on the 29th July, 1833, one of those men, who, by their virtues, talents, and energy, impress their own character on the age in which they live. His latter years realised his own beautiful description—

Effects of Religion in Old Age and Adversity.

When the pulse beats high, and we are flushed with youth, and health, and vigour; when all goes on prosperously, and success seems almost to anticipate our wishes, then we feel not the want of the consolations of religion; but when fortune frowns, or friends forsake us—when sorrow, or sickness, or old age comes upon us—then it is that the superiority of the pleasures of religion is established over those of dissipation and vanity, which are ever apt to fly from us when we are most in want of their aid. There is scarcely a more melancholy sight to a considerate mind, than that of an old man who is a stranger to those only true sources of satisfaction. How affecting, and at the same time how disgusting, is it to see such a one awkwardly catching at the pleasures of his younger years, which are now beyond his reach; or feebly attempting to retain them, while they mock his endeavours and elude his grasp! To such a one, gloomily, indeed, does the evening of life set in! All is sour and cheerless. He can neither look backward with complacency, nor forward with hope; while the aged Christian, relying on the assured mercy of his Redeemer, can calmly reflect that his dismission is at hand; that his redemption draweth nigh. While his strength declines, and his faculties decay, he can quietly repose himself on the fidelity of God; and at the very entrance of the valley of the shadow of death, he can lift up an eye, dim perhaps and feeble, yet occasionally sparkling with hope, and confidently looking forward to the near possession of his heavenly inheritance, 'to those joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.' What striking lessons have we had of the precarious tenure of all sub-lunary possessions! Wealth and power and prosperity, how peculiarly transitory and uncertain! But religion dispenses her choicest cordials in the seasons of exigence, in poverty, in exile, in sickness, and in death. The essential superiority of that support which is derived from religion is less felt, at least it is less apparent, when the Christian is in full possession of riches and splendour, and rank, and all the gifts of nature and fortune. But when all these are swept away by the rude hand of time or the rough blasts of adversity, the true Christian stands, like the glory of the forest, erect and vigorous; stripped, indeed, of his summer foliage, but more than ever discovering to the observing eye the solid strength of his substantial texture.

DR. SAMUEL PARR.

DR. SAMUEL PARR (1747-1825) was better known as a classical scholar than as a theologian. His sermons on Education (1780) are, however, marked with cogency of argument and liberality of feeling. His celebrated Spital sermon (1800), when printed, presented the singular anomaly of fifty-one pages of text and two hundred and twelve of notes. Sidney Smith humorously compared the sermon to Dr. Parr's wig, which, 'while it trespassed a little on the orthodox magnitude of perukes in the anterior parts, scorned even episcopal limits behind, and sweiled out into boundless convexity of frizz.' Mr. Godwin attacked some of the principles laid down in this discourse, as not sufficiently democratic for his taste; for, though a staunch Whig, Parr was no revolutionist or leveller. His object was

to extend education among the poor, and to ameliorate their condition by gradual and constitutional means. Dr. Parr was long headmaster of Norwich School; and in knowledge of Greek literature was not surpassed by any scholar of his day. His uncompromising support of Whig principles, his extensive learning, and a certain pedantry and oddity of character, rendered him always conspicuous among his brother-churchmen. He died at Hatton, in Warwickshire, the perpetual curacy of which he had enjoyed for above forty years, and where he had faithfully discharged his duties as a parish pastor.

DR. EDWARD MALTBY.

EDWARD MALTBY (1770–1859), successively Bishop of Chichester and Durham, was a native of Norwich. In his eighth year he became a pupil of Dr. Parr, who was afterwards his warm friend and constant correspondent. In 1785 Dr. Parr retired from the school at Norwich, and as his pupil was too young to go to the university, Parr said to him: ‘Ned, you have got Greek and Latin enough. You must go to Dr. Warton at Winchester, and from him acquire tastes and the art of composition.’ In 1788 Mr. Maltby commenced his residence at Pembroke Hall, in the university of Cambridge, where he became a distinguished scholar, carrying off the highest academical honours. Having entered the Church, he received in 1794 the living of Buckden in Huntingdonshire, and Holbeach in Lincolnshire. In 1823, he was elected preacher of Lincoln’s Inn; in 1831, he was promoted to the see of Chichester; and in 1836, was translated to that of Durham. After holding the see of Durham for about twenty years, his sight began to fail, with other infirmities of age, and he obtained permission to resign the see in the year 1856. Bishop Maltby is author of ‘Illustrations of the Truth of the Christian Religion’ (1802), several volumes of ‘Sermons,’ an improved edition of Morell’s ‘Thesaurus’—a work of great research and value—and several detached sermons, charges, &c. While Bishop of Durham, Dr. Maltby was of eminent service to the university there, and was distinguished no less for his scholastic tastes and acquirements than for his liberality towards all other sects and churches.

DR. THOMAS H. HORNE—DR. HERBERT MARSH.

One of the most useful of modern Biblical works is the ‘Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures,’ by THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, D.D. (born in 1780, and one of the scholars of Christ’s Hospital). The first edition of the ‘Introduction’ appeared in 1818, in three volumes, and it was afterwards enlarged into five volumes: the tenth edition appeared in 1856. The most competent critical authorities have concurred in eulogising this work as the most valuable introduction to the sacred writings which has ever been published. The venerable author officiated as rector of a London parish, and had a

prebend in St. Paul's Cathedral. He was author of a vast number of theological treatises and of contributions to periodical works, and died January 27, 1862.

DR. HERBERT MARSH, Bishop of Peterborough, who died in May 1839 at the age of eighty-one, obtained distinction as the translator and commentator of Michaelis's 'Introduction to the New Testament' (in six vols. 1793-1801), one of the most valuable of modern works on divinity. In 1807 this divine was appointed Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity in the university of Cambridge, in 1816 he was made Bishop of Llandaff, and in 1819 he succeeded to the see of Peterborough. Besides his edition of Michaelis, Dr. Marsh published 'Lectures on Divinity,' and a 'Comparative View of the Churches of England and Rome.' He was author also of some controversial tracts on the Catholic question, the Bible Society, &c., in which he evinced great acuteness, tinged with asperity. In early life, during a residence in Germany, Dr. Marsh published, in the German language, various tracts in defence of the policy of his own country in the continental wars; and more particularly a very elaborate 'History of the Politics of Great Britain and France, from the Time of the Conference at Pilnitz to the Declaration of War' (1800), a work which is said to have produced a marked impression on the state of public opinion in Germany, and for which he received a very considerable pension, on the recommendation of Mr. Pitt. As a bishop, Dr. Marsh had 'a very bad opinion of the practical effects of high Calvinistic doctrines upon the common people; and he thought it his duty to exclude those clergymen who professed them from his diocese. He accordingly devised no fewer than eighty-seven interrogatories, by which he thought he could detect the smallest taint of Calvinism that might lurk in the creed of the candidate.' His conduct upon the points in dispute, though his intentions might have been good, was considered by Sydney Smith ('Edinburgh Review') and other critics as singularly injudicious and oppressive. Dr. Marsh's Lectures on Biblical Interpretation and Criticism are valuable to theological students.

ARCHBISHOP AND BISHOP SUMNER—DR. D'OYLY—REV. C. BENSON—
DR. TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

The brothers, DRS. SUMNER, earned marked distinction and high preferment in the Church. The Primate of England, DR. JOHN BIRD SUMNER, Lord-archbishop of Canterbury (born in 1780) at Kenilworth, in Warwickshire), in 1816 published an 'Examination of St. Paul's Epistles;' in 1821, 'Sermons on the Christian Faith and Character;' in 1822, 'Treatise on the Records of Creation' (appealed to by Sir Charles Lyell as a proof that revelation and geology are not discordant); in 1824, 'Evidences of Christianity,' &c. These works have all been very popular, and have gone through a great number of editions. Archbishop Sumner died in 1862.—DR. CHARLES RICHARD

SUMNER (born in 1790) in 1822 published a treatise on the 'Ministerial Character of Christ.' In 1823 he was intrusted with the editing and translating Milton's long-lost treatise on 'Christian Doctrine,' and Macaulay and others have warmly praised the manner in which he executed his task. The charges and public appearances of this prelate have all been of a liberal evangelical character.

DR. GEORGE D'OYLY (1778-1846), in conjunction with DR. RICHARD MANT—afterwards Bishop of Down and Connor—prepared an annotated edition of the Bible, 1813-14, to be published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. This work has been frequently reprinted at Oxford and Cambridge, and is held in high repute as a popular library of divinity. Dr. D'Oyly published various volumes of Sermons and other theological treatises, and was a contributor to the 'Quarterly Review.' Dr. Mant was also a popular writer of sermons.—The REV. CHRISTOPHER BENSON, prebendary of Worcester, is the author of the 'Chronology of our Saviour's Life,' 1819; 'Twenty Discourses preached before the University of Cambridge,' 1820; the Hulsean Lectures for 1822, 'On Scripture Difficulties,' &c.—The Sermons of the REV. CHARLES WEBB LE BAS, Professor in the East India College, Hertfordshire (1828), have also been well received.

An American divine, DR. TIMOTHY DWIGHT (1752-1817), is author of a comprehensive work, 'Theology Explained and Defended,' which has long been popular in this country as well as in the United States. It consists of a series of 173 sermons, developing a scheme of didactic theology, founded upon moderate Calvinism. The work has gone through six or eight editions in England, besides almost innumerable editions in America. Dr. Dwight was President of Yale College from 1795 until his death, and was a voluminous writer in poetry, history, philosophy, and divinity. His latest work, 'Travels in New England and New York,' four volumes, gives an interesting and faithful account of the author's native country, its progress, and condition.

REV. ROBERT HALL.

The REV. ROBERT HALL, A.M., is justly regarded as one of the most distinguished ornaments of the body of English dissenters. He was the son of a Baptist minister, and born at Arnesby, near Leicester, on the 2d of May, 1764. He studied divinity at an academy in Bristol for the education of young men preparing for the ministerial office among the Baptists, and was admitted a preacher in 1780, but next year attended King's College, Aberdeen. Sir James Mackintosh was at the same a student of the university, and the congenial tastes and pursuits of the young men led to an intimate friendship between them. From their partiality to Greek literature, they were named by their class-fellows 'Plato and Herodotus.' Both were also attached to the study of morals and metaphysics, which they cherished

through life. Mr. Hall entered the church as assistant to a Baptist minister at Bristol, whence he removed in 1790 to Cambridge.

He first appeared as author in 1791, by publishing a controversial pamphlet entitled 'Christianity consistent with a Love of Freedom;' in 1793 appeared his eloquent and powerful treatise, 'An Apology for the Freedom of the Press;' and in 1799 his sermon, 'Modern Infidelity considered with respect to its Influence on Society.' The last was designed to stem the torrent of infidelity which had set in with the French Revolution, and is no less remarkable for profound thought than for the elegance of its style and the splendour of its imagery. His celebrity as a writer was further extended by his 'Reflections on War,' a sermon published in 1803; and 'The Sentiments proper to the Present Crisis,' another sermon preached in 1803. The latter is highly eloquent and spirit-stirring—possessing, indeed, the fire and energy of a martial lyric or war-song. In November 1804, the noble intellect of Mr. Hall was deranged, in consequence of severe study operating on an ardent and susceptible temperament. His friends set on foot a subscription for pecuniary assistance, and a life-annuity of £100 was procured for him. He shortly afterwards resumed his ministerial functions; but in about twelve months he had another attack. This also was speedily removed; but Mr. Hall resigned his church at Cambridge. On his complete recovery, he became pastor of a congregation at Leicester, where he resided for about twenty years. During this time he published a few sermons and criticisms in the 'Eclectic Review.' The labour of writing for the press was opposed to his habits and feelings. He was fastidious as to style, and he suffered under a disease in the spine which entailed upon him acute pain. A sermon on the 'Death of the Princess Charlotte,' in 1817, was justly considered one of the most impressive, touching, and lofty of his discourses. In 1836 he removed from Leicester to Bristol, where he officiated in charge of the Baptist congregation till within a fortnight of his death, which took place on the 21st of February 1831. The masculine intellect and extensive acquisitions of Mr. Hall have seldom been found united to so much rhetorical and even poetical brilliancy of imagination. Those who listened to his pulpit ministrations were entranced by his fervid eloquence, which truly disclosed the 'beauty of holiness,' and melted by the awe and fervour with which he dwelt on the mysteries of death and eternity. His published writings give but a brief and inadequate picture of his varied talents. A complete edition of his Works has been published, with a Life, by Dr. Olinthus Gregory, in six volumes.

On Wisdom.

Every other quality besides is subordinate and inferior to wisdom. in the same sense as the mason who lays the bricks and stones in a building is inferior to the architect who drew the plan and superintends the work. The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs. Now, it is the prerogative of wisdom to preside over every inferior principle, to regulate the exercise of every power, and limit

the indulgence of every appetite, as shall best conduce to one great end. It being the province of wisdom to preside, it sits as umpire on every difficulty, and so gives the final direction and control to all the powers of our nature. Hence it is entitled to be considered as the top and summit of perfection. It belongs to wisdom to determine when to act, and when to cease—when to reveal, and when to conceal a matter—when to speak, and when to keep silence—when to give, and when to receive; in short, to regulate the measure of all things, as well as to determine the end, and provide the means of obtaining the end pursued in every deliberate course of action. Every particular faculty or skill, besides, needs to derive direction from this; they are all quite incapable of directing themselves. The art of navigation, for instance, will teach us to steer a ship across the ocean, but it will never teach us on what occasions it is proper to take a voyage. The art of war will instruct us how to marshal an army, or to fight a battle to the greatest advantage, but you must learn from a higher school when it is fitting, just, and proper to wage war or to make peace. The art of the husbandman is to sow and bring to maturity the precious fruits of the earth; it belongs to another skill to regulate their consumption by a regard to our health, fortune and other circumstances. In short, there is no faculty we can exert, no species of skill we can apply, but requires a superintending hand—but looks up, as it were, to some higher principle, as a maid to her mistress for direction, and this universal superintendant is wisdom.

Influence of Great and Splendid Actions.

Though it is confessed great and splendid actions are not the ordinary employment of life, but must from their nature be reserved for high and eminent occasions, yet that system is essentially defective which leaves no room for their production. They are important both from their immediate advantage and their remoter influence. They often save and always illustrate the age and nation in which they appear. They raise the standard of morals; they arrest the progress of degeneracy; they diffuse a lustre over the path of life. Monuments of the greatness of the human soul, they present to the world the august image of virtue in her sublimest form, from which streams of light and glory issue to remote times and ages; while their commemoration by the pens of historians and poets awakens in distant bosoms the sparks of kindred excellence. Combine the frequent and familiar perpetration of atrocious deeds with the dearth of great and generous actions, and you have the exact picture of that condition of society which completes the degradation of the species—the frightful contrast of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices, where everything good is mean and little, and everything evil is rank and luxuriant; a dead and sickening uniformity prevails, broken only at intervals by volcanic eruptions of anarchy and crime.

Preparation for Heaven.

If there is a law from whose operation none are exempt, which irresistibly conveys their bodies to darkness and to dust, there is another, not less certain or less powerful, which conducts their spirits to the abodes of bliss, to the bosom of their Father and their God. The wheels of nature are not made to roll backward; everything presses on towards eternity: from the birth of time an impetuous current has set in, which bears all the sons of men towards that interminable ocean. Meanwhile, heaven is attracting to itself whatever is congenial to its nature—is enriching itself by the spoils of earth, and collecting within its capacious bosom whatever is pure, permanent and divine, leaving nothing for the last fire to consume but the objects and the slaves of concupiscence; while everything which grace has prepared and beautified shall be gathered and selected from the ruins of the world, to adorn that eternal city 'which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God doth enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.' Let us obey the voice that calls us thither; let us 'seek the things that are above,' and no longer cleave to a world which must shortly perish, and which we must shortly quit, while we neglect to prepare for that in which we are invited to dwell for ever. Let us follow in the track of those holy men, who have taught us by their voice, and encouraged us by their example, 'that, laying aside every weight, and the sin that most easily besets us, we may run with patience the race that is set before us.' While everything within us and around us reminds us of the approach of death, and concurs to teach us that this is not our rest, let us hasten our preparations for another

world, and earnestly implore that grace which alone can put an end to that fatal war which our desires have too long waged with our destiny. When these move in the same direction, and that which the will of Heaven renders unavoidable shall become our choice, all things will be ours—life will be divested of its vanity, and death disarmed of its terrors.

From the Funeral Sermon for the Princess Charlotte of Wales (1817).

Born to inherit the most illustrious monarchy in the world, and united at an early period to the object of her choice, whose virtues amply justified her preference, she enjoyed (what is not always the privilege of that rank) the highest connubial felicity, and had the prospect of combining all the tranquil enjoyments of private life with the splendour of a royal station. Placed on the summit of society, to her every eye was turned, in her every hope was centred, and nothing was wanting to complete her felicity except perpetuity. To a grandeur of mind suited to her royal birth and lofty destination, she joined an exquisite taste for the beauties of nature and the charms of retirement, where, far from the gaze of the multitude, and the frivolous agitations of fashionable life, she employed her hours in visiting, with her distinguished consort, the cottages of the poor, in improving her virtues, in perfecting her reason, and acquiring the knowledge best adapted to qualify her for the possession of power and the cares of empire. One thing only was wanting to render our satisfaction complete in the prospect of the accession of such a princess; it was, that she might become the living mother of children.

The long-wished-for moment at length arrived; but, alas! the event anticipated with such eagerness will form the most melancholy part of our history.

It is no reflection on this amiable princess to suppose that in her early dawn, with the dew of her youth so fresh upon her, she anticipated a long series of years, and expected to be led through successive scenes of enchantment, rising above each other in fascination and beauty. It is natural to suppose she identified herself with this great nation which she was born to govern; and that, while she contemplated its pre-eminent lustre in arts and in arms, its commerce encircling the globe, its colonies diffused through both hemispheres, and the beneficial effects of its institutions extending to the whole earth, she considered them as so many component parts of her grandeur. Her heart, we may well conceive, would often be ruffled with emotions of trembling ecstasy when she reflected that it was her province to live entirely for others, to compass the felicity of a great people, to move in a sphere which would afford scope for the exercise of philanthropy the most enlarged, of wisdom the most enlightened; and that, while others are doomed to pass through the world in obscurity, she was to supply the materials of history, and to impart that impulse to society which was to decide the destiny of future generations. Fired with the ambition of equalling or surpassing the most distinguished of her predecessors, she probably did not despair of reviving the remembrance of the brightest parts of their story, and of once more attaching the epoch of British glory to the annals of a female reign. It is needless to add that the nation went with her, and probably outstripped her in these delightful anticipations. We fondly hoped that a life so inestimable would be protracted to a distant period, and that, after diffusing the blessings of a just and enlightened administration, and being surrounded by a numerous progeny, she would gradually, in a good old age, sink under the horizon amidst the embraces of her family and the benedictions of her country. But, alas! these delightful visions are fled; and what do we behold in their room but the funeral-pall and shroud, a palace in mourning, a nation in tears, and the shadow of death settled over both like a cloud! O the unspeakable vanity of human hopes!—the incurable blindness of man to futurity!—ever doomed to grasp at shadows; 'to seize' with avidity what turns to dust and ashes in his hands; to sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind.

REV. JOHN FOSTER.

The REV. JOHN FOSTER (1770–1843) was author of a volume of 'Essays, in a Series of Letters,' published in 1805, which was ranked among the most original and valuable works of the day. The essays are four in number—On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself; On Decision of Character; On the Application of the

Epithet Romantic; and On Some of the Causes by which Evangelical Religion has been rendered less acceptable to Persons of Cultivated Taste. Mr. Foster's essays are excellent models of vigorous thought and expression, uniting metaphysical nicety and acuteness with practical sagacity and common-sense. He also wrote a volume 'On the Evils of Popular Ignorance,' 1819, and 'Contributions to the Eclectic Review,' two volumes, 1844. His 'Lectures,' delivered at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, were collected and published 1844-47. Like Hall, Mr. Foster was pastor of a Baptist congregation. He died at Stapleton, near Bristol.

In the essay On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself, Mr. Foster speculates on the various phases of a changeable character, and on the contempt which we entertain at an advanced period of life for what we were at an earlier period.

Changes in Life and Opinions.

Though in memoirs intended for publication a large share of incident and action would generally be necessary, yet there are some men whose mental history alone might be very interesting to reflective readers; as, for instance, that of a thinking man remarkable for a number of complete changes of his speculative system. From observing the usual tenacity of views once deliberately adopted in mature life, we regard as a curious phenomenon the man whose mind has been a kind of caravansera of opinions, entertained a while, and then sent on pilgrimage; a man who has admired and dismissed systems with the same facility with which John Bunce found, adored, married, and interred his succession of wives, each one being, for the time, not only better than all that went before, but the best in the creation. You admire the versatile aptitude of a mind sliding into successive forms of belief in this intellectual metempsychosis, by which it animates so many new bodies of doctrines in their turn. And as none of those dyns, puns which hurt you in a tale of India attend the desertion of each of these speculative forms which the soul has a while inhabited, you are extremely amused by the number of transitions, and eagerly ask what is to be the next, for you never deem the present state of such a man's views to be for permanence, unless perhaps when he has terminated his course of believing everything in ultimately believing nothing. Even then—unless he is very old, or feels more pride in being a sceptic, the conqueror of all systems, than he ever felt in being the champion of one—even then it is very possible he may spring up again, like a vapour of fire from a bog, and glimmer through new mazes, or retrace his course through half of those which he trod before. You will observe that no respect attaches to this Proteus of opinion after his changes have been multiplied, as no party expect him to remain with them, nor deem him much of an acquisition if he should. One, or perhaps two considerable changes will be regarded as signs of a liberal inquirer, and therefore the party to which his first or his second intellectual conversion may assign him will receive him gladly. But he will be deemed to have abdicated the dignity of reason when it is found that he can adopt no principles but to betray them; and it will be perhaps justly suspected that there is something extremely infirm in the structure of that mind, whatever vigour may mark some of its operations, to which a series of very different, and sometimes contrasted theories, can appear in succession demonstratively true, and which imitates sincerely the perverseness which Petruccio only affected, declaring that which was yesterday to a certainty the sun, to be to-day as certainly the moon.

It would be curious to observe in a man who should make such an exhibition of the course of his mind, the sly deceit of self-love. While he despises the system which he has rejected, he does not deem it to imply so great a want of sense in him once to have embraced it, as in the rest who were then or are now its disciples and advocates. No: in him it was no debility of reason; it was at the utmost but a merge of it; and probably he is prepared to explain to you that such peculiar cir-

cumstances as might warp even a very strong and liberal mind, attended his consideration of the subject, and misled him to admit the belief of what others prove themselves fools by believing.

Another thing apparent in a record of changed opinions would be, what I have noticed before, that there is scarcely any such thing in the world as simple conviction. It would be amusing to observe how reason had, in one instance, been overruled into acquiescence by the admiration of a celebrated name, or in another into opposition by the envy of it; how most opportunely reason discovered the truth just at the time that interest could be essentially served by avowing it; how easily the impartial examiner could be induced to adopt some part of another man's opinions, after that other had zealously approved some favourite, especially if unpopular part of his, as the Pharisees almost became partial even to Christ at the moment that he defended one of their doctrines against the Sadducees. It would be curious to see how a professed respect for a man's character and talents, and concern for his interests, might be changed, in consequence of some personal inattention experienced from him, into illiberal invective against him or his intellectual performances; and yet the ruler, though actuated solely by petty revenge, account himself the model of equity and candour all the while. It might be seen how the patronage of power could elevate miserable prejudices into revered wisdom, while poor old Experience was mocked with thanks for her instruction; and how the vicinity or society of the rich, and, as they are termed, great, could perhaps melt a soul that seemed to be of the stern consistence of early Rome into the gentlest wax on which Corruption could wish to imprint the venerable creed—'The right divine of Kings to govern wrong,' with the pious inference that justice was outraged when virtuous Tarquin was expelled. I am supposing the observer to perceive all these accommodating dexterities of reason; for it were probably absurd to expect that any mind should in itself be able in its review to detect all its own obliquities, after having been so long beguiled, like the mariners in a story which I remember to have read, who followed the direction of their compass, infallibly right as they thought, till they arrived at an enemy's port, where they were seized and doomed to slavery. It happened that the wicked captain, in order to betray the ship, had concealed a large loadstone at a little distance on one side of the needle.

On the notions and expectations of one stage of life I suppose all reflecting men look back with a kind of contempt, though it may be often with the mingling wish that some of its enthusiasm of feeling could be recovered—I mean the period between proper childhood and maturity. They will allow that their reason was then feeble, and they are prompted to exclaim: 'What fools we have been!' while they recollect how sincerely they entertained and advanced the most ridiculous speculations on the interests of life and the questions of truth; how regretfully astonished they were to find the mature sense of some of those around them so completely wrong; yet in other instances, what veneration they felt for authorities for which they have since lost all their respect; what a fantastic importance they attached to some most trivial things; what complaints against their fate were uttered on account of disappointments which they have since recollected with gaiety or self-congratulation; what happiness of Elysium they expected from sources which would soon have failed to impart even common satisfaction; and how certain they were that the feelings and opinions then predominant would continue through life.

If a reflective aged man were to find at the bottom of an old chest—where it had lain forgotten fifty years—a record which he had written of himself when he was young, simply and vividly describing his whole heart and pursuits, and reciting verbatim many passages of the language which he sincerely uttered, would he not read it with more wonder than almost every other writing could at his age inspire? He would half lose the assurance of his identity, under the impression of this immense dissimilarity. It would seem as if it must be the tale of the juvenile days of some ancestor, with whom he had no connection but that of name.

DR. ADAM CLARKE.

Another distinguished dissenter was DR. ADAM CLARKE (1760–1832), a profound oriental scholar, author of a 'Commentary on the Bible' (1810–26)—a very valuable work—of various religious treatises,

a 'Bibliographical Dictionary' (1802-4), &c. He was also editor of a collection of state-papers supplementary to Rymer's 'Fœdera' (1818). Dr. Clarke was a native of Moybeg, a village in Londonderry, Ireland, where his father was a schoolmaster. He was educated at Kingswood School, an establishment of Wesley's projecting for the instruction of itinerant preachers. In due time he himself became a preacher; and so indefatigable was he in propagating the doctrines of the Wesleyan persuasion, that he twice visited Shetland, and established there a Methodist mission. In the midst of his various journeys and active duties, Dr. Clarke continued those researches which do honour to his name. He fell a victim to the cholera when that fatal pestilence visited our shores.

REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON.

The REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON (1757-1839) was senior minister of St. Paul's Chapel, Edinburgh. After a careful education at Glasgow University and Balliol College, Oxford—where he took his degree of B.C.L. in 1784—Mr. Alison entered into sacred orders, and was presented to different livings by Sir William Pulteney, Lord Loughborough, and Dr. Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury. Having, in 1784, married the daughter of Dr. John Gregory of Edinburgh, Mr. Alison looked forward to a residence in Scotland; but it was not till the close of the last century that he was able to realise his wishes. In 1790 he published his 'Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste;' and in 1814 two volumes of Sermons, justly admired for the elegance and beauty of their language, and their gentle, persuasive inculcation of Christian duty. On points of doctrine and controversy the author is wholly silent: his writings, as one of his critics remarked, were designed for those who 'want to be roused to a sense of the beauty and the good that exist in the universe around them, and who are only indifferent to the feelings of their fellow-creatures and negligent of the duties they impose, for want of some persuasive monitor to awake the dormant capacities of their nature, and to make them see and feel the delights which providence has attached to their exercise.' A selection from the Sermons of Mr. Alison, consisting of those on the four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, was afterwards printed in a small volume.

From the Sermon on Autumn.

There is an eventide in the day—an hour when the sun retires and the shadows fall, and when nature assumes the appearances of soberness and silence. It is an hour from which everywhere the thoughtless fly, as peopled only in their imagination with images of gloom; it is the hour, on the other hand, which, in every age, the wise have loved, as bringing with it sentiments and affections more valuable than all the splendours of the day.

Its first impression is to still all the turbulence of thought or passion which the day may have brought forth. We follow with our eye the descending sun—we listen to the decaying sounds of labour and of toil; and, when all the fields are silent around us, we feel a kindred stillness to breathe upon our souls and to calm them from the agitations of society. From this first impression there is a second which

naturally follows it: in the day we are living with men, in the eventide we begin to live with nature; we see the world withdrawn from us, the shades of night darken over the habitations of men, and we feel ourselves alone. It is an hour fitted, as it would seem, by Him who made us, to still, but with gentle hand, the throb of every unruly passion, and the ardour of every impure desire; and, while it veils for a time the world that misleads us, to awaken in our hearts those legitimate affections which the heat of the day may have dissolved. There is yet a further scene it presents to us. While the world withdraws from us, and while the shades of the evening darken upon our dwellings, the splendours of the firmament come forward to our view. In the moments when earth is overshadowed, heaven opens to our eyes the radiance of a sublimer being; our hearts follow the successive splendours of the scene; and while we forget for a time the obscurity of earthly concerns, we feel that there are 'yet greater things than these.'

There is, in the second place, an 'eventide' in the year—a season, as we now witness, when the sun withdraws his propitious light, when the winds arise and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is said, in general, to be the season of melancholy; and if by this word be meant that it is the time of solemn and of serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy; yet it is a melancholy so soothing, so gentle in its approach, and so prophetic in its influence, that they who have known it feel, as instinctively, that it is the doing of God, and that the heart of man is not thus finely touched but to fine issues.

When we go out into the fields in the evening of the year, a different voice approaches us. We regard, even in spite of ourselves, the still but steady advances of time. A few days ago, and the summer of the year was grateful, and every element was filled with life, and the sun of heaven seemed to glory in his ascendant. He is now enfeebled in his power; the desert no more 'blossoms like the rose;' the song of joy is no more heard among the branches; and the earth is strewn with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence of summer. Whatever may be the passions which society has awakened, we pause amid this apparent desolation of nature. We sit down in the lodge 'of the wayfaring man in the wilderness,' and we feel that all we witness is the emblem of our own fate. Such also in a few years will be our own condition. The blossoms of our spring, the pride of our summer, will also fade into decay; and the pulse that now beats high with virtuous or with vicious desire, will gradually sink, and then must stop for ever. We rise from our meditations with hearts softened and subdued, and we return into life as into a shadowy scene, where we have 'disquieted ourselves in vain.'

Yet a few years, we think, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse humanity will also have perished. The mightiest pageantry of life will pass—the loudest notes of triumph or of contest will be silent in the grave; the wicked, wherever active, 'will cease from troubling,' and the weary, wherever suffering, 'will be at rest.' Under an impression so profound we feel our own hearts better. The cares, the animosities, the hatreds which society may have engendered, sink unperceived from our bosoms. In the general desolation of nature we feel the littleness of our own passions—we look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to all—we anticipate the graves of those we hate as of those we love. Every unkind passion falls with the leaves that fall around us; and we return slowly to our homes, and to the society which surround us, with the wish only to enlighten or to bless them.

REV. JOHN BROWN—DR. JOHN BROWN.

JOHN BROWN, of Haddington (1722–1787), was a learned and distinguished divine of the Associate Secession Church of Scotland, and author of various theological works. He was born at Carpow, Perthshire, of poor parents, both of whom died before he was eleven years of age. 'I was left,' he says, 'a poor orphan, and had nothing to depend on but the providence of God.' He was first employed as a shepherd, and afterwards undertook the occupation of a pedler or travelling merchant—the nearest approach, perhaps, ever made to the ideal pedler in Wordsworth's 'Excursion.'

Vigorous of health, of hopeful spirits, undamped
 By worldly-mindedness or anxious care,
 Observant, studious, thoughtful, and refreshed
 By knowledge gathered up from day to day.

Before he was twenty years of age, John Brown had taught himself Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, to which he afterwards added the modern and oriental languages. He was for some time schoolmaster of Kinross, and in 1748 entered on the study of philosophy and divinity in connection with the Associate Synod—a dissenting body subsequently merged in the United Presbyterian Church. In 1750 he was ordained pastor of the Secession Church at Haddington, and in 1768 was elected Professor of Divinity under the Associate Synod, which appointment he held for twenty years. Mr. Brown's principal works are his 'Dictionary of the Holy Bible' (1769), his 'Self-interpreting Bible' (1778)—so called from its very copious marginal references—his 'General History of the Christian Church' (1771), 'A Compendious View of Natural and Revealed Religion' (1782), 'Harmony of Scripture Prophecies' (1784), and a great number of short religious treatises and devotional works. Mr. Brown's most valuable and popular work is the 'Self-interpreting Bible,' which is still highly prized both in this country and in America, and is invaluable to Biblical students.

A grandson of the foregoing divine, Dr. JOHN BROWN (1784–1858), was also an eminent minister and professor in the Scottish Secession Church, and celebrated as a Biblical expositor. In 1806 he was ordained pastor of a church at Biggar, and in 1822 transferred to Edinburgh, where he became Professor of Pastoral and Exegetical Theology in connection with the Associate Synod. Both as a preacher and lecturer, Dr. Brown is described as a divine of the highest order, 'vigorous, pure, fervent, manly, and profoundly pathetic.' He was considered the ripest Biblical scholar of his age. He was also an extensive theological writer, and among his works are 'Expository Discourses on the Epistles of St. Peter,' the 'Epistle to the Galatians,' and the 'Epistle to the Romans.' In 1860 a Life of Dr. Brown was published by Dr. John Cairns, to which Dr. Brown's son, John Brown, M.D.—a distinguished littérateur and medical practitioner in Edinburgh—made some interesting additions, published in 'Horse Subsecivæ,' 1861. We subjoin a brief extract :

Anecdote of the Early Life of John Brown.

For the 'heroic' old man of Haddington my father had a peculiar reverence, as indeed we all have—as well we may. He was our king, the founder of our dynasty; we dated from him, and he was hedged accordingly by a certain sacredness of divinity. I well remember with what surprise and pride I found myself asked by a blacksmith's wife, in a remote hamlet among the hop-gardens of Kent, if I was 'the son of the Self-interpreting Bible.' I possess, as an heirloom, the New Testament which my father fondly regarded as the one his grandfather, when a herd-lad, got from the professor who heard him ask for it, and promised him it if he could read a verse; and he has, in his beautiful small hand, written in it what follows: 'He (John Brown of Haddington) had now acquired so much of Greek as encouraged him to

hope that he might at length be prepared to reap the richest of all rewards which classical learning could confer on him, the capacity of reading in the original tongue the blessed New Testament of our Lord and Saviour. Full of this hope, he became anxious to possess a copy of the invaluable volume. One night, having committed the charge of his sheep to a companion, he set out on a midnight journey to St. Andrews, a distance of twenty-four miles. He reached his destination in the morning, and went to the bookseller's shop, asking for a copy of the Greek New Testament. The master of the shop, surprised at such a request from a shepherd boy, was disposed to make game of him. Some of the professors coming into the shop questioned the lad about his employment and studies. After hearing his tale, one of them desired the bookseller to bring the volume. He did so, and, drawing it down, said: "Boy, read this and you shall have it for nothing." The boy did so, acquitted himself to the admiration of his judges, and carried off his Testament, and when the evening arrived, was studying it in the midst of his flock on the braes of Abernethy.*

I doubt not my father regarded this little worn old book, the sword of the Spirit which his ancestor so nobly won, and wore, and warred with, with not less honest veneration and pride than does his dear friend James Douglas of Cavers the Percy pennon, borne away at Otterbourne. When I read his own simple story of his life—his loss of father and mother before he was eleven, his discovering (as true a *discovery* as Dr. Young's of the characters of the Rosetta stone, or Rawlinson's of the cuneiform letters) the Greek characters, his defence of himself against the astonishing and base charge of getting his learning from the devil (that shrewd personage would not have employed him on the Greek Testament), his eager indomitable study, his running miles to and back again to hear a sermon, after tending his sheep at noon, his keeping his family creditably on never more than £50, and for long on £40 a year, giving largely in charity, and never wanting, as he said, 'lying money'—when I think of all this, I feel what a strong, independent, manly nature he must have had.*

DR. ANDREW THOMPSON—DR. CHALMERS.

DR. ANDREW THOMPSON (1779–1831), an active and able minister of the Scottish Church, was author of various sermons and lectures, and editor of the 'Scottish Christian Instructor,' a periodical which exercised no small influence in Scotland on ecclesiastical questions. Dr. Thompson was successively minister of Sprouston, in the presbytery of Kelso; of the East Church, Perth; and of St. George's Church, Edinburgh. In the annual meetings of the General Assembly he displayed great ardour and eloquence as a debater, and was the recognised leader of one of the church-parties. He waged a long and keen warfare with the British and Foreign Bible Society for circulating the books of the Apocrypha along with the Bible, and his speeches on this subject, though exaggerated in tone and manner, produced a powerful effect. There was, in truth, always more of the debater than the divine in his public addresses. The life of this ardent, impetuous, and independent-minded man was brought suddenly to a close—in the prime of health and vigour, he fell down dead at the threshold of his own door.

The most distinguished and able of Scottish divines during this period was THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D. and LL.D., one of the first Presbyterian ministers who obtained an honorary degree from the university of Oxford, and one of the few Scotchmen who have been elected corresponding members of the Royal Institute of France. He was a native of Anstruther, in the county of Fife, and born

* *Horæ Subsecivæ*. Second Series, p. 264.

March 17, 1780. His father was a shipowner and general merchant in the town, and Thomas, when not twelve years of age was sent to college at St. Andrews. The Scottish universities have been too much regarded as elementary seminaries, and efforts are now making to elevate their character by instituting some preliminary test of admission, and improving the professorial chairs. Chalmers had little preparation, and never attained to critical proficiency as a scholar, but he had a strong predilection for mathematical studies, which he afterwards pursued in Edinburgh under Professor Playfair. He was also assistant mathematical teacher at St. Andrews. Having studied for the Church, he was, in 1803, ordained minister of Kilmany, a rural parish in his native county. Here the activity of his mind was strikingly displayed. In addition to his parochial labours, he lectured in the different towns on chemistry and other subjects; he became an officer of a Volunteer corps; and he wrote a book on the Resources of the Country, besides pamphlets on some of the topics of the day; and when the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia" was projected, he was invited to be a contributor, and engaged to furnish the article "Christianity," which he afterwards completed with so much ability. At Kilmany, Dr. Chalmers received more serious and solemn impressions as to his clerical duties, and in an address to the inhabitants of the parish, there is the following remarkable passage:

Inefficacy of mere Moral Preaching.

And here I cannot but record the effect of an actual though undesigned experiment which I prosecuted for upwards of twelve years amongst you. For the greater part of that time I could expatiate on the meanness of dishonesty, on the villainy of falsehood, on the despicable arts of calumny—in a word, upon all those deformities of character which awaken the natural indignation of the human heart against the pests and the disturbers of human society. Now, could I, upon the strength of these warm expostulations, have got the thief to give up his stealing, and the evil-speaker his censoriousness, and the liar his deviations from truth, I should have felt all the repose of one who had gotten his ultimate object. It never occurred to me that all this might have been done, and yet every soul of every hearer have remained in full alienation from God; and that even could I have established, in the bosom of one who stole, such a principle of abhorrence at the meanness of dishonesty that he was prevailed upon to steal no more, he might still have retained a heart as completely unturned to God, and as totally unpossessed by a principle of love to Him, as before. In a word, though I might have made him a more upright and honourable man, I might have left him as destitute of the essence of religious principle as ever. But the interesting fact is, that during the whole of that period in which I made no attempt against the natural enmity of the mind to God, while I was inattentive to the way in which this enmity is dissolved, even by the free offer on the one hand, and the believing acceptance on the other, of the gospel salvation; while Christ, through whose blood the sinner, who by nature stands afar off, is brought near to the heavenly Lawgiver whom he has offended, was scarcely ever spoken of, or spoken of in such a way as stripped him of all the importance of his character and his offices, even at this time I certainly did press the reformations of honour, and truth, and integrity among my people; but I never once heard of any such reformations having been effected amongst them. If there was anything at all brought about in this way, it was more than ever I got any account of. I am not sensible that all the vehemence with which I urged the virtues and the proprieties of social life had the weight of a feather on the moral habits of my parishioners. And it was not till I got impressed by the utter alienation of the heart in all its desires and affections from God;

it was not till reconciliation to Him became the distinct and the prominent object of my ministerial exertions; it was not till I took the Scriptural way of laying the method of reconciliation before them; it was not till the free offer of forgiveness through the blood of Christ was urged upon their acceptance, and the Holy Spirit given through the channel of Christ's mediatorship to all who ask him, was set before them as the unceasing object of their dependence and their prayers; it was not, in one word, till the contemplations of my people were turned to these great and essential elements in the business of a soul providing for its interest with God and the concerns of its eternity, that I ever heard of any of those subordinate reformations which I aforetime made the earnest and the zealous, but, I am afraid, at the same time the ultimate object of my earlier ministrations. Ye servants, whose scrupulous fidelity has now attracted the notice and drawn forth in my hearing a delightful testimony from your masters, what mischief you would have done had your zeal for doctrines and sacraments been accompanied by the sloth and the remissness, and what, in the prevailing tone of moral relaxation, is counted the allowable purloining of your earlier days! But a sense of your heavenly Master's eye has brought another influence to bear upon you; and while you are thus striving to adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things, you may, poor as you are, reclaim the great ones of the land to the acknowledgment of the faith. You have at least taught me that to preach Christ is the only effective way of preaching morality in all its branches; and out of your humble cottages have I gathered a lesson, which I pray God I may be enabled to carry with all its simplicity into a wider theatre, and to bring with all the power of its subduing efficacy upon the vices of a more crowded population.

From Kilmany, Dr. Chalmers removed to Glasgow; to the Tron Church in 1815, and to St. John's in 1819. In both, his labours were unceasing. Here his principal sermons were delivered and published; and his fame as a preacher and author was diffused not only over Great Britain, but throughout all Europe and America. His appearance and manner were not prepossessing. Two acute observers—John Gibson Lockhart and Henry Cockburn—have described his peculiarities minutely. His voice was neither strong nor melodious, his gestures awkward, his pronunciation broadly provincial, his countenance large, dingy, and when in repose, unanimated. He also *read* his sermons, adhering closely to his manuscript. What, then, it may be asked, constituted the charm of his oratory? 'The magic,' says Cockburn, 'lies in the concentrated intensity which agitates every fibre of the man, and brings out his meaning by words and emphasis of significant force, and rolls his magnificent periods clearly and irresistibly along, and kindles the whole composition with living fire. He no sooner approaches the edge of his high region, than his animation makes the commencing awkwardness be forgotten, and then converts his external defects into positive advantages, by shewing the intellectual power that overcomes them; and getting us at last within the flame of his enthusiasm. Jeffrey's description, that he "buried his adversaries under the fragments of burning mountains," is the only image that suggests an idea of his eloquent imagination and terrible energy.'*

A writer in the 'London Magazine' gives a graphic account of Dr. Chalmers's appearance in London: 'When he visited London, the

* *Memorials of his Time*, by Henry Cockburn, 1856.

hold that he took on the minds of men was unprecedented. It was a time of strong political feeling; but even that was unheeded, and all parties thronged to hear the Scottish preacher. The very best judges were not prepared for the display that they heard. Canning and Wilberforce went together, and got into a pew near the door. The elder in attendance stood close by the pew. Chalmers began in his usual unpromising way, by stating a few nearly self-evident propositions neither in the choicest language nor in the most impressive voice. "If this be all," said Canning to his companion, "it will never do." *Chalmers went on—the shuffling of the congregation gradually subsided. He got into the mass of his subject; his weakness became strength, his hesitation was turned into energy; and, bringing the whole volume of his mind to bear upon it, he poured forth a torrent of the most close and conclusive argument, brilliant with all the exuberance of an imagination which ranged over all nature for illustrations, and yet managed and applied each of them with the same unerring dexterity, as if that single one had been the study of a whole life. "The tartan beats us," said Mr. Canning; "we have no preaching like that in England." Chalmers, like the celebrated French divines—according to Goldsmith—assumed all that dignity and zeal which become men who are ambassadors from Christ. The English divines, like timorous envoys, seem more solicitous not to offend the court to which they are sent, than to drive home the interests of their employers.

The style of Dr. Chalmers became the rage in Scotland among the young preachers, but few could do more than copy his defects. His glowing energy and enthusiasm were wanting. In Glasgow, Chalmers laboured incessantly for the benefit of his parishioners ('excavating the practical heathenism' of the city, as he termed it), and he organised a system of Sabbath-schools and pauper management which attracted great attention. He was strongly opposed to the English system of a legal provision for the poor, and in his own district of Glasgow, voluntary contributions, well managed, were for many years found to be sufficient; but as a law of residence could not be established between the different parishes of the city, to prevent one parish becoming burdened with a pauperism which it did not create, his voluntary system was ultimately abandoned. In 1823 Dr. Chalmers removed to St. Andrews, as Professor of Moral Philosophy in the United College; and in 1828 he was appointed Professor of Divinity in the university of Edinburgh. This appointment he relinquished in 1843, on his secession from the Established Church. He continued an active and zealous member of the rival establishment, the Free Church, until his death, May 30, 1847. His death, like that of his friend, Dr. Andrew Thompson, was very sudden. He had retired to rest in his usual health, and was found

next morning dead in bed, 'the expression of the face undisturbed by a single trace of suffering.'

The collected works of Dr. Chalmers published during his life fill twenty-five duodecimo volumes. Of these the first two are devoted to 'Natural Theology;' volumes three and four to 'Evidences of Christianity' five, 'Moral Philosophy;' six, 'Commercial Discourses;' seven, 'Astronomical Discourses;' eight, nine, and ten, 'Congregational Sermons;' eleven, 'Sermons on Public Occasions;' twelve, 'Tracts and Essays;' thirteen, 'Introductory Essays,' originally prefixed to editions of Select Christian Authors; fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen 'Christian and Economic Polity of a Nation, more especially with reference to its Large Towns;' seventeen, 'On Church and College Endowments;' eighteen, 'On Church Extension;' nineteen and twenty, 'Political Economy;' twenty-one, 'The Sufficiency of a Parochial System without a Poor-rate;' twenty-two to twenty-five, 'Lectures on the Romans.' In all Dr. Chalmers's works there is great energy and earnestness, accompanied with a vast variety of illustration. His knowledge was more useful than profound; it was extensive, including science no less than literature, the learning of the philosopher with the fancy of the poet, and a familiar acquaintance with the habits, feelings, and daily life of the Scottish poor and middle classes. The ardour with which he pursues any favorite topic, presenting it to the reader or hearer in every possible point of view, and investing it with the charms of a rich poetical imagination, is a striking feature in his intellectual character.* It gave peculiar effect to his pulpit ministrations; for, by concentrating his attention on one or two points at a time, and pressing these home with almost unexampled zeal and animation, a distinct and vivid impression was conveyed to the mind, unbroken by any extraneous or discursive matter. His pictures have little or no background—the principal figure or conception fills the canvas. The style of Dr. Chalmers is far from being correct or elegant—it is often turgid, loose, and declamatory, vehement beyond the bounds of good taste, and disfigured by a singular and by no means graceful phraseology. These blemishes are, however, more than redeemed by his piety and eloquence, the originality of many of his views, and the astonishing force and ardour

* Robert Hall seems to have been struck with this peculiarity. In some Gleanings from Hall's Conversational Remarks, appended to Dr. Gregory's *Memoir*, we find the following criticism, understood to refer to the Scottish divine: 'Mr. Hall repeatedly referred to Dr. —, and always in terms of great esteem as well as high admiration of his general character, exercising, however, his usual free and independent judgment. The following are some remarks on that extraordinary individual: "Pray, sir, did you ever know any man who had that singular faculty of repetition possessed by Dr. —? Why, sir, he often reiterates the same thing ten or twelve times in the course of a few pages. Even Burke himself had not so much of that peculiarity." His mind resembles that optical instrument lately invented: what do you call it?" "You mean, I suppose, the kaleidoscope?" "Yes, sir; an idea thrown into his mind is just as if thrown into a kaleidoscope. Every turn presents the object in a new and beautiful form, but the object presented is still the same. . . . His mind seems to move on hinges, not on wheels. There is incessant motion, but no progress. When he was at Leicester, he preached a most admirable sermon on the necessity of immediate repentance; but there were only two ideas in it, and on these his mind revolved as on a pivot."

of his mind. His 'Astronomical Discourses' (1817) contain passages of great sublimity and beauty. His triumphs are those of genius, aided by the deepest conviction of the importance of the truths he inculcates. After the death of this popular divine, no less than nine volumes were added to his works—'Daily Scripture Readings,' 'Sabbath Scripture Readings,' 'Sermons,' 'Institutes of Theology,' and 'Prelections on Butler's Analogy,' &c. These were edited by the son-in-law of the deceased, the Rev Mr. Hanna, who also wrote a copious and excellent Life of his illustrious relative, extending, with extracts from writings and correspondence, to four volumes (1849-52).

Picture of the Chase—Cruelty to Animals.

The sufferings of the lower animals may, when out of sight, be out of mind. But more than this, these sufferings may be in sight, and yet out of mind. This is strikingly exemplified in the sports of the field, in the midst of whose varied and animating bustle that cruelty which all along is present to the senses may not for one moment have been present to the thoughts. There sits a somewhat ancestral dignity and glory on this favourite pastime of joyous old England; when the gallant knighthood, and the hearty yeomen, and the amateurs or virtuosos of the chase, and the full assembled jockeyship of half a province, muster together in all the pride and pageantry of their great emprise—and the panorama of some noble landscape, lighted up with autumnal clearness from an unclouded heaven, pours fresh exhilaration into every blithe and choice spirit of the scene—and every adventurous heart is braced and impatient for the hazards of the coming enterprise—and even the high-breathed coursers catch the general sympathy, and seem to fret in all the restiveness of their yet checked and irritated fire, till the echoing horn shall set them at liberty—even that horn which is the knell of death to some trembling victim now brought forth of its lurking-place to the delighted gaze, and borne down upon with the full and open cry of its ruthless pursuers. Be assured that, amid the whole glee and fervency of this tumultuous enjoyment, there might not, in one single bosom, be aught so fiendish as a principle of naked and abstract cruelty. The fear which gives its lightning-speed to the unhappy animal; the thickening horrors, which, in the progress of exhaustion, must gather upon its flight; its gradually sinking energies, and, at length, the terrible certainty of that destruction which is awaiting it; that piteous cry which the ear can sometimes distinguish amid the deafening clamour of the blood-hounds as they spring exultingly upon their prey: the dread massacre and dying agonies of a creature so miserably torn—all this weight of suffering, we admit, is not once sympathised with; but it is just because the suffering itself is not once thought of. It touches not the sensibilities of the heart; but just because it is never present to the notice of the mind. We allow that the hardy followers in the wild romance of this occupation—we allow them to be reckless of pain, but this is not rejoicing in pain. Theirs is not the delight of the savage, but the apathy of unreflecting creatures. They are wholly occupied with the chase itself and its spirit-stirring accompaniments, nor bestow one moment's thought on the dread violence of that infliction upon sentient nature which marks its termination. It is the spirit of the competition, and it alone, which goads onward this hurrying career; and even he who in at the death is foremost in the triumph, although to him the death itself is in sight, the agony of its wretched sufferer is wholly out of mind.

Man is the direct agent of a wide and continual distress to the lower animals, and the question is, Can any method be devised for its alleviation? On this subject that Scriptural image is strikingly realised: 'The whole inferior creation groaning and travailling together in pain,' because of him. It signifies not to the substantive amount of the suffering whether this be prompted by the hardness of his heart, or only permitted through the heedlessness of his mind. In either way it holds true, not only that the arch-devourer man stands pre-eminent over the fiercest children of the wilderness as an animal of prey, but that, for his lordly and luxurious appetite, as well as for his service or merest curiosity and amusement, Nature must be ransacked throughout all her elements. Rather than forego the veriest gratifications of vanity,

he will wring them from the anguish of wretched and ill-fated creatures; and whether for the indulgence of his barbaric sensuality or barbaric splendour, can stalk paramount over the sufferings of that prostrate creation which has been placed beneath his feet. That beauteous domain whereof he has been constituted the terrestrial sovereign, gives out so many blissful and benignant aspects; and whether we look to its peaceful lakes, or to its flowery landscapes, or its evening skies, or to all that soft attire which overspreads the hills and the valleys, lighted up by smiles of sweetest sunshine, and where animals disport themselves in all the exuberance of gaiety—this surely were a more befitting scene for the rule of clemency, than for the iron rod of a murderous and remorseless tyrant. But the present is a mysterious world wherein we dwell. It still bears much upon its materialism of the impress of Paradise. But a breath from the air of Pandemonium has gone over its living generations; and so 'the fear of man and the dread of man is now upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into man's hands are they delivered: every moving thing that liveth is meat for him; yea, even as the green herbs, there have been given to him all things.' Such is the extent of his jurisdiction, and with most full and wanton license has he revelled among its privileges. The whole earth labours and is in violence because of his cruelties; and from the amphitheatre of sentient nature there sounds in fancy's ear the bleat of one wide and universal suffering—a dreadful homage to the power of nature's constituted lord.

These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the field are not so many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural signs and expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body like ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and, finally, they die just as we do. They possess the same feelings; and, what exposes them to like suffering from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species. The lioness robbed of her whelp causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs; or the bird whose little household has been stolen, fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos. All this is palpable even to the general and unlearned eye: and when the physiologist lays open the recesses of their system by means of that scalpel, under whose operation they just shrink and are convulsed as any living subject of our own species—there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface. Theirs is unmingled and unmitigated pain—the agonies of martyrdom without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to die, their only fellowship is with suffering; for in the prison-house of their beset and bounded faculties there can no relief be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their distress as it does that of man, by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in that mysterious economy for one inmate, and that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so in that bed of torment whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance—an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness of which no articulate voice gives utterance. But there is an eloquence in its silence; and the very shroud which disguises it only serves to aggravate its horrors.

Insignificance of this Earth.

Though the earth were to be burnt up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed on it were extinguished for ever—an event so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be ex-

tinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? a mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar; the light of other suns shines upon them; and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighbourhood flourish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its offerings? and the richness of the divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers?

And what is this world in the immensity which teems with them; and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendour and variety by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time, the life which we know by the microscope it teems with is extinguished; and an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it to the myriads which people this little leaf an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients; and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit, and realize all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it. We cannot anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability. It may hurry our globe towards the sun, or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system, or give it a new axis of revolution—and the effect, which I shall simply announce without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean, and bring another mighty flood upon our islands and continents.

There are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeople it, and we, who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude, and silence, and death over the dominions of the world.

Now, it is this littleness and this insecurity which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring with such emphasis to every pious bosom the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man; and though at this moment his energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in his providence as if we were the objects of his undivided care.

It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same being whose eye is abroad over the whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal; that though his mind takes into his comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to him as if I were the single object of his attention; that he marks all my thoughts; that he gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me; and that, with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand, to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy.

The Statute-book not necessary towards Christianity.

How comes it that Protestantism made such triumphant progress in these realms when it had pains and penalties to struggle with? and how came this progress to be arrested from the moment it laid on these pains and penalties in its turn? What have all the enactments of the statute-book done for the cause of Protestantism in Ireland? and how is it, that when single-handed Truth walked through our island with the might and prowess of a conqueror, so soon as propped by the authority of the state, and the armour of intolerance was given to her, the brilliant career of her victories was ended? It was when she took up the carnal and laid down the spiritual weapon—it was then that strength went out of her. She was struck with impotency on the instant that, from a warfare of principle, it became a warfare of politics. There are gentlemen opposed to us profound in the documents of history; but she has really nothing to offer half so instructive as the living history that is now before our eyes. With the pains and penalties to fight against, the cause of Reformation did almost everything in Britain; with the pains and penalties on its side, it has done nothing, and worse than nothing, in Ireland.

But after all, it is a question which does not require the evidence of history for its elucidation. There shines upon it an immediate light from the known laws and principles of human nature. When Truth and Falsehood enter into collision upon equal terms, and do so with their own appropriate weapons, the result is infallible, *Magna est veritas, et prævalebit*. But if, to strengthen the force of Truth, you put the forces of the statute-book under her command, there instantly starts up on the side of Falsehood an auxiliary far more formidable. You may lay an incapacity on the persons, or you may put restraint and limitation on the property of Catholics; but the Catholic mind becomes tenfold more impregnable than before. It is not because I am indifferent to the good of Protestantism that I want to displace these artificial crutches from under her; but because I want that, freed from every symptom of decrepitude and decay, she should stand forth in her own native strength, and make manifest to all men how firm a support she has on the goodness of her cause, and on the basis of her orderly and well-laid arguments. It is because I count so much—and will any Protestant here present say that I count too much?—on her Bible and her evidences, and the blessing of God upon her churches, and the force of her resistless appeals to the conscience and the understandings of men—it is because of her strength and sufficiency in these that I would disclaim the aids of the statute-book, and own no dependence or obligation whatever on the system of intolerance. These were enough for her in the days of her suffering, and should be more than enough for her in the days of her comparative safety. It is not by our fears and our false alarms that we do honour to Protestantism. A far more befitting honour to the great cause is the homage of our confidence: for what Sheridan said of the liberty of the press, admits of most emphatic application to this religion of truth and liberty. ‘Give,’ says that great orator—‘give to ministers a corrupt House of Commons; give them a pliant and a servile House of Lords; give them the keys of the treasury and the patronage of the crown; and give me the liberty of the press, and with this mighty engine I will overthrow the fabric of corruption, and establish upon its ruins the rights and privileges of the people.’ In like manner, give the Catholics of Ireland their emancipation; give them a seat in the parliament of their country; give them a free and equal participation in the politics of the realm; give them a place at the right ear of Majesty, and a voice in his counsels; and give me the circulation of the Bible, and with this mighty engine I will overthrow the tyranny of Antichrist, and establish the fair and original form of Christianity on its ruins.*

DUGALD STEWART.

We have no profound *original* metaphysician in this period, but some rich and elegant commentators. PROFESSOR DUGALD STEW-

*The above forms part of a speech delivered at a public meeting in Edinburgh, in March 1829, in favour of removing the Roman Catholic disabilities. The effect of Dr. Chalmers's address is described as prodigious, the audience rising to their feet and cheering vociferously.

ART expounded and illustrated the views of his distinguished teacher, Dr. Reid; and by his essays and treatises, no less than by his lectures, gave additional grace and popularity to the system. Mr. Stewart was the son of Dr. Mathew Stewart, Professor of Mathematics in the university of Edinburgh, and was born in the college buildings, November 22, 1753. At the early age of nineteen he undertook to teach his father's mathematical classes, and in two years was appointed his assistant and successor. A more congenial opening occurred for him in 1780, when Dr. Adam Ferguson retired from the Moral Philosophy chair. Mr. Stewart was appointed his successor, and continued to discharge the duties of the office till 1810, when Dr. Thomas Brown was conjoined with him as colleague. The latter years of his life were spent in literary retirement at Kinneil House, on the banks of the Firth of Forth, about twenty miles from Edinburgh. His political friends, when in office in 1806, created for him the sinecure office of Gazette writer for Scotland, with a salary of £600 per annum. Mr. Stewart died in Edinburgh on the 11th of June 1828. No lecturer was ever more popular than Dugald Stewart—his taste, dignity, and eloquence rendered him both fascinating and impressive. His writings are marked by the same characteristics, and can be read with pleasure even by those who have no great partiality for the metaphysical studies in which he excelled. They consist of 'Philosophy of the Human Mind,' one volume of which was published in 1792, a second in 1813, and a third in 1827; also 'Philosophical Essays,' 1810; a 'Dissertation on the Progress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy,' written in 1815, to which a second part was added in 1821; and a 'View of the Active and Moral Powers of Man,' published only a few weeks before his death. Mr. Stewart also published 'Outlines of Moral Philosophy,' and wrote Memoirs of Robertson the historian, and Dr. Reid. 'All the years I remained about Edinburgh,' says Mr. James Mill, himself an able metaphysician, 'I used, as often as I could, to steal into Mr. Stewart's class to hear a lecture, which was always a high treat. I have heard Pitt and Fox deliver some of their most admired speeches, but I never heard anything nearly so eloquent as some of the lectures of Professor Stewart. The taste for the studies which have formed my favourite pursuits, and which will be so to the end of my life, I owe to him.' A handsome edition of the collected Works of Dugald Stewart, edited by Sir William Hamilton, with a Memoir by Professor Veitch, was published in Edinburgh, in eleven volumes.

On Memory.

It is generally supposed, that of all our faculties, memory is that which nature has bestowed in the most unequal degrees on different individuals; and it is far from being impossible that this opinion may be well founded. If, however, we consider that there is scarcely any man who has not memory sufficient to learn the use of language, and to learn to recognise, at the first glance, the appearances of an infinite number of familiar objects; besides acquiring such an acquaintance with the laws of nature, and the ordinary course of human affairs, as is necessary for directing his

conduct in life, we shall be satisfied that the original disparities among men, in this respect, are by no means so immense as they seem to be at first view; and that much is to be ascribed to different habits of attention, and to a difference of selection among the various events presented to their curiosity.

‘It is worthy of remark, also, that those individuals who possess unusual powers of memory with respect to any one class of objects, are commonly as remarkably deficient in some of the other applications of that faculty. I knew a person who, though completely ignorant of Latin, was able to repeat over thirty or forty lines of Virgil, after having heard them once read to him—not, indeed, with perfect exactness, but with such a degree of resemblance as (all circumstances considered) was truly astonishing; yet this person (who was in the condition of a servant) was singularly deficient in memory in all cases in which that faculty is of real practical utility. He was noted in every family in which he had been employed for habits of forgetfulness, and could scarcely deliver an ordinary message without committing some blunder.

A similar observation, I can almost venture to say, will be found to apply to by far the greater number of those in whom this faculty seems to exhibit a preternatural or anomalous degree of force. The varieties of memory are indeed wonderful, but they ought not to be confounded with inequalities of memory. One man is distinguished by a power of recollecting names, and dates, and genealogies; a second by the multiplicity of speculations and of general conclusions treasured up in his intellect; a third, by the facility with which words and combinations of words (the very words of a speaker or of an author) seem to lay hold of his mind; a fourth, by the quickness with which he seizes and appropriates the sense and meaning of an author, while the phraseology and style seem altogether to escape his notice; a fifth, by his memory for poetry; a sixth, by his memory for music; a seventh, by his memory for architecture, statuary, and painting, and all the other objects of taste which are addressed to the eye. All these different powers seem miraculous to those who do not possess them; and as they are apt to be supposed by superficial observers to be commonly united in the same individuals, they contribute much to encourage those exaggerated estimates concerning the original inequalities among men in respect to this faculty which I am now endeavouring to reduce to their first standard.

As the great purpose to which this faculty is subservient is to enable us to collect and to retain, for the future regulation of our conduct, the results of our past experience, it is evident that the degree of perfection which it attains in the case of different persons must vary; first, with the facility of making the original acquisition; secondly, with the permanence of the acquisition; and thirdly, with the quickness or readiness with which the individual is able, on particular occasions, to apply it to use. The qualities, therefore, of a good memory are, in the first place, to be susceptible; secondly, to be retentive; and thirdly, to be ready.

It is but rarely that these three qualities are united in the same person. We often, indeed, meet with a memory which is at once susceptible and ready; but I doubt much if such memories be commonly very retentive; for the same set of habits which are favourable to the first two qualities are adverse to the third. Those individuals, for example, who, with a view to conversation, make a constant business of informing themselves with respect to the popular topics of the day, or of turning over the ephemeral publications subservient to the amusement or to the politics of the times, are naturally led to cultivate a susceptibility and readiness of memory, but have no inducement to aim at that permanent retention of selected ideas which enables the scientific student to combine the most remote materials, and to concentrate at will, on a particular object, all the scattered lights of his experience and of his reflections. Such men (as far as my observation has reached) seldom possess a familiar or correct acquaintance even with those classical remains of our own earlier writers which have ceased to furnish topics of discourse to the circles of fashion. A stream of novelties is perpetually passing through their minds, and the faint impressions which it leaves soon vanish to make way for others, like the traces which the ebbing tide leaves upon the sand. Nor is this all. In proportion as the associating principles which lay the foundation of susceptibility and readiness predominate in the memory, those which form the basis of our more solid and lasting acquisitions may be expected to be weakened, as a natural consequence of the general laws of our intellectual frame.

DR. THOMAS BROWN.

DR. THOMAS BROWN (1778-1830), the successor of Stewart in the Moral Philosophy chair of Edinburgh, was son of the Rev. Samuel Brown, minister of Kirkmabreck, in Galloway. His taste for metaphysics was excited by the perusal of Professor Stewart's first volume, a copy of which had been lent him by Dr. Currie of Liverpool. He appeared as an author before his twentieth year, his first work being a review of Dr. Darwin's 'Zoonomia.' On the establishment of the 'Edinburgh Review,' he became one of the philosophical contributors; and when a controversy arose in regard to Mr. Leslie, who had, in his Essay on Heat, stated his approbation of Hume's theory of causation, Dr. Brown warmly espoused the cause of the philosopher, and vindicated his opinions in an 'Inquiry into the Relation of Cause and Effect.' At this time Dr. Brown practised as a physician, but without any predilection for his profession. His appointment to the chair of Moral Philosophy seems to have fulfilled his destiny, and he continued to discharge its duties amidst universal approbation and respect till his death. Part of his leisure was devoted to the cultivation of a talent, or rather taste for poetry, which he early entertained; and he published 'The Paradise of Coquettes,' 1814; 'The Wanderer of Norway,' 1815; and 'The Bower of Spring,' 1816. Though correct and elegant, with occasionally fine thoughts and images, the poetry of Dr. Brown wants force and passion, and is now utterly forgotten. As a philosopher he was acute and searching, and a master of the power of analysis. His style wants the rich redundancy of that of Dugald Stewart, but is also enlivened with many eloquent passages, in which there is often a large infusion of the tenderest feeling. Dr. Brown quoted largely from the poets, especially Akenside; and was sometimes too flowery in his illustrations. His 'Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind' are highly popular, and form a class-book in the university. In some of his views Dr. Brown differed from Reid and Stewart. His distinctions have been pronounced somewhat hypercritical; but Mackintosh considers that he rendered a new and important service to mental science by what he calls 'secondary laws of suggestion or association—circumstances which modify the action of the general law, and must be distinctly considered, in order to explain its connection with the phenomena.'

Desire of the Happiness of Others.

It is this desire of the happiness of those whom we love, which gives to the emotion of love itself its principal delight, by affording to us constant means of gratification. He who truly wishes the happiness of any one, cannot be long without discovering some mode of contributing to it. Reason itself, with all its light, is not so rapid in discoveries of this sort as simple affection, which sees means of happiness, and of important happiness, where reason scarcely could think that any happiness was to be found, and has already by many kind offices produced the happiness of hours before reason could have suspected that means so slight could have given even

a moment's pleasure. It is this, indeed, which contributes in no inconsiderable degree to the perpetuity of affection. Love, the mere feeling of tender admiration, would in many cases have soon lost its power over the fickle heart, and in many other cases would have had its power greatly lessened, if the desire of giving happiness, and the innumerable little courtesies and cares to which this desire gives birth, had not thus in a great measure diffused over a single passion the variety of many emotions. The love itself seems new at every moment, because there is every moment some new wish of love that admits of being gratified; or rather, it is at once, by the most delightful of all combinations, new, in the tender wishes and cares with which it occupies us, and familiar to us, and endeared the more by the remembrance of hours and years of well-known happiness.

The desire of the happiness of others, though a desire always attendant on love, does not, however, necessarily suppose the previous existence of some one of those emotions which may strictly be termed love. This feeling is so far from arising necessarily from regard for the sufferer, that it is impossible for us not to feel it when the suffering is extreme, and before our very eyes, though we may at the same time have the utmost abhorrence of him who is agonising in our sight, and whose very look, even in its agony, still seems to speak only that atrocious spirit which could again gladly perpetrate the very horrors for which public indignation as much as public justice had doomed it to its dreadful fate. It is sufficient that extreme anguish is before us; we wish it relief before we have paused to love, or without reflecting on our causes of hatred; the wish is the direct and instant emotion of our soul in these circumstances—an emotion which, in such peculiar circumstances, it is impossible for hatred to suppress, and which love may strengthen indeed, but it is not necessary for producing. It is the same with our general desire of happiness to others. We desire, in a particular degree, the happiness of those whom we love, because we cannot think of them without tender admiration. But though we had known them for the first time simply as human beings, we should still have desired their happiness; that is to say, if no opposite interests had arisen, we should have wished them to be happy rather than to have any distress; yet there is nothing in this case which corresponds with the tender esteem that is felt in love. There is the mere wish of happiness to them—a wish which itself, indeed, is usually denominated love, and which may without any inconvenience be so denominated in that general humanity which we call a love of mankind, but which we must always remember does not afford, on analysis, the same results as other affections of more cordial regard to which we give the same name. To love a friend is to wish his happiness indeed, but it is to have other emotions at the same instant, emotions without which this mere wish would be poor to constant friendship. To love the natives of Asia or Africa, of whose individual virtues or vices, talents or imbecility, wisdom or ignorance, we know nothing, is to wish their happiness; but this wish is all which constitutes the faint and feeble love. It is a wish, however, which, unless when the heart is absolutely corrupted, renders it impossible for man to be wholly indifferent to man; and this great object is that which nature had in view. She has by a provident arrangement, which we cannot but admire the more, the more attentively we examine it, accommodated our emotions to our means, making our love most ardent where our wish of giving happiness might be most effectual, and less gradually and less in proportion to our diminished means. From the affection of the mother for her newborn infant, which has been rendered the strongest of all affections, because it was to arise in circumstances where affection would be most needed, to that general philanthropy which extends itself to the remotest stranger on spots of the earth which we never are to visit, and which we as little think of ever visiting as of exploring any of the distant planets of our system, there is a scale of benevolent desire which corresponds with the necessities to be relieved, and our power of relieving them, or with the happiness to be afforded, and our power of affording happiness. How many opportunities have we of giving delight to those who live in our domestic circle, which would be lost before we could diffuse it to those who are distant from us! Our love, therefore, our desire of giving happiness, our pleasure in having given it, are stronger within the limits of this sphere of daily and hourly intercourse than beyond it. Of those who are beyond this sphere, the individuals most familiar to us are those whose happiness we must always know better how to promote than the happiness of strangers, with whose particular habits and inclinations we are little if

at all acquainted. Our love, and the desire of general happiness which attends it, are therefore, by the concurrence of many constitutional tendencies of our nature in fostering the generous wish, stronger as felt for an intimate friend than for one who is scarcely known to us. If there be an exception to this gradual scale of importance according to intimacy, it must be in the case of one who is absolutely a stranger—a foreigner who comes among a people with whose general manners he is perhaps unacquainted, and who has no friend to whose attention he can lay claim from any prior intimacy. In this case, indeed, it is evident that our benevolence might be more usefully directed to one who is absolutely unknown, than to many who are better known by us, that live in our very neighbourhood, in the enjoyment of domestic loves and friendships of their own. Accordingly we find, that by a provision which might be termed singular—if we did not think of the universal bounty and wisdom of God—a modification of our general regard has been prepared in the sympathetic tendencies of our nature for this case also. There is a species of affection to which the stranger gives birth merely as being a stranger. He is received and sheltered by our hospitality almost with the zeal with which our friendship delights to receive one with whom we have lived in cordial union, whose virtues we know and revere, and whose kindness has been to us no small part of the happiness of our life.

It is possible to perceive this general proportion of our desire of giving happiness, in its various degrees, to the means which we possess, in various circumstances, of affording it, without admiration of an arrangement so simple in the principles from which it flows, and at the same time so effectual—an arrangement which exhibits proofs of goodness in our very wants, of wisdom in our very weaknesses, by the adaptation of these to each other, and by the ready resources which want and weakness find in these affections which everywhere surround them, like the presence and protection of God himself!

SIR J. MACKINTOSH—J. MILL—DR. ABERCROMBIE—GEORGE COMBE.

The 'Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy' (already alluded to) by SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, and his review of Madame de Staël's 'Germany' in the 'Edinburgh Review,' unfold some interesting speculations on moral science. He agrees with Butler, Stewart, and the most eminent preceding moralists, in admitting the supremacy of the moral sentiments; but he proceeds a step farther in the analysis of them. He attempts to explain the origin and growth of the moral faculty or principle, derived from Hartley's Theory of Association, and insists repeatedly on the value of utility, or beneficial tendency, as the great test or criterion of moral action. Some of the positions in Mackintosh's 'Dissertation' were combated with unnecessary and unphilosophical asperity by JAMES MILL, the author of an able 'Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind,' 1829, in an anonymous 'Fragment on Mackintosh.' Mill (already noticed as the historian of India) contributed a series of valuable articles on Law, Jurisprudence, Colonisation, &c., to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'—In 1830 DR. JOHN ABERCROMBIE (1781–1844) published 'Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers and the Investigation of Truth'—a popular metaphysical work, directed chiefly against materialism. The same author published 'The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings,' 1833, and some medical treatises.

None of these writers viewed mind in connection with organisation, but this mode of inquiry has been pursued by Dr. Gall and his followers. The leading doctrines of Gall are—that the brain is the

organ of the mind, that various portions of the encephalon are the organs of various faculties of the mind, and that volume or size of the whole brain and its various parts is, other circumstances being equal, the measure of the powers of the mind and its various faculties in individuals. This system is founded upon observation—that is to say, it was observed that large brains, unless when of inferior quality, or in an abnormal condition, were accompanied by superior intellect and force of character; also that in a vast number of instances which were accurately noticed, a large development of a special part of the brain was accompanied by an unusual demonstration of a certain mental character, and never by the opposite. From these demonstrations the fundamental character of the various faculties was sought to be eliminated. The system is well known under the name of Phrenology; and it has been expounded and enforced, in clear and admirable English, by the late MR. GEORGE COMBE (1788–1858). Mr. Combe was a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, but strongly attached to literary and philosophical pursuits. He was much respected by his fellow-citizens, and was known over all Europe and America for his speculations on mental science, the criminal law, the currency, &c. The principal works of Mr. Combe are ‘Essays on Phrenology,’ 1819; ‘The Constitution of Man,’ 1828; ‘System of Phrenology,’ 1836; ‘Notes on the United States of America,’ three volumes, 1841; ‘Phrenology applied to Painting and Sculpture;’ and pamphlets on the ‘Relation between Science and Religion,’ on ‘Capital Punishments,’ on ‘National Education,’ the Currency Question,’ &c.

Distinction between Power and Activity.—From the ‘System of Phrenology.’

As commonly employed, the word power is synonymous with strength, or much power, instead of denoting mere capacity, whether much or little, to act; while by activity is usually understood much quickness of action, and great proneness to act. As it is desirable, however, to avoid every chance of ambiguity, I shall employ the words power and activity in the sense first before explained; and to high degrees of power I shall apply the terms energy, intensity, strength, or vigour; while to great activity I shall apply the terms vivacity, agility, rapidity, or quickness.

In physics, strength is quite distinguishable from quickness. The balance-wheel of a watch moves with much rapidity, but so slight is its impetus, that a hair would suffice to stop it; the beam of a steam-engine progresses slowly and massively through space, but its energy is prodigiously great.

In muscular action these qualities are recognised with equal facility as different. The greyhound bounds over hill and dale with animated agility; but a slight obstacle would counterbalance his momentum, and arrest his progress. The elephant, on the other hand, rolls slowly and heavily along; but the impetus of his motion would sweep away an impediment sufficient to resist fifty greyhounds at the summit of their speed.

In mental manifestations—considered apart from organisation—the distinction between energy and vivacity is equally palpable. On the stage, Mrs. Siddons and Mr. John Kemble were remarkable for the solemn deliberation of their manner, both in declamation and in action, and yet they were splendidly gifted with energy. They carried captive at once the sympathies and the understanding of the audience, and made every man feel his faculties expanding, and his whole mind becoming greater

under the influence of their power. Other performers, again, are remarkable for their agility of action and elocution, who, nevertheless, are felt to be feeble and ineffective in rousing an audience to emotion. Vivacity is their distinguishing attribute, with an absence of vigour. At the bar, in the pulpit, and in the senate, the same distinction prevails. Many members of the learned professions display great fluency of elocution and felicity of illustration, surprising us with the quickness of their parts, who, nevertheless, are felt to be neither impressive nor profound. They exhibit acuteness without depth, and ingenuity without comprehensiveness of understanding. This also proceeds from vivacity with little energy. There are other public speakers, again, who open heavily in debate—their faculties acting slowly but deeply, like the first heave of a mountain wave. Their words fall like minute-guns upon the ear, and to the superficial they appear about to terminate ere they have begun their efforts. But even their first accent is one of power; it rouses and arrests attention; their very pauses are expressive, and indicate gathering energy to be embodied in the sentence that is to come. When fairly animated, they are impetuous as the torrent, brilliant as the lightning's beam, and overwhelm and take possession of feeble minds, impressing them irresistibly with a feeling of gigantic power.

As a general rule, the largest organs in each head have naturally the greatest, and the smallest the least, tendency to act, and to perform their functions with rapidity. The temperaments also indicate the amount of this tendency. The nervous is the most vivacious, next the sanguine, then the bilious, while the lymphatic is characterised by proneness to inaction. In a lymphatic brain, great size may be present and few manifestations occur through sluggishness; but if a strong external stimulus be presented, energy often appears. If the brain be very small, no degree of stimulus, either external or internal, will cause great power to be manifested.

A certain combination of organs—namely, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Hope, Firmness, Acquisitiveness, and Love of Approbation, all large—is favourable to general vivacity of mind; and another combination—namely, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Hope, Firmness, and Acquisitiveness, small or moderate, with Veneration and Benevolence large—is frequently attended with sluggishness of the mental character; but the activity of the whole brain is constitutionally greater in some individuals than in others as already explained. It may even happen that, in the same individual, one organ is naturally more active than another, without reference to size, just as the optic nerve is sometimes more irritable than the auditory; but this is by no means a common occurrence. Exercise greatly increases activity as well as power, and hence arise the benefits of education. Dr. Spurzheim thinks that 'long fibres produce more activity, and thick fibres more intensity.'

The doctrine, that size is a measure of power, is not to be held as implying that much power is the only or even the most valuable quality which a mind in all circumstances can possess. To drag artillery over a mountain, or a ponderous wagon through the streets of London, we would prefer an elephant or a horse of great size and muscular power; while, for graceful motion, agility, and nimbleness, we would select an Arabian palfrey. In like manner, to lead men in gigantic and difficult enterprises—to command by native greatness, in perilous times, when law is trampled under foot—to call forth the energies of a people, and direct them against a tyrant at home, or an alliance of tyrants abroad—to stamp the impress of a single mind upon a nation—to infuse strength into thoughts, and depth into feelings, which shall command the homage of enlightened men in every age—in short, to be a Bruce, Bonaparte, Luther, Knox, Demosthenes, Shakspeare, Milton, or Cromwell—a large brain is indispensably requisite. But to display skill, enterprise, and fidelity in the various professions of civil life—to cultivate with success the less arduous branches of philosophy—to excel in acuteness, taste, and felicity of expression—to acquire extensive erudition and refined manners—a brain of a moderate size is perhaps more suitable than one that is very large; for wherever the energy is intense, it is rare that delicacy, refinement, and taste are present in an equal degree. Individuals possessing moderate-sized brains easily find their proper sphere, and enjoy in it scope for all their energy. In ordinary circumstances they distinguish themselves, but they sink when difficulties accumulate around them. Persons with large brains, on the other hand, do not readily attain their appropriate place; common occurrences do not rouse or call them forth, and, while unknown, they are not trusted with great undertakings. Often, therefore, such men pine and die in obscurity. When, however, they attain their proper element, they are conscious of greatness, and glory in the expansion of their

powers. Their mental energies rise in proportion to the obstacles to be surmounted, and blaze forth in all the magnificence of self-sustaining energetic genius, on occasions when feeble minds would sink in despair.

POLITICAL ECONOMISTS.

There were in this period several writers on the science of political economy, 'treating' of the formation, the distribution, and the consumption of wealth; the causes which promote or prevent its increase, and their influence on the happiness or misery of society.' Adam Smith laid the foundations of this science; and as our population and commerce went on increasing, thereby augmenting the power of the democratical part of our constitution, and the number of those who take an interest in the affairs of government, political economy became a more important and popular study. It now forms one of the subjects for lectures in the universities of Cambridge and Oxford.

BENTHAM—MALTHUS—RICARDO—SADLER, ETC.

A singular but eminent writer in this department, and in the kindred studies of jurisprudence and morals, JEREMY BENTHAM (1748-1832), was for more than half a century distinguished as an author and utilitarian philosopher. He lived in intercourse with the leading men of several generations and of various countries, and was unceasingly active in the propagation of his opinions. Bentham was the son of a wealthy London solicitor, and was educated at Westminster School and Queen's College, Oxford. He was only thirteen when he entered college, but even then he was known by the name of 'the philosopher.' He took his degree of B.A. in 1763, and afterwards studying the law in Lincoln's Inn, was called to the bar. He had a strong dislike to the legal profession, and never pleaded in public. His first literary performance was an examination of a passage in Blackstone's 'Commentaries,' and was entitled 'A Fragment on Government,' 1776. The work was prompted, as he afterwards stated, by 'a passion for improvement in those shapes in which the lot of mankind is meliorated by it.' His zeal was increased by a pamphlet which had been issued by Priestley. 'In the phrase, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," I then saw delineated,' says Bentham. 'for the first time, a plain as well as a true standard for whatever is right or wrong, useful, useless, or mischievous in human conduct, whether in the field of morals or of politics.' The phrase is a good one, whether invented by Priestley or Bentham; but it still leaves the means by which happiness is to be extended as undecided as ever, to be determined by the judgment and opinions of

men. To insure it, Bentham considered it necessary to reconstruct the laws and government—to have annual parliaments and universal suffrage, secret voting, and a return to the ancient practice of paying wages to parliamentary representatives. In all his political writings this doctrine of utility, so understood, is the leading and pervading principle.

In 1778 he published a pamphlet on 'The Hard Labour Bill,' recommending an improvement in the mode of criminal punishment; 'Letters on Usury,' 1787; 'Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Politics,' 1789; 'Discourses on Civil and Penal Legislation,' 1802; 'A Theory of Punishments and Rewards,' 1811; 'A Treatise on Judicial Evidence,' 1813; 'Paper relative to Codification and Public Instruction,' 1817; 'The Book of Fallacies,' 1824, &c. By the death of his father in 1792, Bentham succeeded to property in London and to farms in Essex yielding from £500 to £600 a year. He lived frugally, but with elegance, in one of his London houses—kept young men as secretaries—corresponded and wrote daily—and by a life of temperance and industry, with great self-complacency, and the society of a few devoted friends, the eccentric philosopher attained to the age of eighty-four. His various productions were collected and edited by Dr. (afterwards Sir) John Bowring and Mr. John Hill Burton, advocate, and published in eleven volumes. In his latter works Bentham adopted a peculiar uncouth style or nomenclature, which deters ordinary readers, and indeed has rendered his works almost a dead-letter. Fortunately, however, part of them was arranged and translated into French by M. Dumont. Another disciple, Mr. James Mill, made known his principles at home; Sir Samuel Romilly criticised them in the 'Edinburgh Review' and Sir James Mackintosh in the 'Ethical Dissertation,' which he wrote for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' In the science of legislation, Bentham evinced a profound capacity and extensive knowledge: the error imputed to his speculations is that of not sufficiently 'weighing the various circumstances which require his rules to be modified in different countries and times, in order to render them either more useful, more easily introduced, more generally respected, or more certainly executed.' As an ethical philosopher, he carried his doctrine of utility to an extent which would be practically dangerous, if it were possible to make the bulk of mankind act upon a speculative theory.

One of the most celebrated of the political economists was the REV. T. R. MALTHUS, an English clergyman, and Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. Mr. Malthus was born of a good family in 1766, at his father's estate in Surrey. In 1798 appeared his celebrated work, an 'Essay on the Principle of Population as it affects the Future Improvement of Society.' The principle here laid down is, that population has a tendency to increase faster than the means of subsistence. 'Population not only rises to the level of the present sup-

ply of food, but if you go on every year increasing the quantity of food, population goes on increasing at the same time, and so fast, that the food is commonly still too small for the people.' After the publication of this work, Mr. Malthus went abroad with Dr. Clarke and some other friends; and in the course of a tour through Sweden, Norway, Finland, and part of Russia, he collected facts in illustration of his theory. These he embodied in a second and greatly improved edition of his work, which was published in 1803. The most important of his other works are, 'An Inquiry into the Nature and Progress of Rent,' 1815; and 'Principles of Political Economy,' 1820. Several pamphlets on the Corn-laws, the Currency and the Poor-laws, proceeded from his pen. Mr. Malthus was in 1805 appointed Professor of Modern History and Political Economy in Haileybury College, and he held the situation till his death in 1834.

MR. DAVID RICARDO (1772-1823) was author of several original and powerful treatises connected with political economy. His first was on 'The High Price of Bullion,' 1810; and he published successively 'Proposals for an Economical and Secure Currency,' 1816; and 'Principles of Political Economy and Taxation,' 1817. The last work is considered the most important treatise on that science with the single exception of Smith's 'Wealth of Nations.' Mr. Ricardo afterwards wrote pamphlets on the Funding System and on Protection to Agriculture. He had amassed great wealth as a stock-broker, and retiring from business, he entered into parliament as representative for the small borough of Portarlington. He seldom spoke in the House, and only on subjects connected with his favourite studies. He died, much regretted by his friends, at his seat, Gatcomb Park, in Gloucestershire, on the 11th of September 1823.

The 'Elements of Political Economy,' by JAMES MILL, 1821, were designed by the author as a school-book of the science as modelled or improved by Ricardo.—DR. WHATLEY (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin) published two introductory Lectures, which, as Professor of Political Economy, he had delivered to the university of Oxford in 1831. This eminent person was also author of a highly valued work, 'Elements of Logic,' which attained great popularity, and is a standard work; 'Thoughts on Secondary Punishments;' and other works, all displaying marks of a powerful intellect.—A good elementary work, 'Conversations on Political Economy,' by MRS. MARCET, was published in 1827.—THE REV. DR. CHALMERS on various occasions supported the views of Malthus, particularly in his work 'On Political Economy in connection with the Moral Prospects of Society,' 1832. He maintains that no human skill or labour could make the produce of the soil increase at the rate at which population would increase, and therefore he urges the expediency of a restraint upon marriage, successfully inculcated upon the people as the very essence of morality and religion by every pastor and instructor in the kingdom. Few clergymen would venture on such a task!—Another

zealous commentator was MR. J. RAMSAY M'CULLOCH, author of 'Elements of Political Economy,' and of various contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review,' which have spread more widely a knowledge of the subject. Mr. M'Culloch also edited an edition of Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' and the works of Ricardo, and compiled several useful and able statistical works, the most important of which are a 'Dictionary of Commerce,' a 'Statistical Account of the British Empire,' and a 'Geographical Dictionary.' This gentleman was a native of Wigtownshire, born in 1789, and died at the Stationery Office, London, of which he was comptroller, November 11, 1864. A pension of £200 a year was conferred on Mr. M'Culloch by the administration of Sir Robert Peel.

The opponents of Malthus and the economists, though not numerous, have been determined and active. Cobbett never ceased for years to inveigh against them. Coleridge also joined in the cry. MR. GODWIN came forward in 1820, with an 'Inquiry concerning the Power of Increase in the Numbers of Mankind,' a treatise very unworthy the author of 'Caleb Williams.'—In 1830 MICHAEL THOMAS SADLER (1780-1835) published 'The Law of Population : a Treatise in Disproof of the Superfecundity of Human Beings, and developing the Real Principle of their Increase.' A third volume to this work was in preparation by the author when he died. Mr. Sadler was a mercantile man, partner in an establishment in Leeds. In 1829 he became representative in parliament for the borough of Newark, and distinguished himself by his speeches against the removal of the Catholic disabilities and the Reform Bill. He also wrote a work on the condition of Ireland. Mr. Sadler was an ardent benevolent man, an impracticable politician, and a florid speaker. His literary pursuits and oratorical talents were honourable and graceful additions to his character as a man of business, but in knowledge and argument he was greatly inferior to Malthus and Ricardo.—Among other works of this kind we may notice, 'An Essay on the Distribution of Wealth, and the Sources of Taxation,' 1831, by the REV. RICHARD JONES. This work is chiefly confined to the consideration of Rent, as to which the author differs from Ricardo.—MR. NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR (1790-1864), Professor of Political Economy in the university of Oxford, in 1831, published 'Two Lectures on Population.' He was the ablest of all the opponents of Malthus. Mr. Senior wrote treatises on the Poor-laws, on National Education, and other public topics. In 1864 he published 'Essays on Fiction,' being a collection of articles on Scott, Bulwer Lytton, and Thackeray, contributed to the chief Reviews. He also contributed a valuable article on political Economy to the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana.'

MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

HANNAH MORE.

HANNAH MORE adopted fiction as a means of conveying religious instruction. She can scarcely be said to have been ever 'free of the corporation of novelists; nor would she perhaps have cared much to owe her distinction solely to her connection with so molley and various a band. Hannah withdrew from the fascinations of London society, the theatres and opera, in obedience to what she considered the call of duty, and we suspect 'Tom Jones' and 'Peregrine Pickle' would have been as unworthy in her eyes. This excellent woman was one of five daughters, children of Jacob More, who taught a school in the village of Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, where Hannah was born in the year 1745. The family afterwards removed to Bristol, and there Hannah attracted the attention and patronage of Sir James Stonehouse, who had been many years a physician of eminence, but afterwards took orders and settled at Bristol. In her seventeenth year she published a pastoral drama, 'The Search after Happiness,' which in a short time went through three editions. Next year she brought out a tragedy 'The Inflexible Captive.' In 1773 or 1774 she made her entrance into the society of London, and was domesticated with Garrick, who proved one of her kindest and steadiest friends. She was received with favour by Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, &c. Her sister has thus described her first interview with the great English moralist :

First Interview with Johnson.

We have paid another visit to Miss Reynolds; she had sent to engage Dr. Percy—Percy's 'Collection,' now you know him—quite a sprightly modern, instead of a rusty antique, as I expected; he was no sooner gone than the most amiable and obliging of women, Miss Reynolds, ordered the coach to take us to Dr. Johnson's very own house; yes, Abyssinian Johnson! Dictionary Johnson! Ramblers, Idlers, and Irene Johnson! Can you picture to yourselves the palpitation of our hearts as we approached his mansion? The conversation turned upon a new work of his just going to the press—the 'Tour to the Hebrides'—and his old friend Richardson. Mrs. Williams, the blind poet, who lives with him, was introduced to us. She is engaging in her manners, her conversation lively and entertaining. Miss Reynolds told the doctor of all our rapturous exclamations on the road. He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said 'she was a silly thing!' When our visit was ended, he called for his hat, as it rained, to attend us down a very long entry to our coach, and not Rascals could have acquitted himself more *en cavalier*. We are engaged with him at Sir Joshua's on Wednesday evening—what do you think of us? I forgot to mention, that not finding Johnson in his little parlour when we came in, Hannah seated herself in his great chair, hoping to catch a little ray of his genius: when he heard it he laughed heartily, and told her it was a chair on which he never sat. He said it reminded him of Boswell and himself when they stopped a night, as they imagined, where the weird sisters appeared to Macbeth. The idea so worked on their enthusiasm, that it quite deprived them of rest. However, they learned the next morning, to their mortification, that they had been deceived, and were quite in another part of the country.

In a subsequent letter (1776) after the publication of Hannah's poem, 'Sir Eldred of the Bower,' the same lively writer says:

If a wedding should take place before our return, don't be surprised—between the mother of Sir Eldred and the father of my much-loved Irene; nay, Mrs. Montagu says if tender words are the precursors of connubial engagements, we may expect great things, for it is nothing but 'child,' 'little fool,' 'love,' and 'dearest.' After much critical discourse, he turns round to me, and with one of his most amiable looks, which must be seen to form the least idea of it, he says: 'I have heard that you are engaged in the useful and honourable employment of teaching young ladies.' Upon which, with all the same ease, familiarity, and confidence we should have done had only our own dear Dr. Stonehouse been present, we entered upon the history of our birth, parentage, and education; shewing how we were born with more desires than guineas, and how, as years increased our appetites, the cupboard at home began to grow too small to gratify them; and how, with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortunes; and how we found a great house with nothing in it; and how it was like to remain so till, looking into our knowledge-boxes, we happened to find a little *learning*, a good thing when land is gone, or rather none; and so at last, by giving a little of this little *learning* to those who had less, we got a good store of gold in return; but how, alas! we wanted the wit to keep it. 'I love you both,' cried the humorist—'I love you all five. I never was at Bristol—I will come on purpose to see you. What! five women live happily together! I will come and see you—I have spent a happy evening—I am glad I came—God for ever bless you! you live lives to shame duchesses.' He took his leave with so much warmth and tenderness, we were quite affected at his manner. If Hannah's head stands proof against all the adulation and kindness of the great folks here, why, then, I will venture to say nothing of this kind will hurt her hereafter. A literary anecdote: Mrs. Medalla—Sterne's daughter—sent to all the correspondents of her deceased father, begging the letters which he had written to them; among other wits, she sent to Wilkes with the same request. He sent for answer, that as there happened to be nothing extraordinary in those he had received, he had burnt or lost them. On which the faithful editor of her father's works sent back to say, that if Mr. Wilkes would be so good as to write a few letters in imitation of her father's style, it would do just as well, and she would insert them.

In 1777 Garrick brought out Miss More's tragedy of 'Percy' at Drury Lane, where it was acted seventeen nights successively. Her theatrical profits amounted to £600, and for the copyright of the play she got £150 more. Two legendary poems, 'Sir Eldred of the Bower' and 'The Bleeding Rock,' formed her next publication. In 1779, the third and last tragedy of Hannah More was produced; it was entitled 'The Fatal Falsehood,' but was acted only three nights. At this time, she had the misfortune to lose her friend Mr. Garrick by death, an event of which she has given some interesting particulars in her letters.

Death and Character of Garrick.

From Dr. Cadogan's I intended to have gone to the Adelphi, but found that Mrs. Garrick was at that moment quitting her house while preparations were making for the last sad ceremony; she very wisely fixed on a private friend's house for this purpose, where she could be at her ease. I got there just before her; she was prepared for meeting me; she ran into my arms, and we both remained silent for some minutes; at last she whispered: 'I have this moment embraced his coffin, and you come next.' She soon recovered herself, and said with great composure: 'The goodness of God to me is inexpressible; I desire to die, but it is His will that I should live, and He has convinced me He will not let my life be quite miserable, for he gives astonishing strength to my body, and grace to my heart; neither do I deserve; but I am thankful for both.' She thanked me a thousand times for such a real act of friendship, and bade me be comforted, for it was God's will. She told me they had

just returned from Althorp, Lord Spencer's, where he had been reluctantly dragged, for he had felt unwell for some time; but during his visit he was often in such fine spirits, that they could not believe he was ill. On his return home, he appointed Cadogan to meet him, who ordered him an emetic, the warm bath, and the usual remedies, but with very little effect. On the Sunday, he was in good spirits and free from pain; but as the suppression still continued, Dr. Cadogan became extremely alarmed, and sent for Pott, Heberden, and Schomburgk, who gave him up the moment they saw him. Poor Garrick stared to see his room full of doctors, not being conscious of his real state. No change happened till the Tuesday evening, when the surgeon who was sent for to blister and bleed him made light of his illness, assuring Mrs. Garrick that he would be well in a day or two, and insisted on her going to lie down. Towards morning, she desired to be called if there was the least change. Every time that she administered the draughts to him in the night, he always squeezed her hand in a particular manner, and spoke to her with the greatest tenderness and affection. Immediately after he had taken his last medicine, he softly said, 'O dear!' and yielded up his spirit with a groan, and in his perfect senses. His behaviour during the night was all gentleness and patience, and he frequently made apologies to those about him for the trouble he gave them. On opening him, a stone was found that measured five inches and a half round one way, and four and a half the other; yet this was not the immediate cause of his death; his kidneys were quite gone. I paid a melancholy visit to the coffin yesterday, where I found room for meditation till the mind 'burst with thinking.' His new house is not so pleasant as Hampton, nor so splendid as the Adelphi, but it is commodious enough for all the wants of its inhabitant; and, besides, it is so quiet that he never will be disturbed till the eternal morning, and never till then will a sweeter voice than his own be heard. May he then find mercy! They are preparing to hang the house with black, for he is to lie in state till Monday. I dislike this pageantry, and cannot help thinking that the disembodied spirit must look with contempt upon the farce that is played over its miserable relics. But a splendid funeral could not be avoided, as he is to be laid in the Abbey with such illustrious dust, and so many are desirous of testifying their respect by attending. I can never cease to remember with affection and gratitude so warm, steady, and disinterested a friend; and I can most truly bear this testimony to his memory, that I never witnessed in any family more decorum, propriety, and regularity, than in his; where I never saw a card, nor even met—except in one instance—a person of his own profession at his table, of which Mrs. Garrick, by her elegance of taste, her correctness of manners, and very original turn of humour, was the brightest ornament. All his pursuits and tastes were so decidedly intellectual, that it made the society and the conversation, which was always to be found in his circle, interesting and delightful.

In 1782, Miss More presented to the world a volume of 'Sacred Dramas,' with a poem annexed, entitled 'Sensibility.' All her works were successful, and Johnson said he thought her the best of the female versifiers. The poetry of Hannah More is now forgotten; but 'Percy' is a good play, and it is clear that the authoress might have excelled as a dramatic writer, had she devoted herself to that difficult species of composition. In 1786, she published another volume of verse, 'Florio, a Tale for Fine Gentlemen and Fine Ladies;' and 'The Bas Bleu, or Conversation.' The latter—which Johnson complimented as 'a great performance'—was an elaborate eulogy on the Bas Bleu Club, a literary assembly that met at Mrs. Montagu's.* The

* These meetings were called the Blue-stocking Club, in consequence of one of the most admired of the members, Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, always wearing blue stockings. The appellation soon became general as a name for pedantic or ridiculous literary ladies. Hannah More's poems proceed on the mistake of a foreigner, who, hearing of the Blue-stocking Club, translated it literally 'Bas Bleu.' Byron wrote a light satirical sketch of the 'Blues' of his day—the frequenters of the London saloons—but it is unworthy of his genius.

following couplets have been quoted and remembered as terse and pointed :

In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind.

Small habits well pursued, betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes.

Such lines mark the good sense and keen observation of the writer, and these qualities Hannah now resolved to devote exclusively to high objects. The gay life of the fashionable world had lost its charms, and, having published her '*Bas Bleu*,' she retired to a small cottage and garden near Bristol, where her sisters kept a flourishing boarding-school. Her first publication was '*Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society*,' produced in 1788. This was followed in 1791 by an '*Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World*.' As a means of counteracting the political tracts and exertions of the Jacobins and levellers, Hannah More, in 1794, wrote a number of tales, published monthly under the title of '*The Cheap Repository*,' which attained to a sale of about a million each number. Some of the little stories—as '*The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*'—are well told, and contain striking moral and religious lessons. With the same object, our authoress published a volume called '*Village Politics*.'

Her other principal works are—'*Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education*,' 1799; '*Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess*,' 1805; '*Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, comprehending Observations on Domestic Habits and Manners, Religion and Morals*,' two volumes, 1809; '*Practical Piety, or the Influence of the Religion of the Heart on the Conduct of Life*,' two volumes, 1811; '*Christian Morals*,' two volumes, 1812; '*Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul*,' two volumes, 1815; and '*Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic, with Reflections on Prayer*,' 1819. The collection of her works is comprised in eleven volumes octavo. The work entitled '*Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess*,' was written with a view to the education of the Princess Charlotte, on which subject the advice and assistance of Hannah More had been requested by Queen Charlotte. Of '*Cœlebs*' we are told that ten editions were sold in one year—a remarkable proof of the popularity of the work. The tale is admirably written, with a fine vein of delicate irony and sarcasm, and some of the characters are well depicted; but, from the nature of the story, it presents few incidents or embellishments to attract ordinary novel-readers. It has not inaptly been styled '*a dramatic sermon*.' Of the other publications of the authoress, we may say, with one of her critics, '*it would be idle in us to dwell on works so well known as the* '*Thoughts on the Manners of the Great*,' the '*Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World*,' and so on, which finally established Miss More's name as a great moral writer,

possessing a masterly command over the resources of our language, and devoting a keen wit and a lively fancy to the best and noblest of purposes.' In her latter days there was perhaps a tincture of unnecessary gloom or severity in her religious views; yet, when we recollect her unfeigned sincerity and practical benevolence—her exertions to instruct the poor miners and cottagers—and the untiring zeal with which she laboured, even amidst severe bodily infirmities, to inculcate sound principles and intellectual cultivation from the palace to the cottage, it is impossible not to rank her among the best benefactors of mankind.

The great success of the different works of our authoress enabled her to live in ease, and to dispense charities around her. Her sisters also secured a competency, and they all lived together at Barley Grove, a property of some extent, which they purchased and improved. 'From the day that the school was given up, the existence of the whole sisterhood appears to have flowed on in one uniform current of peace and contentment, diversified only by new appearances of Hannah as an authoress, and the ups and downs which she and the others met with in the prosecution of a most brave and humane experiment—namely, their zealous effort to extend the blessings of education and religion among the inhabitants of certain villages situated in a wild country some eight or ten miles from their abode, who, from a concurrence of unhappy local and temporary circumstances, had been left in a state of ignorance hardly conceivable at the present day.* These exertions were ultimately so successful, that the sisterhood had the gratification of witnessing a yearly festival celebrated on the hills of Cheddar, where above a thousand children, with the members of female clubs of industry—also established by them—after attending church-service, were regaled at the expense of their benefactors. Hannah More died on the 7th of September 1833, aged eighty-eight. She had made about £30,000 by her writings, and she left, by her will, legacies to charitable and religious institutions amounting to £10,000.

In 1834, 'Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More,' by William Roberts, Esq., were published in four volumes. In these we have a full account by Hannah herself of her London life, and many interesting anecdotes.

SAMUEL AND WILLIAM HENRY IRELAND.

SAMUEL IRELAND, a dealer in scarce books, prints, &c., was author of several picturesque tours, illustrated by aqua-tinta engravings; but is chiefly remarkable as having been made by his son, a youth of eighteen, the unconscious instrument of giving to the world a variety of Shakspearean forgeries. WILLIAM HENRY IRELAND (1777-1835) was articled to a conveyancer in New Inn, and, like

Chatterton, began early to imitate ancient writings. His father was morbidly anxious to discover some scrap of Shakspeare's handwriting, and this set the youth to manufacture a number of documents, which he pretended to have accidentally met with in the house of a gentleman of fortune. 'Amongst a mass of family papers,' says the elder Ireland, 'the contracts between Shakspeare, Lowine, and Condelle, and the lease granted by him and Hemynge to Michael Fraser, which was first found, were discovered; and soon afterwards the deed of gift to William Henry Ireland (described as the friend of Shakspeare, in consequence of his having saved his life on the river Thames), and also the deed of trust to John Hemynge, were discovered. In pursuing this search, he (his son) was so fortunate as to meet with some deeds very material to the interests of this gentleman. At this house the principal part of the papers, together with a great variety of books, containing his manuscript notes, and three manuscript plays, with part of another, were discovered.' These forged documents included, besides the deeds, a Protestant Confession of Faith by Shakspeare, letters to Anne Hathaway, the Earl of Southampton, and others, a new version of 'King Lear,' and one entire original drama, entitled 'Vortigern and Rowena.' Such a treasure was pronounced invaluable, and the manuscripts were exhibited at the elder Ireland's house, in Norfolk Street. A controversy arose as to the genuineness of the documents, in which Malone took a part, proving that they were forged; but the productions found many admirers and believers. They were published by subscription, in a large and splendid volume, and 'Vortigern' was brought out at Drury Lane Theatre, John Kemble acting the principal character. Kemble, however, was not to be duped by the young forger, being probably, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, warned by Malone. The representation of the play completely broke up the imposture. The structure and language of the piece were so feeble, clumsy, and extravagant, that no audience could believe it to have proceeded from the immortal dramatist. As the play proceeded, the torrent of ridiculous bombast swelled to such a height to bear down critical patience; and when Kemble uttered the line,

And when this solemn mockery is o'er,

the pit rose and closed the scene with a discordant howl. We give what was considered the 'most sublime passage' in 'Vortigern:'

O sovereign Death!

That hast for thy domain this world immense;
Churchyards and charnel-houses are thy haunts,
And hospitals thy sumptuous palaces;
And when thou wouldst be merry, thou dost choose
The gaudy chamber of a dying king.
Oh, then thou dost wide ope thy bony jaws,
And with rude laughter and fantastic tricks,
Thou clapp'st thy rattling fingers to thy sides;

With icy hand thou tak'st him by the feet,
And upward so till thou dost reach his heart,
And wrapt him in the cloak of lasting night.

So impudent and silly a fabrication was perhaps never before thrust upon public notice. The young adventurer, foiled in this effort, attempted to earn distinction as a novelist and dramatist, but utterly failed. In 1805, he published a confession of the Shakspearean forgery, 'An Authentic Account of the Shakspeare Manuscripts,' in which he makes this declaration: 'I solemnly declare, first, that my father was perfectly unacquainted with the whole affair, believing the papers most firmly the productions of Shakspeare. Secondly, that I am myself both the author and writer, and had no aid from any soul living, and that I should never have gone so far, but that the world praised the papers so much, and thereby flattered my vanity. Thirdly, that any publication which may appear tending to prove the manuscripts genuine, or to contradict what is here stated, is false; this being the true account.' Several other novels, some poems, and attempts at satire, proceeded from the pen of Ireland; but they are unworthy of notice; and the last thirty years of the life of this industrious but unprincipled littérateur were passed in obscurity and poverty.

EDMUND MALONE--RICHARD PORSON.

EDMUND MALONE (1741-1812), who was conspicuous in the detection and exposure of Ireland's forgeries, was an indefatigable dramatic critic and commentator, as well as a zealous literary antiquary. He edited Shakspeare (1790), wrote *Memoirs of Dryden*, Sir Joshua Reynolds, W. Gerard Hamilton, &c.; was the friend of Goldsmith, Burke, and Johnson, and still more emphatically the friend of Johnson's biographer, Boswell; and in nearly all literary questions for half a century he took a lively interest, and was ready always with notes or illustrations. Mr. Malone was the son of an Irish judge, and born in Dublin. After studying at Trinity College, he repaired to London, was entered of the Inner Temple, and called to the bar in 1767. His life, however, was devoted to literature, in which he was a useful and delighted pioneer.

The fame of English scholarship and classical criticism descended from Bentley to Porson. RICHARD PORSON (1759-1808) was in 1793 unanimously elected Professor of Greek in the university of Cambridge. Besides many fugitive and miscellaneous contributions to classical journals, Porson edited and annotated the first four plays of Euripides, which appeared separately between 1797 and 1801. He collected the Harleian manuscript of the 'Odyssey' for the Grenville edition of Homer (1800) and corrected the text of Æschylus and part of Herodotus. After his death, his 'Adversaria, or Notes and Emendations of the Greek Poets,' were published by Professor Monk and Mr J. C. Blomfield—afterwards Bishop of London—and his 'Tracts and Miscellaneous Criticisms' were collected and published by the

Rev. T. Kidd. The most important of these were the 'Letters to Archdeacon Travis' (1790), written to disprove the authenticity of I. John, v. 7, and which are admirable specimens of learning, wit, and acute argumentation. Porson as a Greek critic has never perhaps been excelled. He rose from a humble station—his father was a parish-clerk in Norfolk—solely by his talents and early proficiency; his memory was prodigious, almost unexampled, and his acuteness and taste in Greek literature were unerring. The habits of this great scholar were, however, fatal to his success in life. He was even more intemperate than Sheridan, careless of the usual forms and courtesies of society, and impracticable in ordinary affairs. His love of drink amounted to a passion, or rather disease. His redeeming qualities, besides his scholastic acquirements and natural talents, were his strict integrity and love of truth. Many of his pointed sayings were remembered by his friends. Being on one occasion informed that Southey considered his poem 'Madoc' as likely to be a valuable possession to his family, Porson answered: "'Madoc" will be read—when Homer and Virgil are forgotten.' The ornate style of Gibbon was his aversion. 'There could not,' he said, 'be a better exercise for a school-boy than to turn a page of "The Decline and Fall" into *English*.' He disliked reading folios, 'because,' said he, 'we meet with so few milestones'—that is, we have such long intervals between the turning over of the leaves. On the whole, though Porson was a critic of the highest order, and though conceding to classical literature all the respect that can be claimed for it, we must lament, with one of his friends, that such a man should have 'lived and laboured for nearly half a century, and yet have left little or nothing to the world that was truly and originally his own.'

WILLIAM COBBETT.

WILLIAM COBBETT (1762-1835), by his 'Rural Rides,' his 'Cottage Economy,' his works on America, and various parts of his 'Political Register,' is justly entitled to be remembered among the miscellaneous writers of England. He was a native of Farnham, in Surrey, and brought up as an agricultural labourer. He afterwards served as a soldier in British America, and rose to be sergeant-major. He first attracted notice as a political writer by publishing a series of pamphlets under the name of Peter Porcupine. He was then a decided loyalist and high-churchman; but having, as is supposed, received some slight from Mr. Pitt, he attacked his ministry with great bitterness in his 'Register.' After the passing of the Reform Bill, he was returned to parliament for the borough of Oldham; but he was not successful as a public speaker. He was apparently destitute of the faculty of generalising his information and details, and evolving from them a lucid whole. His unfixedness of principle also operated strongly against him; for no man who is not considered honest and sincere, or who cannot be relied upon, will ever

make a lasting impression on a popular assembly. Cobbett's inconsistency as a political writer was so broad and undisguised, as to have become proverbial. He had made the whole round of politics, from ultra-Toryism to ultra-Radicalism, and had praised and abused nearly every public man and measure for thirty years. Jeremy Bentham said of him: 'He is a man filled with *odium humani generis*. His malevolence and lying are beyond anything.' The retired philosopher did not make sufficient allowance for Cobbett: the latter acted on the momentary feeling or impulse, and never calculated the consequence to himself or others. No individual in Britain was better known than Cobbett, down to the minutest circumstance in his character, habits, and opinions. He wrote freely of himself as he did of other men; and in all his writings there was much natural freshness, liveliness and vigour. He had the power of making every one who read him feel and understand completely what he himself felt and described. The idiomatic strength, copiousness, and purity of his style have been universally acknowledged; and when engaged in describing rural subjects, or depicting local manners, he is very happy. On questions of politics or criticism he fails, because he seems resolved to attack all great names and established opinions. He remarks on one occasion that anybody could, at the time he wrote, be made a baronet, since Walter Scott and Dudley Courts Trotter (what a classification!) had been so elevated. 'It has become,' he says, 'of late years the fashion to extol the virtues of potatoes, as it has been to admire the writings of Milton and Shakspeare;' and he concludes a ludicrous criticism on 'Paradise Lost' by wondering how it could have been tolerated by a people amongst whom astronomy, navigation, and chemistry are understood! Yet Cobbett had a taste for what may be termed the poetry of nature. He is loud in his praises of the singing-birds of England—which he missed so much in America—and he loved to write on green lanes and meadows. The following description is like the simple and touching passages in Richardson's 'Pamela.'

Boyish Scenes and Recollections.

After living within a few hundred yards of Westminster Hall, and the Abbey Church, and the Bridge, and looking from my own windows into St. James's Park, all other buildings and spots appear mean and insignificant. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small! It is always thus: the words large and small are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was received, remains during our absence from the object. When I returned to England in 1800, after an absence, from the country parts of it, of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters that I could jump over called rivers! The Thames was but a 'creek!' But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitifully small! I had to cross, in my post-chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot: then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill: and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learned before the death of my father and mother. There is a

hill not far from the town, called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. 'As high as Crooksbury Hill,' meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. 'Therefore the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high! The post-boy going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change! I looked down at my dress. What a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a secretary of state's in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequences of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment—less than a month after my arrival in England—I resolved never to bend before them.

There are good sense and right feeling in the following sentence:

On Field-sports.

Taking it for granted, then, that sportsmen are as good as other folks on the score of humanity, the sports of the field, like everything else done in the fields, tend to produce or preserve health. I prefer them to all other pastime, because they produce early rising; because they have a tendency to lead young men into virtuous habits. It is where men congregate that the vices haunt. A hunter or a shooter may also be a gambler and a drinker; but he is less likely to be fond of the two latter if he be fond of the former. Boys will take to something in the way of pastime; and it is better that they take to that which is innocent, healthy, and manly, than that which is vicious, unhealthy, and effeminate. Besides, the scenes of rural sport are necessarily at a distance from cities and towns. This is another great consideration; for though great talents are wanted to be employed in the hives of men, they are very rarely acquired in these hives; the surrounding subjects are too numerous, too near the eye, too frequently under it, and too artificial.

WILLIAM COMBE—JOSEPH RITSON.

WILLIAM COMBE (1741–1823) was an extensive miscellaneous writer both in prose and verse. To none of his works did he affix his name, but he had no reluctance in assuming the names of others. Among his literary frauds was a collection of 'Letters of the late Lord Lyttelton,' 1780–82. Thomas, the second or 'wicked Lord Lyttelton,' was remarkable for his talents and profligacy, and for the romantic circumstances attending his death, which, he said, had been foretold by an apparition, but which it is now believed was an act of suicide. Combe personated the character of this dissolute nobleman—with whom he had been at school at Eton—and the spurious letters are marked by ease, elegance, and occasional force of style. An attempt was made in the 'Quarterly Review,' 1852, to prove that these Letters were genuine, and that Lyttelton was the author of 'Junius's Letters.' The proof was wholly inconclusive, and there seems no

doubt that Combe wrote the pseudo-Lyttelton epistles. In the same vein he manufactured a series of 'Letters supposed to have passed between Sterne and Eliza.' He wrote a satirical work, 'The Diaboliad,' and a continuation or imitation of Le Sage, entitled 'The Devil upon Two Sticks in England,' 1790; but the most popular of all Combe's works was 'The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque,' which was originally published in the 'Poetical Magazine,' with humorous illustrations by Rowlandson, and afterwards (1812) printed separately in one volume. 'The Tour' went through several editions; the descriptions, in lively verse, were attractive, and the coloured engravings—in which the appearance of Syntax was well preserved—formed an excellent comment on the text. Combe wrote other poems in the style of 'Syntax'—as 'Johnny Quæ Genus,' 'The English Dance of Death,' 'The Dance of Life,' &c. None of these, though aided by humorous illustrations, had much success, and 'Syntax' itself, once so popular, is now rarely seen. A voluminous 'History of Westminster Abbey,' in two volumes quarto, was written by Combe, who, up to his eightieth year, and often in prison, continued to pour forth anonymous productions in almost every department of literature. He was well connected, and at one time rich, but a life of folly and extravagance kept him always in embarrassment.

The following is a short specimen of the Lyttelton fabrication:

Genius and Talent generally appreciated by the World—Case of Goldsmith.

I sincerely lament with you the death of Dr. Goldsmith, as a very considerable loss to the learned, the laughing, and the sentimental world. His versatile genius was capable of producing satisfaction to persons of all these varying denominations. But I shall, without hesitation, combat the opinion which you derive from the insolvent state in which he died, that talent and genius meet with an ungrateful return from mankind.

Tell me, I beg of you, in what respect Dr. Goldsmith was neglected? As soon as his talents were known, the public discovered a ready disposition to reward them; nor did he ever produce the fruits of them in vain. If your favourite author died in poverty, it was because he had not discretion enough to be rich. A rigid obedience to the Scripture demand of 'Take no thought for to-morrow,' with an ostentatious impatience of coin, and an unreflecting spirit of benevolence, occasioned the difficulties of his life and the insolvency of its end. He might have blessed himself with a happy independence, enjoyed without interruption every wish of a wise man, secured an ample provision for his old age, if he had attained it, and have made a respectable last will and testament; and all this without rising up early or sitting up late, if common-sense had been added to his other attainments. Such a man is awakened into the exertion of his faculties but by the impulse of some sense which demands enjoyment, or some passion which cries aloud for gratification, by the repeated menace of a creditor, or the frequent dun at his gate. Nay, should the necessity of to-day be relieved, the procrastinated labour will wait for the necessity of to-morrow; and if death should overtake him in the interval, it must find him a beggar, and the age is to be accused of obduracy in suffering genius to die for want! If Pope had been a debauchee he would have lived in a garret, nor enjoyed the Attic elegance of his villa on the banks of the Thames. If Sir Joshua Reynolds had been idle and drunken, he might at this hour have been acquiring a scanty maintenance by painting coach-panels and Birmingham tea-boards. Had not David Hume possessed the invariable temper of his country, he might have been the actual master of a school in the Heb-

rides; and the inimitable Garrick, if he had possessed Shuter's character, would have acquired little more than Shuter's fame, and suffered Shuter's end.

Learning and fine talents must be respected and valued in all enlightened ages and nations; nay, they have been known to awaken a most honourable veneration in the breasts of men accustomed to spoil, and wading through blood to glory. An Italian robber not only refused the rich booty of a caravan, but conducted it under his safeguard, when he was informed that Tasso accompanied it. The great Duke of Marlborough, at the siege of Cambray, gave particular orders that the lands, &c. of the admired Fenelon, archbishop of the diocese, should not be profaned by the violence of war. Cæsar, the ambitious Cæsar, acknowledged Tully's superior character, for that the Roman orator had enlarged the limits of human knowledge, while he had only extended those of his country. But to proceed one step higher—

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground.

Rest then assured, my friend, when a man of learning and talents does not, in this very remunerative age, find protection, encouragement, and independence, that such an unnatural circumstance must arise from some concomitant failings which render his labors obnoxious, or, at least, of no real utility.

JOSEPH RITSON (1752–1803), a zealous literary antiquary and critic, was indefatigable in his labours to illustrate English literature, particularly the neglected ballad-strains of the nation. He published in 1783 a valuable 'Collection of English Songs;' in 1790, 'Ancient Songs,' from the time of Henry III. to the Revolution;' in 1792, 'Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry;' in 1794, 'A Collection of Scottish Songs;' in 1795, 'A Collection of all the Ancient Poems, &c. relating to Robin Hood,' &c. Ritson was a faithful and acute editor, profoundly versed in literary antiquities, but of a jealous, irritable temper, which kept him in a state of constant warfare with his brother-collectors. He was in diet a strict Pythagorean, and wrote a treatise against the use of animal food. Sir Walter Scott, writing to his friend Mr. Ellis in 1803, remarks: 'Poor Ritson is no more. All his vegetable soups and puddings have not been able to avert the evil day, which, I understand, was preceded by madness.' Scott has borne ample testimony to the merits of this unhappy gleaner in the by-paths of literature.

REV. GILBERT WHITE.

The REV. GILBERT WHITE (1720–1793) published a series of letters addressed by him to Pennant and Daines Barrington, descriptive of the natural objects and appearances of the parish of Selborne in Hampshire. White was rector of this parish, and had spent in it the greater part of his life, engaged in literary occupations and the study of nature. His minute and interesting facts, the entire devotion of the amiable author to his subject, and the easy elegance and simplicity of his style, render White's History a universal favourite—something like Izaak Walton's book on Angling, which all admire, and hundreds have endeavoured to copy. The retired naturalist was too full of facts and observations to have room for sentimental writing,

yet in sentences like the following—however humble be the theme—we may trace no common power of picturesque painting.

The Rooks returning to their Nests.

The evening proceedings and manœuvres of the rooks are curious and amusing in the autumn. Just before dusk, they return in long strings from the foraging of the day, and rendezvous by thousands over Selborne down, where they wheel round in the air, and sport and dive in a playful manner, all the while exerting their voices, and making a loud cawing, which, being blended and softened by the distance that we at the village are below them, becomes a confused noise or chiding; or rather a pleasing murmur, very engaging to the imagination, and not unlike the cry of a pack of hounds in hollow echoing woods, or the rushing of the wind in tall trees, or the tumbling of the tide upon a pebbly shore. When this ceremony is over, with the last gleam of day they retire for the night to the deep beechen woods of Tisted and Ropley. We remember a little girl, who, as she was going to bed, used to remark on such an occurrence, in the true spirit of physico-theology, at the rooks were saying their prayers; and yet this child was much too young to be aware that the Scriptures have said of the Deity, that 'he feedeth the ravens who call upon him.'

The migration of the swallows, the instincts of animals, the blossoming of flowers and plants, and the humblest phenomena of ever-changing nature, are recorded by Gilbert White in the same earnest and unassuming manner.

REV. WILLIAM GILPIN—SIR UVEDALE PRICE.

Among works on the subject of taste and beauty, in which philosophical analysis and metaphysics are happily blended with the graces of refined thought and composition, are the writings of the REV. WILLIAM GILPIN (1724-1804) and SIR UVEDALE PRICE (1747-1829). The former was author of 'Remarks on Forest Scenery,' and 'Observations on Picturesque Beauty,' as connected with the English lakes and the Scottish Highlands. As vicar of Boldre, in the New Forest, Hampshire, Mr. Gilpin was familiar with the characteristics of forest scenery, and his work on this subject (1791) is equally pleasing and profound—a store-house of images and illustrations of external nature, remarkable for their fidelity and beauty, and an analysis 'patient and comprehensive, with no feature of the chilling metaphysics of the schools.' His 'Remarks on Forest Scenery' consist of a description of the various kinds of trees. 'It is no exaggerated praise,' he says, 'to call a tree the grandest and most beautiful of all the productions of the earth. In the former of these epithets nothing contends with it, for we consider rocks and mountains as part of the earth itself. And though among inferior plants, shrubs, and flowers, there is great beauty, yet, when we consider that these minuter productions are chiefly beautiful as individuals, and are not adapted to form the arrangement of composition in landscape, nor to receive the effect of light and shade, they must give place in point of beauty—of picturesque beauty at least—to the form and foliage, and ramification of the tree. Thus the splendid tints of the insect, however beautiful, must yield to the elegance and proportion of animals which range in a higher class.' Having described trees as individuals, he considers

them under their various combinations, as clumps, park scenery, the copse, glen, grove, the forest, &c. Their permanent and incidental beauties in storm and sunshine, and through all the seasons, are afterwards delineated in the choicest language, and with frequent illustration from the kindred pages of the poets; and the work concludes with an account of the English forests and their accompaniments—lawns, heaths, forest distances, and sea-coast views; with their proper appendages, as wild horses, deer, eagles and other picturesque inhabitants. As a specimen of Mr. Gilpin's manner—though a very inadequate one—we subjoin his account of the effects of the sun, 'an illustrious family of tints,' as fertile sources of incidental beauty among the woods of the forest:

Sunrise and Sunset in the Woods.

The first dawn of day exhibits a beautiful obscurity. When the east begins just to brighten with the reflections only of effulgence, a pleasing progressive light, dubious and amusing, is thrown over the face of things. A single ray is able to assist the picturesque eye, which by such slender aid creates a thousand imaginary forms, if the scene be unknown, and as the light steals gradually on, is amused by correcting its vague ideas by the real objects. What in the confusion of twilight perhaps seemed a stretch of rising ground, broken into various parts, becomes now vast masses of wood and an extent of forest.

As the sun begins to appear above the horizon, another change takes place. What was before only form, being now enlightened, begins to receive effect. This effect depends on two circumstances—the catching lights which touch the summits of every object, and the mistiness in which the rising orb is commonly enveloped.

The effect is often pleasing when the sun rises in unsullied brightness, diffusing its ruddy light over the upper parts of objects, which is contrasted by the deeper shadows below; yet the effect is then only transcendent when he rises accompanied by a train of vapours in a misty atmosphere. Among lakes and mountains, this happy accompaniment often forms the most astonishing visions, and yet in the forest it is nearly as great. With what delightful effect do we sometimes see the sun's disk just appear above a woody hill, or, in Shakspeare's language,

Stand tiptoe on the misty mountain's top

and dart his diverging rays through the rising vapour. The radiance, catching the tops of the trees as they hang midway upon the shaggy steep, and touching here and there a few other prominent objects, imperceptibly mixes its ruddy tint with the surrounding mists, setting on fire, as it were, their upper parts; while their lower skirts are lost in a dark mass of varied confusion, in which trees and ground, and radiance and obscurity, are all blended together. When the eye is fortunate enough to catch the glowing instant—for it is always a vanishing scene—it furnishes an idea worth treasuring among the choicest appearances of nature. Mistiness alone, we have observed, occasions a confusion in objects which is often picturesque; but the glory of the vision depends on the glowing lights which are mingled with it.

Landscape-painters, in general, pay too little attention to the discriminations of morning and evening. We are often at a loss to distinguish in pictures the rising from the setting sun, though their characters are very different both in the lights and shadows. The ruddy lights, indeed, of the evening are more easily distinguished, but it is not perhaps always sufficiently observed that the shadows of the evening are much less opaque than those of the morning. They may be brightened perhaps by the numberless rays floating in the atmosphere, which are incessantly reverberated in every direction, and may continue in action after the sun is set; whereas in the morning the rays of the preceding day having subsided, no object receives any light but from the immediate lustre of the sun. Whatever becomes of the theory, the fact I believe is well ascertained.

The incidental beauties which the meridian sun exhibits are much fewer than those of the rising sun. In summer, when he rides high at noon, and sheds his perpen-

dicular ray, all is illumination; there is no shadow to balance such a glare of light, no contrast to oppose it. The judicious artist, therefore, rarely represents his objects under a vertical sun. And yet no species of landscape bears it so well as the scenes of the forest. The tuftings of the trees, the recesses among them, and the lighter foliage hanging over the darker, may all have an effect under a meridian sun. I speak chiefly, however, of the internal scenes of the forest, which bear such total brightness better than any other, as in them there is generally a natural gloom to balance it. The light obstructed by close intervening trees will rarely predominate; hence the effect is often fine. A strong sunshine striking a wood through some fortunate chasm, and reposing on the tuftings of a clump, just removed from the eye, and strengthened by the deep shadows of trees behind, appears to great advantage; especially if some noble tree, standing on the foreground in deep shadow, flings athwart the sky its dark branches, here and there illumined with a splendid touch of light.

In an open country, the most fortunate circumstance that attends a meridian sun is cloudy weather, which occasions partial lights. Then it is that the distant forest scene is spread with lengthened gleams, while the other parts of the landscape are in shadow: the tuftings of trees are particularly adapted to catch this effect with advantage; there is a richness in them from the strong opposition of light and shade, which is wonderfully fine. A distant forest thus illumined wants only a foreground to make it highly picturesque.

As the sun descends, the effect of its illumination becomes stronger. It is a doubt whether the rising or the setting sun is more picturesque. The great beauty of both depends on the contrast between splendour and obscurity. But this contrast is produced by these different incidents in different ways. The grandest effects of the rising sun are produced by the vapours which envelop it—the setting sun rests its glory on the gloom which often accompanies its parting rays. A depth of shadow hanging over the eastern hemisphere gives the beams of the setting sun such powerful effect, that although in fact they are by no means equal to the splendour of a meridian sun, yet through force of contrast they appear superior. A distant forest scene under this brightened gloom is particularly rich, and glows with double splendour. The verdure of the summer leaf, and the varied tints of the autumnal one, are all lighted up with the most resplendent colours.

The internal parts of the forest are not so happily disposed to catch the effects of a setting sun. The meridian ray, we have seen, may dart through the openings at the top, and produce a picture, but the flanks of the forest are generally too well guarded against its horizontal beams. Sometimes a recess fronting the west may receive a beautiful light, spreading in a lengthened gleam amidst the gloom of the woods which surround it; but this can only be had in the outskirts of the forest. Sometimes also we find in its internal parts, though hardly in its deep recesses, splendid lights here and there catching the foliage, which though in nature generally too scattered to produce an effect, yet, if judiciously collected, may be beautiful on canvas.

We sometimes also see in a woody scene coruscations like a bright star, occasioned by a sunbeam darting through an eyelet-hole among the leaves. Many painters, and especially Rubens, have been fond of introducing this radiant spot in their landscapes. But in painting, it is one of those trifles which produces no effect, nor can this radiance be given. In poetry, indeed, it may produce a pleasing image. Shakspeare hath introduced it beautifully, where speaking of the force of truth entering a guilty conscience, he compares it to the sun, which

Fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole.

It is one of those circumstances which poetry may offer to the imagination, but the pencil cannot well produce to the eye.

The 'Essays on the Picturesque,' by Sir Uvedale Price, were designed by their accomplished author to explain and enforce the reasons for studying the works of eminent landscape-painters, and the principles of their art, with a view to the improvement of real scen-

ery, and to promote the cultivation of what has been termed landscape-gardening. He examined the leading features of modern gardening, in its more extended sense, on the general principles of painting, and shewed how much the character of the picturesque has been neglected, or sacrificed to a false idea of beauty. The best edition of these Essays, improved by the author, is that of 1810. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder published editions of both Gilpin and Price—the latter a very handsome volume, 1842—with a great deal of additional matter. Besides his ‘Essays on the Picturesque,’ Sir Uvedale has written essays on Artificial Water, on House Decorations, Architecture, and Buildings—all branches of his original subject, and treated with the same taste and elegance. The theory of the author is, that the picturesque in nature has a character separate from the sublime and the beautiful; and in enforcing and maintaining this, he attacked the style of ornamental gardening which Mason the poet had recommended, and Kent and Brown, the great landscape improvers, had reduced to practice. Some of Price’s positions have been overturned by Dugald Stewart in his ‘Philosophical Essays;’ but the exquisite beauty of his descriptions must ever render his work interesting, independently altogether of its metaphysical or philosophical distinctions. His criticisms of painters and paintings is equally able and discriminating; and by his works we consider Sir Uvedale Price has been highly instrumental in diffusing those just sentiments on matters of taste, and that improved style of landscape-gardening, which so eminently distinguish the English artists and aristocracy of the present times.’

Picturesque Atmospheric Effects.

It is not only the change of vegetation which gives to autumn its golden hue, but also the atmosphere itself, and the lights and shadows which then prevail. Spring has its light and flitting clouds, with shadows equally flitting and uncertain; refreshing showers, with gay and genial bursts of sunshine, that seems suddenly to call forth and to nourish the young buds and flowers. In autumn all is matured; and the rich hues of the ripened fruits and the changing foliage are rendered still richer by the warm haze, which, on a fine day in that season, spreads the last varnish over every part of the picture. In winter, the trees and woods, from their total loss of foliage, have so lifeless and meagre an appearance, so different from the freshness of spring, the fullness of summer, and the richness of autumn, that many, not insensible to the beauties of scenery at other times, scarcely look at it during that season. But the contracted circle which the sun then describes, however unwished for on every other consideration, is of great advantage with respect to breadth. For then, even the mid-day lights and shadows, from their horizontal direction, are so striking, and the parts so finely illuminated, and yet so connected and filled up by them, that I have many times forgotten the nakedness of the trees, from admiration of the general masses. In summer the exact reverse is the case; the rich clothing of the parts makes a faint expression, from the vague and general glare of light without shadow.

Twilight.

There are some days when the whole sky is so full of jarring lights, that the shadiest groves and avenues hardly preserve their solemnity: and there are others, when the atmosphere, like the last glazing of a picture, softens into mellowness whatever is crude throughout the landscape.

Milton, whose eyes seem to have been most sensibly affected by every accident

and gradation of light (and *that* possibly in a great degree from the weakness, and consequently the irritability of these organs), speaks always of twilight with peculiar pleasure. He has even reversed what Socrates did by philosophy; he has called up twilight from earth and placed it in heaven.

From that high mount of God whence light and shade
Spring forth, the face of brightest heaven had changed
To grateful twilight.—[*Paradise Lost*, v. 643.]

What is also singular, he has in this passage made shade an essence equally with light, not merely a privation of it; a compliment never, I believe, paid to shadow before, but which might be expected from his aversion to glare, so frequently and so strongly expressed:

Hide me from day's garish eye.—
When the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams.

The peculiarity of the effect of twilight is to soften and mellow. At that delightful time, even artificial water, however naked, edgy, and tame its banks, will often receive a momentary charm; for then all that is scattered and cutting, all that disgusts a painter's eye, is blended together in one broad and soothing harmony of light and shadow. I have more than once, at such a moment, happened to arrive at a place entirely new to me, and have been struck in the highest degree with the appearance of wood, water and buildings, that seemed to accompany and set off each other in the happiest manner; and I felt quite impatient to examine all these beauties by daylight.

At length the morn, and cold indifference came.

The charm which held them together, and made them act so powerfully as a whole, had vanished.

It may, perhaps, be said that the imagination, from a few imperfect hints, often forms beauties which have no existence, and that indifference may naturally arise from those phantoms not being realised. I am far from denying the power of partial concealment and obscurity on the imagination; but in these cases, the set of objects when seen by twilight is beautiful as a picture, and would appear highly so if exactly represented on the canvas; but in full daylight, the sun, as it were, decomposes what had been so happily mixed together, and separates a striking whole into detached unimpressive parts.

REV. A. ALISON—F. GROSE—R. GOUGH.

The REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON (1757–1839) published in 1790 ‘*Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste*,’ designed to prove that material objects appear beautiful or sublime in consequence of their association with our moral feelings and affections. The objects presented to the eye generate trains of thought and pleasing emotion, and these constitute our sense of beauty. This theory, referring all our ideas of beauty to the law of association, has been disputed and condemned as untenable, but part of Mr. Alison’s reasoning is just, and his illustrations and language are particularly apposite and beautiful. For example, he thus traces the pleasures of the antiquary:

、 *Memorials of the Past.*

Even the peasant, whose knowledge of former times extends but to a few generations, has yet in his village some monuments of the deeds or virtues of his forefathers, and cherishes with a fond veneration the memorial of those good old times to which his imagination returns with delight, and of which he loves to recount the simple tales that tradition has brought him. And what is it that constitutes the emotion of sublime delight, which every man of common sensibility feels upon his first prospect of Rome? It is not the scene of destruction which is before him. It is not

the Tiber, diminished in his imagination to a paltry stream, flowing amidst the ruins of that magnificence which it once adorned. It is not the triumph of superstition over the wreck of human greatness, and its monuments erected upon the very spot where the first honours of humanity have been gained. It is the ancient Rome which fills his imagination. It is the country of Cæsar, of Cicero, of Virgil, which is before him. It is the mistress of the world which he sees, and who seems to him to rise again from her tomb to give laws to the universe. All that the labours of his youth, or the studies of his maturer age, have acquired with regard to the history of this great people, open at once upon his imagination, and present him with a field of high and solemn imagery which can never be exhausted. Take from him these associations—conceal from him that it is Rome that he sees, and how different would be his emotion!

The Effect of Sounds as modified by Association.

The howl of the wolf is little distinguished from the howl of the dog, either in its tone or in its strength; but there is no comparison between their sublimity. There are few, if any, of these sounds so loud as the most common of all sounds, the lowing of a cow. Yet this is the very reverse of sublimity. Imagine this sound, on the contrary, expressive of fierceness or strength, and there can be no doubt that it would become sublime. The hooting of the owl at midnight, or amid ruins, is strikingly sublime; the same sound at noon, or during the day, is very far from being so. The scream of the eagle is simply disagreeable when the bird is either tame or confined; it is sublime only when it is heard amid rocks and deserts, and when it is expressive to us of liberty and independence, and savage majesty. The neighing of a war-horse in the field of battle, or of a young untamed horse when at large among mountains, is powerfully sublime. The same sound in a cart-horse or a horse in the stable is simply indifferent if not disagreeable. No sound is more absolutely mean than the grunting of swine. The same sound in the wild boar—an animal remarkable both for fierceness and strength—is sublime. The low and feeble sounds of animals which are generally considered the reverse of sublime, are rendered so by association. The hissing of a goose and the rattle of a child's plaything are both contemptible sounds; but when the hissing comes from the mouth of a dangerous serpent, and the noise of the rattle is that of the rattlesnake, although they do not differ from the others in intensity, they are both of them highly sublime. . . . There is certainly no resemblance, as sounds, between the noise of thunder and the hissing of a serpent—between the growling of a tiger and the explosion of gunpowder—between the scream of the eagle and the shouting of a multitude: yet all of these are sublime. In the same manner, there is as little resemblance between the tinkling of the sheep-fold bell and the murmuring of the breeze—between the hum of the beetle and the song of the lark—between the twitter of the swallow and the sound of the curfew; yet all these are beautiful.

Mr. Alison published also two volumes of Sermons, remarkable for elegance of composition. He was a prebendary of Salisbury, and senior minister of St Paul's Chapel, Edinburgh—a man of amiable character and varied accomplishments.

FRANCIS GROSE (1731–1791) was a superficial antiquary, but voluminous writer. He published the 'Antiquities of England and Wales,' in eight volumes, the first of which appeared in 1773; and the 'Antiquities of Scotland,' in two volumes, published in 1790. To this work Burns contributed his 'Tam o'Shanter,' which Grose characterised as a 'pretty poem!' He wrote also treatises on Ancient Armour and Weapons, Military Antiquities, &c.

RICHARD GOUGH (1735–1809) was a celebrated topographer and antiquary. His 'British Topography, Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain,' his enlarged edition of Camden's 'Britannia,' and various other works, evince great research and untiring industry. His

valuable collection of books and manuscripts he bequeathed to the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

LORD ERSKINE.

The published Speeches of THOMAS, LORD ERSKINE (1750-1823), are among the finest specimens we have of English forensic oratory. Erskine was the youngest son of the Earl of Buchan. He served both in the navy and army, but threw up his commission in order to study law, and was called to the bar in his twenty-eighth year. His first speech, delivered in November 1778, in defence of Captain Baillie, lieutenant-governor of Greenwich Hospital (who was charged with libel), was so brilliant and successful as at once to place him above all his brethren of the bar. In 1783 he entered parliament as member for Portsmouth. The floor of the House of Commons, it has been said, is strewn with the wreck of lawyers' reputations, and Erskine's appearances there were, comparatively, failures. In 1806 he was made Lord Chancellor and created Baron Erskine. He enjoyed the Great Seal but for a short time, having retired in 1807 on the dissolution of the Whig ministry. After this he withdrew in great measure from public life, though mingling in society, where his liveliness and wit, his vanity and eccentricities, rendered him a favourite. In 1817 he published a political fragment, entitled 'Armata,' in which are some good observations on constitutional law and history. We subjoin extracts from Erskine's speech in defence of John Stockdale, December 9, 1789. Stockdale had published a defence of Warren Hastings, written by the Rev. John Logan, which, it was said, contained libellous observations upon the House of Commons.

On the Law of Libel.

Gentlemen, the question you have therefore to try upon all this matter is extremely simple. It is neither more nor less than this: At a time when the charges against Mr. Hastings were, by the implied consent of the Commons, in every hand and on every table—when, by their managers, the lightning of eloquence was incessantly consuming him, and flashing in the eyes of the public—when every man was with perfect impunity saying, and writing, and publishing just what he pleased of the supposed plunderer and devastator of nations—would it have been criminal in Mr. Hastings himself to remind the public that he was a native of this free land, entitled to the common protection of her justice, and that he had a defence in his turn to offer to them, the outlines of which he implored them in the meantime to receive, as an antidote to the unlimited and unpunished poison in circulation against him? This is, without colour or exaggeration, the true question you are to decide. Because I assert, without the hazard of contradiction, that if Mr. Hastings himself could have stood justified or excused in your eyes for publishing this volume in his own defence, the author, if he wrote it *bona fide* to defend him, must stand equally excused and justified; and if the author be justified, the publisher cannot be criminal, unless you had evidence that it was published by him with a different spirit and intention from those in which it was written. The question, therefore, is correctly what I just now stated it to be—Could Mr. Hastings have been condemned to infamy for writing this book?

Gentlemen, I tremble with indignation to be driven to put such a question in England. Shall it be endured that a subject of this country may be impeached by the Commons for the transactions of twenty years—that the accusation shall spread

as wide as the region of letters—that the accused shall stand, day after day and year after year, as a spectacle before the public, which shall be kept in a perpetual state of inflammation against him; yet that he shall not, without the severest penalties, be permitted to submit anything to the judgment of mankind in his defence? If this be law (which it is for you to-day to decide), such a man has *no trial*. That great hall, built by our fathers for English justice, is no longer a court, but an altar; and an Englishman, instead of being judged in it by *God and his country*, is a *victim and a sacrifice*.

On the Government of India.

The unhappy people of India, feeble and effeminate as they are from the softness of their climate, and subdued and broken as they have been by the knavery and strength of civilisation, still occasionally start up in all the vigour and intelligence of insulated nature. To be governed at all, they must be governed by a rod of iron; and our empire in the East would long since have been lost to Great Britain, if skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an authority, which Heaven never gave, by means which it never can sanction.

Gentlemen, I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject; and I can account for it. I have not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself amongst reluctant nations submitting to our authority. I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be suppressed. I have heard them in my youth, from a naked savage in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. 'Who is it?' said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure—who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains and empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lighting at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it,' said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and, depend upon it, nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look for affection. . . .

It is the nature of everything that is great and useful, both in the animate and inanimate world, to be wild and irregular, and we must be contented to take them with the alloys which belong to them, or live without them. Genius breaks from the fetters of criticism, but its wanderings are sanctioned by its majesty and wisdom when it advances in its path: subject it to the critic, and you tame it into dullness. Nightly rivers break down their banks in the winter, sweeping away to death the flocks which are fattened on the soil that they fertilise in the summer; the few may be saved by embankments from drowning, but the flock must perish from hunger. Tempests occasionally shake our dwellings and dissipate our commerce; but they scourge before them the lazy elements, which without them would stagnate into pestilence. In like manner, Liberty herself, the last and best gift of God to his creatures, must be taken just as she is: you might pare her down into bashful regularity, and shape her into a perfect model of severe scrupulous law, but she would then be Liberty no longer: and you must be content to die under the lash of this inexorable justice which you had exchanged for the banners of Freedom.

Justice and Mercy.

Every human tribunal ought to take care to administer justice, as we look; hereafter, to have justice administered to ourselves. Upon the principle on which the Attorney-general prays sentence upon my client—God have mercy upon us! Instead of standing before him in judgment with the hopes and consolations of Christians, we must call upon the mountains to cover us; for which of us can present, for omniscient examination, a pure, unspotted and faultless course? But I humbly expect that the benevolent Author of our being will judge us as I have been pointing out for your example. Holding up the great volume of our lives in his hands, and regarding the general scope of them, if he discovers benevolence, charity, and good-

will to man beating in the heart, where he alone can look—if he finds that our conduct, though often forced out of the path by our infirmities, has been in general well directed—his all-searching eye will assuredly never pursue us into those little corners of our lives, much less will his justice select them for punishment, without the general context of our existence, by which faults may be sometimes found to have grown out of virtues, and very many of our heaviest offences to have been grafted by human imperfection upon the best and kindest of our affections. No, gentlemen; believe me, this is not the course of divine justice, or there is no truth in the Gospels of Heaven. If the general tenor of a man's conduct be such as I have represented it, he may walk through the shadow of death, with all his faults about him, with as much cheerfulness as in the common paths of life; because he knows that instead of a stern accuser to expose before the Author of his nature those frail passages which, like the scored matter in the book before you, chequers the volume of the brightest and best-spent life, his mercy will obscure them from the eye of his purity, and our repentance blot them out for ever.

LORD THURLOW.

One short speech by the rough, vigorous lawyer and Lord Chancellor, EDWARD THURLOW (1732–1806), has been pronounced ‘superlatively great’ in effect. The Duke of Grafton, in the course of a debate in the House of Lords, took occasion to reproach Thurlow with his plebeian extraction and his recent admission to the peerage. The Chancellor rose from the woolsack, and, as related by an eye-witness, ‘advanced slowly to the place from which the Chancellor generally addresses the House; then fixing on the duke the look of Jove when he grasped the thunder, “I am amazed,” he said, in a loud tone of voice, “at the attack the noble duke has made on me. Yes, my Lords,” considerably raising his voice, “I am amazed at his Grace’s speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this House to successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble Lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I don’t fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my Lords, I must say, that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more, I can say, and will say, that as a peer of parliament, as Speaker of this right honourable House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as Guardian of his Majesty’s Conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England; nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered—as a man—I am at this moment as respectable—I beg leave to add, I am at this moment as much respected—as the proudest peer I now look down upon.”’ MR. CHARLES BUTLER, an English barrister of some distinction (1750–1832), in his ‘Reminiscences’ says: ‘The effect of this speech, both within the walls of parliament and out of them, was prodigious. It gave Lord Thurlow an ascendancy in the House which no Chancellor had ever possessed; it invested him in public opinion with a character of independence and honour; and this, though he was ever on the unpopular side in politics, made him al-

ways popular with the people.' He was at the same time the secret and confidential adviser of the king, and the dictator of the House of Lords.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

The one speech of Thurlow's was not more popular or effective than one sentence by the Irish orator, JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN (1750-1817), in his speech in defence of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, prosecuted by the government for a seditious libel. The libel contained this declaration: 'In four words lies all our power—universal emancipation and representative legislature.'

'I speak,' said Curran, 'in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.'

A passage in Cowper's 'Task' (Book II.) had probably suggested this oratorical burst:

We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire! that, where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The miscellaneous writings of SOUTHEY are numerous—'Letters from England by Don Manuel Espriella,' 1807; 'Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society,' 1829; 'The Doctor,' 1834-47; a vast number of articles in the 'Quarterly Review,' and the different historical and biographical works already noticed. The 'Doctor' is his best prose work; it contains, as he said, something of 'Tristram Shandy,' something of Rabelais, more of Montaigne, and a little of old Burton, yet the predominant characteristic of the book is still his

own. The *style* of Southey is always easy, pure, and graceful. The following extract is from the 'Chronicle of the Cid.'

Effects of the Mohammedan Religion.

Mohammed inculcated the doctrine of fatalism because it is the most useful creed for a conqueror. The blind passiveness which it causes has completed the degradation, and for ever impeded the improvement of all Mohammedan nations. They will not struggle against oppression, for the same reason that they will not avoid the infection of the plague. If from this state of stupid patience they are provoked into a paroxysm of brutal fury, they destroy the tyrant; but the tyranny remains unaltered. Oriental revolutions are like the casting of a stone into a stagnant pool; the surface is broken for a moment, and then the green weeds close over it again.

Such a system can produce only tyrants and slaves, those who are watchful to commit any crime for power, and those who are ready to endure any oppression for tranquillity. A barbarous and desolating ambition has been the sole motive of their conquering chiefs: the wisdom of their wisest sovereigns has produced nothing of public benefit: it has ended in idle moralisings, and the late discovery that all is vanity. One tyrant at the hour of death asserts the equality of mankind; another, who had attained empire by his crimes, exposes his shroud at last, and proclaims that now nothing but that is left him. 'I have slain the princes of men,' said Azzud ad Dowlah, 'and have laid waste the palaces of kings. I have dispersed them to the east, and scattered them to the west, and now the grave calls me, and I must go!' and he died with the frequent exclamation: 'What avails my wealth? my empire is departing from me!' When Mahmoud, the great Gaznevide, was dying of consumption in his Palace of Happiness, he ordered that all his treasures should be brought out to amuse him. They were laid before him, silk and tapestry, jewels, vessels of silver and gold, coffers of money, the spoils of the nations whom he had plundered: it was the spectacle of a whole day; but pride yielded to the stronger feeling of nature; Mahmoud recollected that he was in his mortal sickness, and wept and moralised upon the vanity of the world.

It were wearying to dwell upon the habitual crimes of which their history is composed; we may estimate their guilt by what is said of their virtues. Of all the Abbasides, none but Mutaded equalled Almanzor in goodness. A slave one day, when fanning away the flies from him, struck off his turban, upon which Mutaded only remarked, that the boy was sleepy; but the vizier, who was present, fell down and kissed the ground, and exclaimed: 'O Commander of the Faithful, I never heard of such a thing! I did not think such clemency had been possible!' for it was the custom of the caliph, when a slave displeased him, to have the offender buried alive.

The Mohammedan sovereigns have suffered their just punishment; they have been miserable as well as wicked. For others they can feel no sympathy, and have learned to take no interest; for themselves there is nothing but fear; their situation excludes them from hope, and they have the perpetual sense of danger, and the dread of that inevitable hour wherein there shall be no distinction of persons. This fear they have felt and confessed; in youth it has embittered enjoyment, and it has made age dreadful. A dream, or the chance words of a song, or the figures of the tapestry, have terrified them into tears. Haroun Al Raschid opened a volume of poems and read: 'Where are the kings, and where are the rest of the world? They are gone the way which thou shalt go. O thou who chooseth a perishable world, and callest him happy whom it glorifies, take what the world can give thee, but death is at the end!' And at these words he who had murdered Yahia and the Bermecides wept aloud.

In these barbarous monarchies the people are indolent, because if they acquire wealth they dare not enjoy it. Punishment produces no shame, for it is inflicted by caprice, not by justice. They who are rich or powerful become the victims of rapacity or fear. If a battle or fortress be lost, the commander is punished for his misfortune; if he becomes popular for his victories, he incurs the jealousy and hatred of the ruler. Nor is it enough that wealth, and honour, and existence are at the despot's mercy; the feelings and instincts must yield at his command. If he take the son for his eunuch, and the daughter for his concubine—if he order the father to execute the child—it is what destiny has appointed, and the Mohammedan says: 'God's will be done.' But insulted humanity has not unfrequently been provoked to take vengeance; the monarch is always in danger, because the subject is never

secure. These are the consequences of that absolute power and passive obedience which have resulted from the doctrines of Mohammed; and this is the state of society wherever his religion has been established.

Collections of English Poets.

The collections of our poets are either too scanty or too copious. They reject so many, that we know not why half whom they retain should be admitted; they admit so many, that we know not why any should be rejected. There is a want of judgment in giving Bavius a place; but when a place has been awarded him, there is a want of justice in not giving Mævius one also. The sentence of Horace concerning middling poets is disproved by daily experience; whatever the gods may do, certainly the public and the booksellers tolerate them. When Dr. Aikin began to re-edit Johnson's collection, it was well observed in the 'Monthly Magazine' 'that to our best writers there should be more commentary; and of our inferior ones less text.' But Johnson begins just where this observation is applicable, and just where a general collection should end. Down to the Restoration it is to be wished that every poet, however unworthy of the name, should be preserved. In the worst volume of elder date, the historian may find something to assist or direct his inquiries; the antiquarian something to elucidate what requires illustration; the philologist something to insert in the margin of his dictionary. Time does more for books than for wine; it gives worth to what was originally worthless. Those of later date must stand or fall by their own merits, because the sources of information, since the introduction of newspapers, periodical essays, and magazines, are so numerous, that if they are not read for amusement, they will not be recurred to for anything else. The Restoration is the great epoch in our annals, both civil and literary: a new order of things was then established, and we look back to the times beyond, as the Romans under the Empire to the age of the Republic.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

One of the most remarkable of the miscellaneous writers of this period was WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778-1830), whose bold and vigorous tone of thinking, and acute criticism on poetry, the drama, and fine arts, found many admirers, especially among young minds. He was a man of decided talent, but prone to paradox, and swayed by prejudice. He was well read in the old English authors, and had in general a just and delicate perception of their beauties. His style was strongly tinged by the peculiarities of his taste and reading; it was often sparkling, pungent, and picturesque in expression. Hazlitt was a native of Shropshire, the son of a Unitarian minister. He began life as a painter, but failed in attaining excellence in the profession, though he retained through life the most vivid and intense appreciation of its charms. His principal support was derived from the literary and political journals, to which he contributed essays, reviews, and criticisms. He wrote a metaphysical treatise 'On the Principles of Human Action,' 1805; an abridgment of Tucker's 'Light of Nature,' 1807; 'Eloquence of the British Senate,' 1808. In 1818 Hazlitt delivered a series of Lectures on English Philosophy at the Russell Institution.

In 1817 appeared his 'View of the English Stage,' and a collection of essays entitled 'The Round Table.' In 1818 he lectured at the Surrey Institution on the English Poets. 'The English Comic Writers,' 'The Dramatic Literature of the Time of Elizabeth,' and the 'Characters of Shakspeare's Plays' were then successively produced,

being chiefly composed of theatrical criticisms contributed to the journals of the day. He wrote also 'Table Talk,' 1821-22; 'The Spirit of the Age' (criticisms on contemporaries), 1825; 'The Plain Speaker,' a collection of essays, 1836. Various sketches of the galleries of art in England appeared from his pen, and 'Notes of a Journey through France and Italy,' originally contributed to one of the daily papers. He wrote the article 'Fine Arts,' for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and essays on the English novelists and other standard authors, first published in the 'Edinburgh Review.' In the 'London Magazine,' the 'New Monthly Magazine,' and other periodicals, the hand of Hazlitt may be traced. His most elaborate work was a 'Life of Napoleon,' in four volumes (1828-30), which evinces all the peculiarities of his mind and opinions, but is very ably written. Shortly before his death—which took place in London on the 18th of September 1830, he had committed to the press the 'Conversations of James Northcote, Esq.,' containing remarks on arts and artists. The toils, uncertainties, and disappointments of a literary life, and the contests of bitter political warfare, soured and warped the mind of Hazlitt, and distorted his opinions of men and things; but those who trace the passionate flights of his imagination, his aspirations after ideal excellence and beauty, the brilliancy of his language while dwelling on some old poem, or picture, or dream of early days, and the undisguised freedom with which he pours out his whole soul to the reader, will readily assign to him both strength and versatility of genius. He had felt more than he had reflected or studied; and though proud of his acquirements as a metaphysician, he certainly could paint emotions better than he could unfold principles. The only son of Mr. Hazlitt has, with pious diligence and care, collected and edited his father's works in a series of handsome portable volumes.

The Character of Falstaff.

Falstaff's wit is an emanation of a fine constitution; an exuberation of good-humour and good-nature; an overflowing of his love of laughter and good-fellowship; a giving vent to his heart's ease and over-contentment with himself and others. He would not be in character if he were not so fat as he is; for there is the greatest keeping in the boundless luxury of his imagination and the pampered self-indulgence of his physical appetites. He matures and nourishes his mind with jests, as he does his body with sack and sugar. He carves out his jokes as he would a capon or a haunch of venison, where there is cut and come again; and pours out upon them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain 'it snows of meat and drink.' He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump and dozen. Yet we are not to suppose that he was a mere sensualist. All this is as much in imagination as in reality. His sensuality does not engross and stupefy his other faculties, but 'ascends me into the brain, clears away all the dull crude vapours that environ it, and makes it full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes.' His imagination keeps up the ball after his senses have done with it. He seems to have even a greater enjoyment of the freedom from restraint, of good cheer, of his ease, of his vanity, in the ideal exaggerated description which he gives of them, than in fact. He never fails to enrich his discourse with allusions to eating and drinking; but we never see him at table. He carries his own larder about with him and he is himself 'a tun of man.' His pulling

out the bottle in the field of battle is a joke to shew his contempt for glory accompanied with danger, his systematic adherence to his Epicurean philosophy in the most trying circumstances. Again, such is his deliberate exaggeration of his own vices, that it does not seem quite certain whether the account of his hostess's bill found in his pocket, with such an out-of-the-way charge for capons and sack, with only one halfpenny-worth of bread, was not put there by himself as a trick to humour the jest upon his favourite propensities, and as a conscious caricature of himself. He is represented as a har, a braggart, a coward, a glutton. &c., and yet we are not offended, but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to shew the humorous part of them. The unrestrained indulgence of his own ease, appetites, and convenience, has neither malice nor hypocrisy in it. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view, than we should think of bringing an excellent comedian who should represent him to the life, before one of the police-offices.

The Character of Hamlet.

It is the one of Shakspeare's plays that we think of the oftenest, because it abounds most in striking reflections on human life, and because the distresses of Hamlet are transferred, by the turn of his mind, to the general account of humanity. Whatever happens to him, we apply to ourselves, because he applies it to himself as a means of general reasoning. He is a great moraliser; and what makes him worth attending to is, that he moralises on his own feelings and experience. He is not a commonplace pedant. If *Lear* is distinguished by the greatest depth of passion, *Hamlet* is the most remarkable for the ingenuity, originality, and unstudied development of character. Shakspeare had more magnanimity than any other poet, and he has shown more of it in this play than in any other. There is no attempt to force an interest: everything is left for time and circumstances to unfold. The attention is excited without effort; the incidents succeed each other as matters of course; the characters think, and speak, and act just as they might do if left entirely to themselves. There is no set purpose, no straining at a point. The observations are suggested by the passing scene—the gusts of passion come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind. The whole play is an exact transcript of what might be supposed to have taken place at the Court of Denmark at the remote period of time fixed upon, before the modern refinements in morals and manners were heard of. It would have been interesting enough to have been admitted as a by-stander in such a scene, at such a time, to have heard and witnessed something of what was going on. But here we are more than spectators. We have not only 'the outward pageants and the signs of grief,' but 'we have that within which passes show.' We read the thoughts of the heart, we catch the passions living as they rise. Other dramatic writers give us very fine versions and paraphrases of nature; but Shakspeare, together with his own comments, gives us the original text, that we may judge for ourselves. This is a very great advantage.

The character of Hamlet stands quite by itself. It is not a character marked by strength of will or even of passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as a man can well be; but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility—the sport of circumstances, questioning with fortune, and refining on his own feelings, and forced from the natural bias of his disposition by the strangeness of his situation. He seems incapable of deliberate action, and is only hurried into extremities on the spur of the occasion, when he has no time to reflect—as in the scene where he kills Polonius; and, again, where he alters the letters which Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are taking with them to England, purporting his death. At other times, when he is most bound to act, he remains puzzled, undecided, and sceptical; dallies with his purposes till the occasion is lost, and finds out some pretence to relapse into indolence and thoughtfulness again. For this reason he refuses to kill the king when he is at his prayers; and, by a refinement in malice, which is in truth only an excuse for his own want of resolution, defers his revenge to a more fatal opportunity. . . .

The moral perfection of this character has been called in question, we think, by those who did not understand it. It is more interesting than according to rules;

amiable, though not faultless.* The ethical delineations of 'that noble and liberal casuist'—as Shakspeare has been well called—do not exhibit the drab-coloured Quakerism of morality. His plays are not copied either from 'The Whole Duty of Man' or from 'The Academy of Compliments!' We confess we are a little shocked at the want of refinement in those who are shocked at the want of refinement in Hamlet. The neglect of punctilious exactness in his behaviour either partakes of the 'license of the time,' or else belongs to the very excess of intellectual refinement in the character, which makes the common rules of life, as well as his own purposes, sit loose upon him. He may be said to be amenable only to the tribunal of his own thoughts, and is too much taken up with the airy world of contemplation, to lay as much stress as he ought on the practical consequences of things. His habitual principles of action are unbending and out of joint with the time. His conduct to Ophelia is quite natural in his circumstances. It is that of assumed severity only. It is the effect of disappointed hope, of bitter regrets, of affection suspended, not obliterated, by the distractions of the scene around him! Amidst the natural and preternatural horrors of his situation, he might be excused in delicacy from carrying on a regular courtship. When 'his father's spirit was in arms,' it was not a time for the son to make love in. He could neither marry Ophelia, nor wound her mind by explaining the cause of his alienation, which he durst hardly trust himself to think of. It would have taken him years to have come to a direct explanation on the point. In the harassed state of his mind, he could not have done much otherwise than he did. His conduct does not contradict what he says when he sees her funeral:

I loved Ophelia; forty thousands brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

This distinguished American ornithologist (1780-1851) was a native of Louisiana, son of an admiral in the French navy. He travelled for years collecting materials for his great work, 'The Birds of America' (1828, &c.), which was completed in 87 parts, with 448 plates of birds, finely coloured, and costing altogether £182, 14s. A second edition, in seven volumes, was published in 1844. Cuvier said: 'Audubon's works are the most splendid monuments which art has erected in honour of ornithology.'

The Humming-bird.

Where is the person who, on observing this glittering fragment of the rainbow,† would not pause, admire and instantly turn his mind with reverence toward the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every step discover, and of whose sublime conceptions we everywhere observe the manifestations in his admirable system of creation? There breathes not such a person, so kindly have we all been blessed with that intuitive and noble feeling—admiration!

No sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams, than the

* To me it is clear that Shakspeare meant to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to me to be composed. An oak-tree is planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom: the roots expand, the jar is shivered! A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear, and must not cast away.—GOETHE'S *Wilhelm Meister*.

† Audubon had recollected a passage in Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming*:

Winglet of the fairy humming-bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round.

little humming-bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise would ere long cause their beautiful petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and with sparkling eye, into their innermost recesses; whilst the ethereal motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower, without injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose. . . .

The prairies, the fields, the orchards and gardens, nay, the deepest shades of the forests, are all visited in their turn, and everywhere the little bird meets with pleasure and with food. Its gorgeous throat in beauty and brilliancy baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green; and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and vivacity hardly conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light—upwards, downwards, to the right, and to the left. In this manner, it searches the extreme northern portions of our country, following, with great precaution, the advances of the season, and retreats with equal care at the approach of autumn.

Descent of the Ohio.

It was in the month of October. The autumnal tints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio. Every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich bronzed carmine mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage, which now predominated over the yet green leaves, reflecting more lively tints from the clear stream than ever landscape-painter portrayed or poet imagined.

The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed the rich and glowing hue which at that season produces the singular phenomenon called there the Indian summer. The moon had rather passed the meridian of her grandeur. We glided down the river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of our boat. Leisurely we moved along, gazing all day on the grandeur and beauty of the wild scenery around us.

Now and then a large catfish rose to the surface of the water in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which, starting simultaneously from the liquid element, like so many silvery arrows, produced a shower of light, while the pursuer with open jaws seized the stragglers, and with a splash of his tail disappeared from our view. Other fishes we heard uttering beneath our bark a rumbling noise, the strange sounds of which we discovered to proceed from the white perch, for, on casting our net from the bow, we caught several of that species, when the noise ceased for a time.

Nature, in her varied arrangements, seems to have felt a partiality toward this portion of our country. As the traveller ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking that alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin on one side is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface; while on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far as the eye can command the view. Islands of varied size and form rise here and there from the bosom of the water, and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places where the idea of being on a river of great length changes to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent. Some of these islands are of considerable size and value; while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast, and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery. These little islands are frequently overflowed during great freshets or floods, and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of drifted timber. We foresaw with great concern the alteration that cultivation would soon produce along those delightful banks.

As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions, and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of bells told us that the cattle which bore them were gently moving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the great owl, and the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us; so was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar. When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving

note of commencing civilisation. The crossing of a stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow.

Many sluggish flat-boats we overtook and passed: some laden with produce from the different head-waters of the small rivers that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio; others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant parts, in search of a new home. Purer pleasures I never felt; nor have you, reader, I ween, unless indeed, you have felt the like, and in such company. . . .

When I think of the times, and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest, that everywhere spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elks, deer, and buffaloes which once pastured on these hills and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt-springs, have ceased to exist: when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day, and the fire by night; that hundreds of steamboats are gliding to and fro over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper at every spot; when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilisation into its darkest recesses: when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years, I pause, wonder, and—although I know all to be fact—can scarcely believe its reality.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859), a native of America, commenced a career of literary exertion in this country by the publication in 1820 of 'The Sketch-book,' a series of short tales, sketches, and essays, sentimental and humorous, which were originally printed in an American periodical, but illustrative chiefly of English manners and scenery. Mr. Irving had previously published, in conjunction with others, a satirical periodical entitled 'Salmagundi' (1807-8), and in 1809 appeared his 'History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker,' being an imaginary account of the original Dutch inhabitants of that State. 'The Sketch-book' was received with great favour in Britain; its carefully elaborated style and beauties of diction were highly praised, and its portraiture of English rural life and customs, though too antiquated to be strictly accurate, were pleasing and interesting. It was obvious that the author had formed his taste upon the works of Addison and Goldsmith; but his own great country, its early state of society, the red Indians, and native traditions, had also supplied him with a fund of natural and original description. His stories of Rip Van Winkle and the Sleepy Hollow are among the finest pieces of original fictitious writing that this century has produced. In 1822 Mr. Irving continued the same style of fanciful English delineation in his 'Bracebridge Hall,' in which we are introduced to the interior of a squire's mansion, and to a number of original characters, drawn with delicacy and discrimination equal to those in his former work. In 1824 appeared another series of tales and sketches, but greatly inferior, entitled 'Tales of a Traveller.' Having gone to Spain in connection with the United States embassy, Mr. Irving studied the

history and antiquities of that romantic country, and in 1828 published 'The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus,' in four volumes, written in a less ornate style than his former works, but valuable for the new information it communicates. Next year appeared 'The Conquest of Granada,' and in 1832 'The Alhambra,' both connected with the ancient Moorish kingdom of Granada, and partly fictitious. Several lighter works afterwards issued from his fertile pen — 'Astoria,' a narrative of American adventure; 'A Tour on the Prairies;' 'Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey;' 'Legends of the Conquest of Spain;' 'Adventures of Captain Bonneville;' a 'Life of Goldsmith;' 'Mahomet and his Successors;' a 'Life of Washington;' &c. The principal works of Mr. Irving are his 'Sketch-book' and 'Bracebridge Hall;' these are the corner-stones of his fame. In all his writings, however, there are passages evincing fine taste, gentle affections, and graceful description. His sentiments are manly and generous, and his pathetic and humorous sketches are in general prevented from degenerating into extravagance by practical good sense and a correct judgment. Modern authors have too much neglected the mere matter of style; but the success of Mr. Irving should convince the careless that the graces of composition, when employed even on paintings of domestic life and the quiet scenes of nature, can still charm as in the days of Addison, Goldsmith, and Mackenzie. The sums obtained by Mr. Irving for his copyrights in England form an interesting item in literary history. Mr. Murray gave £200 for 'The Sketch-book,' but he afterwards doubled the sum. For 'Bracebridge Hall,' the same publisher gave 1000 guineas; for 'Columbus,' 3000 guineas; and for 'The Conquest of Granada,' £2000. On these last two works, the enterprising publisher lost heavily, but probably the continued sale of the earlier works formed a compensation.

Mr. Irving was born in New York; his family was originally from the island of Orkney. He died at his country-seat, 'Sunnyside,' on the banks of the Hudson.

Manners in New York in the Dutch Times.

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable-end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street; as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor; the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front; and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weather-cock, to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew. These, like the weather-cocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that every man could have a wind to his mind; and you would have thought old Æolus had set all his bags of wind adrift, pell-mell, to gambol about this windy metropolis; the most staunch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weather-cock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and point it whichever way the wind blew.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife; a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers.

The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, New-year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker curiously wrought, sometimes into the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head; and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was oftentimes worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops, and brooms, and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water, inasmuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids; but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or, what is worse, a wilful misrepresentation.

The grand parlour was the sanctum sanctorum, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights, always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly on their stocking-feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles and curves, and rhomboids, with a broom—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace, the window-shutters were again closed, to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning-day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity which float through our imaginations like golden visions. The fire-places were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a prescriptive right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the *goede vrouw* on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning her yarn or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches, grisly ghosts, horses without heads, and hairbreath escapes, and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers shewed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbour on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bonds of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes or noblesse—that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter-time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. I do not find that they ever treated their company to iced creams, jellies, or syllabubs, or regaled them with musty almonds, mouldy raisins, or sour oranges, as is often done in the present age of refinement. Our ancestors were fond of more sturdy substantial fare. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces of this mighty dish, in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast of an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough fried in hog's fat, and called dough-nuts, or *oly koeke*; a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, except in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delf tea-pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses, tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was, to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails, without exception, in Communipaw, Bergen, Flat-Bush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting—no gambling of old ladies. nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets; nor amusing conceits and monkey diversifications of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say, 'Yah, Mynbeer,' or 'Yah, ya Vrouw,' to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things like decent well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed: Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages—that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them. excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present: if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

Feelings of an American on First Arriving in England.—From 'Brace-bridge Hall.'

England is as classic ground to an American as Italy is to an Englishman, and old London teems with as much historical association as mighty Rome.

But what more especially attracts his notice, are those peculiarities which distinguish an old country, and an old state of society, from a new one. I have never yet grown familiar enough with the crumbling monuments of past ages, to blunt the intense interest with which I at first beheld them. Accustomed always to scenes where history was, in a manner, in anticipation; where everything in art was new and progressive, and pointed to the future rather than the past; where, in short, the works of man gave no ideas but those of young existence and prospective improvement—there was something inexpressibly touching in the sight of enormous piles of architecture, gray with antiquity, and sinking to decay. I cannot describe the mute but deep-felt enthusiasm with which I have contemplated a vast monastic ruin like Tintern Abbey, buried in the bosom of a quiet valley, and shut up from the world, as though it had existed merely for itself; or a warrior pile, like Conway Castle, standing in stern loneliness on its rocky height, a mere hollow yet threatening phantom of departed power. They spread a grand and melancholy, and, to me, an unusual charm over the landscape. I for the first time beheld signs of national old age and empire's decay; and proofs of the transient and perishing glories of art, amidst the ever-springing and reviving fertility of nature.

But, in fact, to me everything was full of matter; the footsteps of history were everywhere to be traced; and poetry had breathed over and sanctified the land. I experienced the delightful feeling of freshness of a child to whom everything is new,

I pictured to myself a set of inhabitants and a mode of life for every habitation that I saw, from the aristocratical mansion, amidst the lordly repose of stately groves and solitary parks, to the straw-thatched cottage, with its scanty garden and cherished woodbine. I thought I never could be sated with the sweetness and freshness of a country so completely carpeted with verdure; where every air breathed of the balmy pasture and the honeysuckled hedge. I was continually coming upon some little document of poetry in the blossomed hawthorn, the daisy, the cowslip, the primrose, or some other simple object that has received a supernatural value from the muse. The first time that I heard the song of the nightingale, I was intoxicated more by the delicious crowd of remembered associations than by the melody of its notes; and I shall never forget the thrill of ecstacy with which I first saw the lark rise, almost from beneath my feet, and wing its musical flight up into the morning sky.

Rural Life.—From 'The Sketch-book.'

In rural occupation there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders of rural life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest heartfelt enjoyments of common life. Indeed the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together, and the sounds of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the inferior orders in England than they are in any other country; and why the latter have endured so many excessive pressures and extremities, without repining more generally at the unequal distribution of fortune and privilege.

To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society may also be attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature; the frequent use of illustrations from rural life: those incomparable descriptions of nature which abound in the British poets, that have continued down from 'The Flower and the Leaf' of Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape. The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid Nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her—they have wooed her in her most secret haunts—they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze, a leaf could not rustle to the ground, a diamond drop could not patter in the stream, a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

A Rainy Sunday in an Inn.—From 'Bracebridge Hall.'

It was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained in the course of a journey by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one, can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements, the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye, but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bedroom looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit, his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozing cow chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the

loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house, hard by, uttering something every now and then between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself: everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon-companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted mid-leg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bells ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite, who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter, patter, patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella. It was quite refreshing—if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day—when in the course of the morning a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street with outside passengers stuck all over it, covering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper benjamins. The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys and vagabond dogs, and a carrot-headed hostler and that nondescript animal yelegt Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient; the coach again whirled on its way; and boy and dog, and hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on.

The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire, and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns, and breakings-down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns, and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chamber-maids and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their nightcaps—that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water or sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for Boo's and the chamber-maid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvellously uncomfortable slippers. There was only one man left—a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric fellow, with a very large, sandy head. He sat by himself with a glass of port-wine negus and a spoon, sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless and almost spectral box-coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the dripplings of the rain—drop, drop, drop—from the eaves of the house.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

Associated with Washington Irving in the 'Salmagundi' papers was JAMES KIRKE PAULDING (1778-1860), a voluminous writer. In 1819, Mr. Paulding commenced a second series of 'Salmagundi' essays, but without much success. His novels of 'The Dutchman's Fireside' (1831) and 'Westward Ho!' (1832) are said to contain faithful historical sketches of the early settlers of New York and Kentucky: of the former, six editions were published within a year. Among the other works of Mr. Paulding are 'The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan' (1813); 'Letters from the South'

(1817); 'The Backwoodsman,' a poem (1818); 'A Sketch of Old England' (1822); 'Koningsmarke' (1823); 'The New Mirror for Travellers' (1828); 'Chronicles of the City of Gotham' (1830); a 'Life of Washington' (1835); and various other slight novels and satirical sketches. A Life of Paulding by his son was published in 1867, and about the same time his 'Select Works,' in four volumes, were issued by a New York publishing house.

REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

One of the most witty, popular, and influential writers of the age was the REV. SYDNEY SMITH, born at Woodford in Essex, in 1771. He was one of the three sons of a somewhat eccentric and improvident English gentleman, who out of the wreck of his fortune was able to give his family a good education, and place them in positions favourable for their advancement. The eldest, Robert—best known by the name given by his school-fellows at Eton, of Bobus—was distinguished as a classical scholar, and adopted the profession of the law. Sydney, the second son, was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and entered the Church. Courtenay, the youngest son, went to India, and acquired great wealth, as well as reputation as a judge and oriental scholar. The opinion or hypothesis that men of genius more generally inherit their intellectual eminence from the side of the mother than that of the father, is illustrated by the history of this remarkable family, for the mother of the young Smiths, the daughter of a French emigrant, was a woman of strong sense, energy of character, and constitutional vivacity or gaiety. Sydney having gained a fellowship at New College, Oxford, worth about £100 per annum, was cast upon his own resources. He obtained a curacy in a small village in the midst of Salisbury Plain. The Squire of the Parish, Mr. Beach, two years afterwards, engaged him as tutor to his eldest son, and it was arranged that tutor and pupil should proceed to the university of Weimar, in Saxony. They set out; but 'before we could get there,' said Smith, 'Germany became the seat of war, and in stress of politics we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years.' He officiated in the Episcopal chapel there. After two years' residence in Edinburgh, he returned to England to marry a Miss Pybus, daughter of a deceased banker. The lady had a brother, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, under Pitt, but he was highly incensed at the marriage of his sister with a decided Whig without fortune, and the prospects of the young pair were far from brilliant. The lady, however, had a small fortune of her own, and she realized £500 by the sale of a fine necklace which her mother had given her. The Salisbury squire added £1000 for Sydney's care of his son, and thus the more sordid of the ills of poverty were averted. Literature also furnished an additional source. The 'Edinburgh Review' was started in 1802, and Sydney Smith was the original projector of the scheme.

'The principles of the French Revolution,' he says, 'were then fully afloat, and it is impossible to conceive a more violent and agitated state of society. Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray—late Lord Advocate for Scotland—and Lord Brougham; all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the northern division of the island. One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the "Edinburgh Review." The motto I proposed for the Review was :

"*Tenui musam meditamur avena*"—

We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal.

But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line;* and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal. When I left Edinburgh, it fell into the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success.'

One feature in the scheme, important to Smith, as to all the others, was, that the writers were to receive for their contributions ten guineas a sheet, or sixteen printed pages. In 1804, Mr. Smith sought the wider field of London. He officiated for some time as preacher of the Foundling Hospital at £50 per annum, and obtained another preachingship in Berkeley Square. His sermons were highly popular; and a course of lectures on Moral Philosophy, which he delivered in 1804, 1805, and 1806, at the Royal Institution—and which were published after his death—still more widely extended his reputation. In Holland House and in other distinguished circles, his extraordinary conversational powers had already made him famous. His contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review' also added to his popularity, though their liberality of tone and spirit rendered him obnoxious to the party in power. During the short period of the Whig administration in 1806-7, he obtained the living of Foston-le-Clay, in Yorkshire, and here he wrote a highly amusing and powerful political tract, entitled 'Letters on the Subject of the Catholics, to my Brother Abraham, who lives in the Country, by Peter Plymley.' The success of the 'Letters' was immense—they have gone through twenty-one editions. Since the days of Swift, no such masterly political irony, combined with irresistible argument, had been wit-

**Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*—The judge is condemned when the guilty are absolved. The young adventurers, it was said, had hting out the bloody flag on their title-page!

nessed. In ridiculing the idea prevalent among many timid though excellent persons at the time, that a conspiracy had been formed against the Protestant religion, headed by the pope, Mr. Smith places the subject in a light highly ludicrous and amusing :

The Pope has not Landed.

The pope has not landed—nor are there any curates sent out after him—nor has he been hid at St. Albans by the Dowager Lady Spencer—nor dined privately at Holland House—nor been seen near Dropmore. If these fears exist—which I do not believe—they exist only in the mind of the Chancellor of the Exchequer [the late Mr. Spencer Perceval]; they emanate from his zeal for the Protestant interest; and though they reflect the highest honour upon the delicate irritability of his faith, must certainly be considered as more ambiguous proofs of the sanity and vigour of his understanding. By this time, however, the best informed clergy in the neighborhood of the metropolis are convinced that the rumour is without foundation: and though the pope is probably hovering about our coast in a fishing-smack, it is most likely he will fall a prey to the vigilance of the cruisers; and it is certain he has not yet polluted the Protestantism of our soil. Exactly in the same manner the story of the wooden gods seized at Charing Cross, by an order from the Foreign Office, turns out to be without the shadow of a foundation: instead of the angels and archangels mentioned by the informer, nothing was discovered but a wooden image of Lord Mulgrave going down to Chatham as a head-piece for the *Spanker* gun-vessel: it was an exact resemblance of his lordship in his military uniform; and therefore as little like a god as can well be imagined.

The effects of the threatened French invasion are painted in similar colours. Mr. Smith is arguing that, notwithstanding the fears entertained in England on this subject, the British rulers neglected the obvious means of self-defence:

Fears of Invasion Ridiculed.

As for the spirit of the peasantry in making a gallant defence behind hedgerows, and through plate-racks and hen-coops, highly as I think of their bravery, I do not know any nation in Europe so likely to be struck with panic as the English; and this from their total unacquaintance with the science of war. Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round; cart mares shot; sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country; the minister of the parish wounded sorely in his hinder parts; Mrs. Plymley in fits, all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farm-house been rifled, or a clergyman's wife been subjected to any other proposals of love than the connubial endearments of her sleek and orthodox mate. The old edition of Plutarch's 'Lives,' which lies in the corner of your parlour-window, has contributed to work you up to the most romantic expectations of our Roman behaviour. You are persuaded that Lord Amherst will defend Kew Bridge like Coclès; that some maid of honour will break away from her captivity and swim over the Thames; that the Duke of York will burn his capitalizing hand; and little Mr. Sturges Bourne give forty years' purchase for Moulsham Hall while the French are encamped upon it. I hope we shall witness all this, if the French do come; but in the meantime I am so enchanted with the ordinary English behaviour of these invaluable persons, that I earnestly pray no opportunity may be given them for Roman valour, and for those very un-Roman pensions which they would all, of course, take especial care to claim in consequence.

In Yorkshire, Mr. Smith became a farmer, as well as zealous parish minister, and having in his youth applied himself to the occasional study of medicine, he was useful among his rural neighbours. To make the most of his situation in life was always his policy, and no man, with a tithe of his talents, was ever more of a contented

practical philosopher. Patronage came slowly. About 1825 the Duke of Devonshire presented him with the living of Londesborough, to hold till the duke's nephew came of age; and in 1828 Lord Lyndhurst, disregarding mere party considerations, gave him a prebend's stall at Bristol. 'Moralists tell you,' he said, 'of the evils of wealth and station, and the happiness of poverty. I have been very poor the greatest part of my life, and have borne it as well, I believe, as most people, but I can safely say that I have been happier every guinea I have gained.' Lord Lyndhurst conferred another favor: he enabled Mr. Smith to exchange Foston for Combe Florey, near Taunton, and the rector and his family removed from Yorkshire to Somersetshire. In 1831 the advent of the Whigs to power procured for Mr. Smith a prebendal stall at St. Paul's in exchange for the inferior one he held at Bristol. The political agitation during the unsettled state of the Reform Bill elicited from his vigorous pen some letters intended for circulation amongst the poor, and some short but decidedly liberal speeches. In one of these, delivered at Taunton in 1831, he introduced the famous episode of Mrs. Partington, which is one of the happiest specimens of his peculiar humour:

Story of Mrs. Partington.

I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses—and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, and squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest.

Illustrations of this kind are highly characteristic of their author. They display the fertility of his fancy and the richness of his humour, at the same time that they drive home his argument with irresistible effect. Sydney Smith, like Swift, seems never to have taken up his pen from the mere love of composition, but to enforce practical views and opinions on which he felt strongly. His wit and banter are equally direct and cogent. Though a professed joker and convivial wit—'a diner-out of the first lustre,' as he has himself characterised Mr. Canning—there is not one of his humorous or witty sallies that does not seem to flow naturally, and without effort, as if struck out or remembered at the moment it is used. In his latter years, Sydney Smith waged war with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in a series of Letters addressed to Archdeacon Singleton. He considered that the Commission had been invested with too much power, and that the interests of the inferior clergy had not been sufficiently regarded. The rights of the Dean and Chapter he

defended with warmth and spirit, and his tone was at times unfriendly to his old Whig associates. The Letters contain some admirable portrait-painting, bordering on caricature, and a variety of rich illustration. In 1839, the death of his youngest brother, Courtenay, in India, put him in possession of a considerable fortune: 'in my grand climacteric,' he said, 'I became unexpectedly a rich man.' This wealth enabled him to invest money in Pennsylvanian bonds; and when Pennsylvania and other States sought to repudiate the debt due to England, the witty canon of St. Paul's took the field, and by a petition and letters on the subject, roused all Europe against the repudiating States. His last work was a short treatise on the use of the Ballot at elections, and this shewed no diminution in his powers of ridicule or reasoning. His useful and distinguished life was closed on the 22d of February, 1845. Sydney Smith was a fine representative of the intellectual Englishman—manly, fearless and independent. His talents were always exercised on practical subjects; to correct what he deemed abuses, to enforce religious toleration, to expose cant and hypocrisy, and to inculcate timely reformation. No politician was ever more disinterested or effective. He had the wit and energy of Swift without his coarseness or cynicism, and if inferior to Swift in the high attribute of original inventive genius, he had a peculiar and inimitable breadth of humour and drollery of illustration that served as potent auxiliaries to his clear and logical argument. Shortly after Mr. Smith's death, a paper was published entitled 'A Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church,' which he had left in an incomplete state. A Memoir of his life, with a selection from his Letters, was given to the world in 1855; by his daughter, Lady Holland.

Wit the Flavour of the Mind.

When wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it—who can be witty and something more than witty—who loves honour, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the flavour of the mind. Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food: but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps over the burning marl.

Difficulty of Governing a Nation.

It would seem that the science of government is an unappropriated region in the universe of knowledge. Those sciences with which the passions can never interfere, are considered to be attainable only by study and by reflection; while there are not many young men who doubt of their ability to make a constitution, or to govern a kingdom; at the same time there cannot, perhaps, be a more decided proof of a superficial understanding than the depreciation of those difficulties which are inseparable from the science of government. To know well the local and the natural man; to track the silent march of human affairs; to seize, with happy intuition, on those great laws which regulate the prosperity of empires; to reconcile principles to circumstances, and be no wiser than the times will permit; to anticipate the effects of every speculation upon the entangled relations and awkward complexity of real

life; and to follow out the theorems of the senate to the daily comforts of the cottage, is a task which they will fear most who know it best—a task in which the great and the good have often failed, and which it is not only wise, but pious and just in common men to avoid.

Means of Acquiring Distinction.

It is natural to every man to wish for distinction; and the praise of those who can confer honour by their praise, in spite of all false philosophy, is sweet to every human heart; but as eminence can be but the lot of a few, patience of obscurity is a duty which we owe not more to our own happiness than to the quiet of the world at large. Give a loose, if you are young and ambitious, to that spirit which throbs within you; measure yourself with your equals; and learn, from frequent competition, the place which nature has allotted to you; make of it no mean battle, but strive hard; strengthen your soul to the search of truth, and follow that spectre of excellence which beckons you on beyond the walls of the world to something better than man has yet done. It may be you shall burst out into light and glory at the last; but if frequent failure convince you of that mediocrity of nature which is incompatible with great actions, submit wisely and cheerfully to your lot; let no mean spirit of revenge tempt you to throw off your loyalty to your country, and to prefer a vicious celebrity to obscurity crowned with piety and virtue. If you can throw new light upon moral truth, or by any exertions multiply the comforts or confirm the happiness of mankind, this fame guides you to the true ends of your nature; but in the name of God, as you tremble at retributive justice, and in the name of mankind, if mankind be dear to you, seek not that easy and accursed fame which is gathered in the work of revolutions; and deem it better to be for ever unknown, than to found a momentary name upon the basis of anarchy and irreligion.

Locking in on Railways.

Railway travelling is a delightful improvement of human life. Man is become a bird; he can fly longer and quicker than a solan goose. The mamma rushes sixty miles in two hours to the aching finger of her conjugating and declining grammar-boy. The early Scotchman scratches himself in the morning mists of the north, and has his porridge in Piccadilly before the setting sun. The Puseyite priest, after a rush of a hundred miles, appears with his little volume of nonsense at the breakfast of his bookseller. Everything is near, everything is immediate—time, distance, and delay are abolished. But, though charming and fascinating as all this is, we must not shut our eyes to the price we shall pay for it. There will be every three or four years some dreadful massacre—whole trains will be hurled down a precipice, and two hundred or three hundred persons will be killed on the spot. There will be every now and then a great combustion of human bodies, as there has been at Paris; then all the newspapers up in arms—a thousand regulations, forgotten as soon as the directors dare—loud screams of the velocity whistle—monopoly locks and bolts as before.

The locking plea of directors is philanthropy; and I admit that to guard men from the commission of moral evil is as philanthropical as to prevent physical suffering. There is, I allow, a strong propensity in mankind to travel on railways without paying; and to lock mankind in till they have completed their share of the contract is benevolent, because it guards the species from degrading and immoral conduct; but to burn or crush a whole train, merely to prevent a few immoral insides from not paying, is, I hope, a little more than Ripon or Gladstone will permit.

We have been, up to this point, very careless of our railway regulations. The first person of rank who is killed will put everything in order, and produce a code of the most careful rules. I hope it will not be one of the bench of bishops; but should it be so destined, let the burnt bishop—the unwilling Latimer—remember that, however painful gradual concoction by fire may be, his death will produce unspeakable benefits to the public. Even Sodor and Man will be better than nothing. From that moment the bad effects of the monopoly are destroyed; no more fatal deference to directors; no despotic incarceration, no barbarous inattention to the anatomy and physiology of the human body: no commitment to locomotive prisons with warrant. We shall then find it possible *voyager libre sans mourir*.

A Model Bishop.

A grave elderly man, full of Greek, with sound views of the middle voice and preterperfect tense, gentle and kind to his poor clergy, of powerful and commanding eloquence; in parliament, never to be put down when the great interests of mankind were concerned; leaning to the government when it was right, leaning to the people when they were right; feeling that, if the Spirit of God had called him to that high office, he was called for no mean purpose, but rather that, seeing clearly, and acting boldly, and intending purely, he might confer lasting benefits on mankind.

All Curates hope to draw Great Prizes.

I am surprised it does not strike the mountaineers how very much the great emoluments of the church are flung open to the lowest ranks of the community. Butchers, bakers, publicans, schoolmasters, are perpetually seeing their children elevated to the mitre. Let a respectable baker drive through the city from the west end of the town, and let him cast an eye on the battlements of Northumberland House; has his little muffled-faced son the smallest chance of getting in among the Percies, enjoying a share of their luxury and splendour, and of chasing the deer with hound and horn upon the Cheviot Hills? But let him drive his alum-steeped leaves a little further, till he reaches St. Paul's Churchyard, and all his thoughts are changed when he sees that beautiful fabric; it is not impossible that his little penny-roll may be introduced into that splendid oven. Young Crumpet is sent to school—takes to his books—spends the best years of his life, as all eminent Englishmen do, in making Latin verses—knows that the *crum* in crumpet is long, and the *pet* short—goes to the university—gets a prize for an Essay on the Dispersion of the Jews—takes orders—becomes a bishop's chaplain—has a young nobleman for his pupil—publishes a useless classic, and a serious call to the unconverted—and then goes through the Elysian transitions of prebendary, dean, prelate, and the long train of purple, profit, and power.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

FRANCIS JEFFREY, who exercised greater influence on the periodical literature and criticism of this century than any of his contemporaries, was a native of Edinburgh, born on the 23d of October 1773. His father was a depute-clerk in the Court of Sessions. After education at the High School of Edinburgh, two sessions at the university of Glasgow, and one session—from October to June 1791-93—at Queen's College, Oxford, Mr. Jeffrey studied Scots law, and passed as an advocate in 1794. For many years his income did not exceed £100 per annum, but his admirable economy and independent spirit kept him free from debt, and he was indefatigable in the cultivation of his intellectual powers. He was already a Whig in politics. His literary ambition and political sentiment found scope in the 'Edinburgh Review,' the first number of which appeared in October 1802. We have quoted Sydney Smith's account of the origin of this work; the following is a statement on the subject made by Jeffrey to Mr. Robert Chambers in 1846:

'I cannot say exactly where the project of the 'Edinburgh Review' was first talked of among the projectors. But the first serious consultations about it—and which led to our application to a publisher—were held in a small house, where I then lived, in Buccleuch Place (I forget the number). They were attended by S. Smith, F. Horner, Dr. Thomas Brown, Lord Murray (John Archibald Murray,

a Scottish advocate, and now one of the Scottish judges*), and some of them also by Lord Webb Seymour, Dr. John Thomson, and Thomas Thomson. The first three numbers were given to the publisher—he taking the risk and defraying the charges. There was then no individual editor, but as many of us as could be got to attend used to meet in a dingy room of Willison's printing-office, in Craig's Close, where the proofs of our own articles were read over and remarked upon, and attempts made also to sit in judgment on the few manuscripts which were then offered by strangers. But we had seldom patience to go through with this; and it was soon found necessary to have a responsible editor, and the office was pressed upon me. About the same time, Constable (the publisher) was told that he must allow ten guineas a sheet to the contributors, to which he at once assented; and not long after the *minimum* was raised to sixteen guineas, at which it remained during my reign. Two thirds of the articles were paid much higher—averaging, I should think, from twenty to twenty-five guineas a sheet on the whole number. I had, I might say, an unlimited discretion in this respect, and must do the publishers the justice to say that they never made the slightest objection. Indeed, as we all knew that they had—for a long time, at least—a very great profit, they probably felt that they were at our mercy. Smith was by far the most timid of the confederacy, and believed that, unless our incognito was strictly maintained, we could not go on a day; and this was his object for making us hold our dark divans at Willison's office, to which he insisted on our repairing singly, and by back-approaches or different lanes. He had also so strong an impression of Brougham's indiscretion and rashness, that he would not let him be a member of our association, though wished for by all the rest. He was admitted, however, after the third number, and did more work for us than anybody. Brown took offence at some alterations Smith had made in a trifling article of his in the second number, and left us thus early; publishing at the same time, in a magazine, the fact of his secession—a step which we all deeply regretted, and thought scarcely justified by the provocation. Nothing of the kind occurred ever after.'

Jeffrey's memory had failed him as respects the first number of the 'Review,' for Brougham wrote six of the articles in that number. In the Autobiography of the latter, it is stated that Jeffrey's salary as editor was for five or six years £300 a year, and afterwards £500. We have always understood that it was £50 each number from 1803 to 1809, and afterwards £200 each number. The youth of the Edinburgh reviewers was a fertile source of ridicule and contempt, but the fact was exaggerated. Smith, its projector, was thirty-one; Jeffrey, twenty-nine; Brougham, Horner, and Brown, twenty-four each

* This gentleman, distinguished for his liberality and munificence, died in Edinburgh, on the 7th of March 1859, aged eighty-one.

—‘excellent ages for such work,’ as Henry Cockburn, the biographer of Jeffrey, has remarked. The world was all before the young adventurers! The only critical journal of any reputation was the ‘Monthly Review,’ into which Mackintosh, Southey, and William Taylor of Norwich, occasionally threw a few pages of literary or political speculation, but without aiming at such lengthy disquisitions or severe critical analysis as those attempted by the new aspirants.

The chief merit and labour attaching to the continuance and the success of the ‘Edinburgh Review’ fell on its accomplished editor. From 1803 to 1829 Mr. Jeffrey had the sole management of the ‘Review,’ and when we consider the distinguished ability which it has uniformly displayed, and high moral character it has upheld, together with the independence and fearlessness with which from the first it has promulgated its canons of criticism on literature, science, and government, we must admit that few men have exercised such influence as Francis Jeffrey on the whole current of contemporary literature and public opinion. Besides his general superintendence, Mr. Jeffrey was a large contributor to the ‘Review.’ The departments of poetry and elegant literature seem to have been his chosen field; and he constantly endeavoured, as he says, ‘to combine ethical precepts with literary criticism, and earnestly sought to impress his readers with a sense both of the close connection between sound intellectual attainments and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment, and of the just and ultimate subordination of the former to the latter.’

This was a vocation of high mark and responsibility, and on the whole the critic discharged his duty with honour and success. As a moral writer he was unimpeachable. In poetical criticism he sometimes failed. This was conspicuously the case as regards Wordsworth and Coleridge, whose originality and rich imaginative genius he would not or could not appreciate. To Montgomery, Lamb, and other young authors he was harsh and unjust. Flushed with success and early ambition, Jeffrey and his coadjutors were more intent on finding fault than in discovering beauties, and were more piqued by occasional deviation from old established conventional rules than gratified by meeting with originality of thought or traces of true inventive genius. They improved in this respect as they grew older, and Jeffrey lived to express regret for the undue severity into which he was occasionally betrayed. Where no prejudice or prepossession intervened, he was an admirable critic. If he was not profound, he was interesting and graceful. His little dissertations on the style and works of Cowper, Crabbe, Byron and Scott (always excepting the review of ‘Marmion,’ which is a miserable piece of nibbling criticism), as well as his observations on moral science and the philosophy of life, are eloquent and discriminating, and conceived in a fine spirit of

humanity. He seldom gave full scope to the expression of his feelings and sympathies, but they do occasionally break forth and kindle up the pages of his criticism. At times, indeed, his language is poetical in a high degree. The following glowing tribute to the universal genius of Shakspeare is worthy of the subject:

On the Genius of Shakspeare.

Many persons are very sensible of the effect of fine poetry upon their feelings, who do not well know how to refer these feelings to their causes; and it is always a delightful thing to be made to see clearly the sources from which our delight has proceeded, and to trace the mingled stream that has flowed upon our hearts to the remoter fountains from which it has been gathered; and when this is done with warmth as well as precision, and embodied in an eloquent description of the beauty which is explained, it forms one of the most attractive, and not the least instructive, of literary exercises. In all works of merit, however, and especially in all works of original genius, there are a thousand retiring and less obtrusive graces, which escape hasty and superficial observers, and only give out their beauties to fond and patient contemplation; a thousand slight and harmonizing touches, the merit and the effect of which are equally imperceptible to vulgar eyes: and a thousand indications of the continual presence of that poetical spirit which can only be recognised by those who are in some measure under its influence, and have prepared themselves to receive it, by worshipping meekly at the shrines which it inhabits.

In the exposition of these there is room enough for originality, and more room than Mr. Hazlitt has yet filled. In many points, however, he has acquitted himself excellently; particularly in the development of the principal characters with which Shakspeare has peopled the fancies of all English readers—but principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out, that familiarity with beautiful forms and images—that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic in the simple aspects of nature—that indestructible love of flowers and odours, and dews and clear waters—and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry—and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul—and which, in the midst of Shakspeare's most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins—contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements—which *he alone* has poured out from the richness of his own mind without effort or restraint, and contrived to intermingle with the play of all the passions, and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting for an instant the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress from love of ornament or need of repose; *he alone* who, when the subject requires it, is always keen, and worldly, and practical, and who yet, without changing his hand, or stopping his course, scatters around him, as he goes, all sounds and shapes of sweetness, and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace, and is a thousand times more full of imagery and splendour than those who, for the sake of such qualities, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares. More full of wisdom, and ridicule, and sagacity, than all the moralists and satirists in existence, he is more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world; and has all those elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason, nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Everything in him is in unmeasured abundance and unequalled perfection; but everything so balanced and kept in subordination as not to jostle or disturb or take the place of another. The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn without loading the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple, and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and

directly, than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets, but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their creator.

Of the invention of the steam-engine, Jeffrey remarks, with a rich felicity of illustration :

It has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, and precision, and ductility with which it can be varied, distributed and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush inasses of obdurate metal before it—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift up a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors, cut steel into ribbons, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

How just, also, and how finely expressed, is the following refutation of a vulgar error that even Byron condescended to sanction—namely, that genius is a source of peculiar unhappiness to its possessors :

Men of Genius Generally Cheerful.

Men of truly great powers of mind have generally been cheerful, social, and indulgent; while a tendency to sentimental whining or fierce intolerance may be ranked among the surest symptoms of little souls and inferior intellects. In the whole list of our English poets we can only remember Shenstone and Savage—two certainly of the lowest—who were querulous and discontented. Cowley, indeed, used to call himself melancholy; but he was not in earnest, and at anyrate was full of conceits and affectations, and has nothing to make us proud of him. Shakspeare, the greatest of them all, was evidently of a free and joyous temperament; and so was Chaucer, their common master. The same disposition appears to have predominated in Fletcher, Jonson, and their great contemporaries. The genius of Milton partook something of the austerity of the party to which he belonged, and of the controversies in which he was involved; but even when fallen on evil days and evil tongues, his spirit seems to have retained its serenity as well as its dignity; and in his private life, as well as in his poetry, the majesty of a high character is tempered with great sweetness, genial indulgences, and practical wisdom. In the succeeding age our poets were a but too gay; and though we forbear to speak of living authors, we know enough of them to say with confidence, that to be miserable or to be hated is not now, any more than heretofore, the common lot of those who excel.

Innumerable observations of this kind, remarkable for ease and grace, and for original reflection, may be found scattered through Lord Jeffrey's critiques. His political remarks and views of public events are equally discriminating, but of course will be judged according to the opinions of the reader. None will be found at variance with national honour or morality, which are paramount to all mere party questions. In his office of literary critic, when quite impartial, Lord Jeffrey exercised singular taste and judgment in making selections from the works he reviewed, and interweaving them, as it were, with the text of his criticism. Whatever was picturesque, solemn, pathetic, or sublime, caught his eye, and was thus

introduced to a new and vastly extended circle of readers, besides furnishing matter for various collections of extracts and innumerable school-exercises. The chief defect of his writing is the occasional diffuseness and carelessness of his style. He wrote as he spoke, with great rapidity and with a flood of illustration.

At the bar, Jeffrey's eloquence and intrepidity were not less conspicuous than his literary talents. In 1829 he was, by the unanimous suffrages of his legal brethren, elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and he then resigned the editorship of the 'Review' into the hands of another Scottish advocate, MR. MACVEY NAPIER (1777-1847). In 1830, on the formation of Earl Grey's ministry, Jeffrey was nominated to the first office under the crown in Scotland—Lord Advocate—and sat for some time in parliament. In 1834 he gladly exchanged the turmoil of politics for the duties of a Scottish judge; and as Lord Jeffrey, he sat on the bench until within a few days of his death, on the 26th of January, 1850. As a judge he was noted for undeviating attention, uprightness, and ability; as a citizen, he was esteemed and beloved. He practised a generous though unostentatious hospitality, preserved all the finer qualities of his mind undiminished to the last, and delighted a wide circle of ever-welcome friends and visitors by his rich conversational powers, candour, and humanity. The more important of Jeffrey's contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review' were collected by him in 1844, and published in four volumes, since reprinted in one large volume. We add part of a review of Campbell's 'Specimens of the British Poets,' 1819.

The Perishable Nature of Poetical Fame.

Next to the impression of the vast fertility, compass, and beauty of our English poetry, the reflection that recurs most frequently and forcibly to us in accompanying Mr. Campbell through his wide survey, is the perishable nature of poetical fame, and the speedy oblivion that has overtaken so many of the promised heirs of immortality. Of near two hundred and fifty authors, whose works are cited in these volumes, by far the greater part of whom were celebrated in their generation, there are not thirty who now enjoy anything that can be called popularity—whose works are to be found in the hands of ordinary readers, in the shops of ordinary booksellers, or in the press for republication. About fifty more may be tolerably familiar to men of taste or literature; the rest slumber on the shelves of collectors, and are partially known to a few antiquaries and scholars. Now the fame of a poet is popular, or nothing. He does not address himself, like the man of science, to the learned, or those who desire to learn, but to all mankind; and his purpose being to delight and to be praised, necessarily extends to all who can receive pleasure, or join in applause. It is strange, and somewhat humiliating, to see how great a proportion of those who had once fought their way successfully to distinction, and surmounted the rivalry of contemporary envy, have again sunk into neglect. We have great deference for public opinion; and readily admit that nothing but what is good can be permanently popular. But though its *vivats* be generally oracular, its *percats* appears to us to be often sufficiently capricious; and while we would foster all that it bids to leave, we would willingly revive much that it leaves to die. The very multiplication of works of amusement necessarily withdraws many from notice that deserve to be kept in remembrance; for we should soon find it labour, and not amusement, if we were obliged to make use of them all, or even to take all upon trial. As the materials of enjoyment and instruction accumulate around us, more and more must thus be daily rejected and left to waste: for while our tasks

lengthen, our lives remain as short as ever; and the calls on our time multiply, while our time itself is flying swiftly away. This superfluity and abundance of our treasures, therefore, necessarily renders much of them worthless; and the veriest accidents may, in such a case, determine what part shall be preserved, and what thrown away and neglected. When an army is *decimated*, the very bravest may fall; and many poets, worthy of eternal remembrance, have been forgotten, merely because there was not room in our memories for all.

By such a work as the 'Specimens,' however, this injustice of fortune may be partly redressed—some small fragments of an immortal strain may still be rescued from oblivion—and a wreck of a name preserved, which time appeared to have swallowed up for ever. There is something pious, we think, and endearing, in the office of thus gathering up the ashes of renown that has passed away; or rather, of calling back the departed life for a transitory glow, and enabling those great spirits which seemed to be *laid* for ever, still to draw a tear of pity, or a throb of admiration, from the hearts of a forgetful generation. The body of their poetry, probably, can never be revived; but some sparks of its spirit may yet be preserved, in a narrower and *cooler* frame.

When we look back upon the havoc which two hundred years have thus made in the ranks of our immortals—and, above all, when we refer their rapid disappearance to the quick succession of new competitors, and the accumulations of more good works than there is time to peruse—we cannot help being dismayed at the prospect which lies before the writers of the present day. There never was an age so prolific of popular poetry as that in which we now live; and as wealth, population, and education extend, the produce is likely to go on increasing. The last ten years have produced, we think, an annual supply of about ten thousand lines of good staple poetry—poetry from the very first hands that we can boast of—that runs quickly to three or four large editions—and is as likely to be permanent as present success can make it. Now, if this goes on for a hundred years longer, what a task will await the poetical readers of 1919! Our living poets will then be nearly as old as Pope and Swift are at present, but there will stand between them and that generation nearly ten times as much fresh and fashionable poetry as is now interposed between us and those writers; and if Scott, and Byron, and Campbell have already cast Pope and Swift a good deal into the shade, in what form and dimensions are they themselves likely to be presented to the eyes of their great-grandchildren? The thought, we own, is a little appalling; and, we confess, we see nothing better to imagine than that they may find a comfortable place in some new collection of specimens—the centenary of the present publication. There—if the future editor have anything like the indulgence and veneration for antiquity of his predecessor—there shall posterity still hang with rapture on the half of Campbell, and the fourth part of Byron, and the sixth of Scott, and the scattered tilths of Crabbe, and the three per cent. of Southey; while some good-natured critic shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded! It is an hyperbole of good-nature, however, we fear, to ascribe to them even those dimensions at the end of a century. After a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, we are afraid to think of the space they may have shrunk into. We have no Shakspeare, alas! to shed a never-setting light on his contemporaries; and if we continue to write and rhyme at the present rate for two hundred years longer, there must be some new art of short-hand reading invented, or all reading must be given up in despair.

HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM.

Of the original contributors to the 'Edinburgh Review,' the most persevering, voluminous, and varied was HENRY BROUGHAM, also, like Jeffrey, a native of Edinburgh. His family, however, belonged to the north of England. The father of the future Lord Chancellor came to reside in Edinburgh, and lodged with the widow of a Scottish minister, a sister of Dr. Robertson the historian. This lady had a daughter, and Eleanora Syme became the wife of Henry Brougham, younger, of Brougham Hall in Westmoreland. The first offspring of

the marriage was a son, born September 19, 1778, and named Henry Peter. The latter name he seems early to have dropped. At an early age, Henry Brougham was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, and his contemporary, Lord Cockburn, in his 'Memorials of his Time,' relates a characteristic anecdote, typical of Brougham's future career. 'Brougham,' he says, 'made his first public explosion in Fraser's (the Latin) class. He dared to differ from Fraser, a hot, but good-natured old fellow, on some small bit of Latinity. The master, like other men in power, maintained his own infallibility, punished the rebel, and flattered himself that the affair was over. But Brougham reappeared next day, loaded with books, returned to the charge before the whole class, and compelled honest Luke to acknowledge he had been wrong. This made Brougham famous throughout the whole school. I remember having had him pointed out to me as the fellow who had beat the master.' From the High School, Brougham entered the university, and applied himself so assiduously to the study of mathematics, that in 1796 he was able to contribute to the Philosophical Transactions a paper on 'Experiments and Observations on the Inflection, Reflection, and Colours of Light.'

In 1798 he had another paper in the same work, 'General Theorems, chiefly Porisms in the Higher Geometry.' Thomas Campbell, who then lived in Edinburgh, said the best judges there regarded these theorems, as proceeding from a youth of twenty, 'with astonishment.' Having finished his university course, Henry Brougham studied for the Scottish bar, at which he practised till 1807. In 1803, besides co-operating zealously in the 'Edinburgh Review,' he published an elaborate work in two volumes, 'An Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers,' in which he discussed the colonial systems of America, France, Spain, and England. His unwearying application, fearlessness, and vehement oratory made him distinguished as an English barrister, and in 1810 he entered the House of Commons and joined the Whig opposition. There he rose to still greater eminence. His political career does not fall within the scope of this work, but it strikingly illustrates the sagacity of his friend, Francis Horner, who said of him in January 1810: 'I would predict that, though he may very often cause irritation and uncertainty about him to be felt by those with whom he is politically connected, his course will prove, in the main, serviceable to the true faith of liberty and liberal principles.' In the course of his ambitious career, Henry Brougham fell off from his early friends. We have no trace of him in the genial correspondence of Horner, Sydney Smith, or Jeffrey. Politicians neither love nor hate, according to Dryden; but though Brougham could not inspire affection, and was erratic and inconsistent in much of his conduct amidst all his personal ambition, rashness, and indiscretion, he was the steady friend of public improvement, of slave abolition, popular education, religious toleration, free trade, and law reform. Here were ample grounds for public admi-

ration; and when in 1830 he received the highest professional advancement, by his elevation to the office of Lord Chancellor, and the name of the great commoner, Henry Brougham, was merged in that of Lord Brougham and Vaux, the nation generally felt and acknowledged that the honours were well won, and worthily bestowed. Lord Brougham held the Great Seal for four years, retiring with his party in November 1834. This terminated his official life, but he afterwards laboured unceasingly as a law reformer. His withdrawal from office also left him leisure for those literary and scientific pursuits which he had never wholly relinquished.

Subsequent to that period he brought out a variety of works—'Memoirs of the Statesmen of the Reign of George III. ;' 'Lives of Men of Letters and Science in the Reign of George III. ;' 'Political Philosophy ;' 'Speeches, with Historical Introductions, and Dissertation upon the Eloquence of the Ancients ;' 'Discourse on Paley's Natural Theology ;' 'Analytical View of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia ;' 'Contributions to the Edinburgh Review ;' and several pamphlets on Law Reform. A cheap collected edition of these works, in ten volumes, was issued in 1855-6. In his youth, Brougham is said to have written a novel, and to have tried his hand at poetry! There is, perhaps, no department of science or literature into which he did not make incursions. He only, however, reaped laurels on the fields of forensic and senatorial eloquence. As an essayist or critic, he must rank below his youthful associates, Francis Jeffrey and Sydney Smith. His liveliest contribution (which he never openly acknowledged) was his critique on Lord Byron's 'Hours of Idleness.' In the first twenty numbers of the 'Review' he wrote eighty articles! Brougham's style is generally heavy, verbose, and inelegant; and his time was, during the better part of his life, too exclusively devoted to public affairs to enable him to keep pace with the age, either in exact scientific knowledge or correct literary information. In his sketches of modern statesmen, however, we have occasionally new facts and letters, to which ordinary writers had not access, illustrative of interesting and important events. Lord Brougham died at Cannes (where he had built a villa, and resided part of every year), on the 7th of May 1868. Seven years before this, in his eighty-fourth year, the veteran statesman commenced writing notices of his 'Life and Times,' which were published in three volumes, 1871. These volumes abound in errors and inaccuracies, easily accounted for by the great age of the writer; his vanity and prejudices are also very conspicuous; but the work has the merit of disclosing many of the springs of political movements, and includes a number of valuable letters and other papers.

Studies in Osteology.—From 'Discourse on Natural Theology.'

A comparative anatomist, of profound learning and marvellous sagacity, has presented to him what to common eyes would seem a piece of half-decayed bone, found in a wild, in a forest, or in a cave. By accurately examining its shape, particularly

the form of its extremity or extremities (if both ends happen to be entire), by close inspection of the texture of its surface, and by admeasurement of its proportions, he can with certainty discover the general form of the animal to which it belonged, its size as well as its shape, the economy of its viscera, and its general habits. Sometimes the investigation in such cases proceeds upon chains of reasoning where all the links are seen and understood; where the connection of the parts found with other parts and with habitudes, is perceived, and the reason understood—as that the animal had a trunk, because the neck was short compared with its height; or that it ruminated, because its teeth were imperfect for complete mastication. But frequently the inquiry is as certain in its results, although some links of the chain are concealed from our view, and the conclusion wears a more empirical aspect—as gathering that the animal ruminated, from observing the print of a cloven hoof; or that he had horns, from his wanting certain teeth; or that he wanted the collar-bone, from his having cloven hoofs.

The discoveries already made in this branch of science are truly wonderful, and they proceed upon the strictest rules of induction. It is shewn that animals formerly existed on the globe, being unknown varieties of *species* still known; but it also appears that *species* existed, and even *genera*, wholly unknown for the last five thousand years. These peopled the earth, as it was, not before the general deluge, but before some convulsion long prior to that event had overwhelmed the countries then dry, and raised others from the bottom of the sea. In these curious inquiries, we are conversant, not merely with the world before the flood, but with a world which, before the flood, was covered with water and which, in far earlier ages, had been the habitation of birds, and beasts, and reptiles. We are carried, as it were, several worlds back, and we reach a period when all was water, and slime, and mud, and the waste, without either man or plants, gave resting-place to enormous beasts like lions and elephants, and river-horses, while the water was tenanted by lizards the size of a whale, sixty or seventy feet long, and by others with huge eyes having shields of solid bone to protect them, and glaring from a neck ten feet in length, and the air was darkened by flying reptiles covered with scales, opening the jaws of the crocodile, and expanding wings, armed at the tips with the claws of the leopard. No less strange, and yet no less proceeding from induction, are the discoveries made respecting the former state of the earth, the manner in which those animals, whether of known or unknown tribes, occupied it, and the period when, or at least the way in which, they ceased to exist.

Peroration of the Speech at Conclusion of the Trial of Queen Caroline,
October 4, 1820.*

Let me call on you, even at the risk of repetition, never to dismiss for a moment from your minds the two great points upon which I rest my attack upon the evidence; first, that the accusers have not proved the facts by the good witnesses who were within their reach, whom they had no shadow of pretext for not calling; and, secondly, that the witnesses whom they have ventured to call are, every one of them, irreparably damaged in their credit. How, I again ask, is a plot ever to be discovered, except by the means of these two principles? Nay, there are instances in which plots have been discovered through the medium of the second principle, when the first had happened to fail. When venerable witnesses have been brought forward—when persons above all suspicion have lent themselves for a season to impure plans—when no escape for the guiltless seemed open, no chance of safety to remain—they have almost providentially escaped from the snare by the second of those two principles; by the evidence breaking down where it was not expected to be sifted; by a weak point being found where no provision, the attack being unforeseen, had been made to support it. Your Lordships recollect that great passage—I say great, for it is poetically just and eloquent, even were it not inspired—in the sacred writings, where the Elders had joined themselves in a plot which had appeared to have succeeded; ‘for that,’ as the Book says, ‘they had hardened their hearts, and had turned away their eyes, that they might not look at Heaven, and that they might do the purposes of unjust judgments.’ But they, though giving a clear, consistent, un-

* Lord Brougham is said to have written this peroration fifteen times over, in order to render it as perfect and effective as possible.

contradicted story, were disappointed, and their victim was rescued from their gripe by the trifling circumstance of a contradiction about a tamarisk tree. Let not men call these contradictions or those falsehoods which false witnesses swear to from needless and heedless falsehood, not going to the main body of the case, but to the main body of the credit of the witnesses—let not men rashly and blindly call these things accidents. They are just rather than merciful dispensations of that Providence which wills not that the guilty should triumph, and which favourably protects the innocent.

Such, my Lords, is the case now before you! Such is the evidence in support of the measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt—impotent to deprive of a civil right—ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence—monstrous to ruin the honour, to blast the name of an English queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against this defenceless woman? My Lords, I pray you to pause. I do earnestly beseech you to take heed! You are standing upon the brink of a precipice; then beware! It will go forth your judgment, & sentence shall go against the queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced, which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who gave it. Save the country, my Lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe—save yourselves from this peril; rescue that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer, when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and the stem of the tree. Save that country, that you may continue to adorn it; save the Crown, which is in jeopardy; the Aristocracy, which is shaken; save the Altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred Throne. You have said, my Lords, you have willed—the Church and the King have willed—that the queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplications at the throne of mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people in a larger measure than the merits of their rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice!

Law Reform.—From ‘*Speech in the House of Commons,*’ Feb. 7, 1828.

The course is clear before us; the race is glorious to run. You have the power of sending your name down through all times, illustrated by deeds of higher fame, and more useful import, than ever were done within these walls. You saw the greatest warrior of the age—conqueror of Italy—humler of Germany—terror of the North—saw him account all his matchless victories poor, compared with the triumph you are now in a condition to win—saw him condemn the fickleness of Fortune, while, in despite of her, he could pronounce his memorable boast: ‘I shall go down to posterity with the Code in my hand.’ You have vanquished him in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace! Outstrip him as a lawgiver, whom in arms you overcame! The lustre of the Regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendour of the Reign. The praise which false courtiers feigned for our Edwards and Harrys, the Justinians of their day, will be the just tribute of the wise and the good to that monarch under whose sway so mighty an undertaking shall be accomplished. Of a truth, the holders of sceptres are most chiefly to be envied for that they bestow the power of thus conquering, and ruling. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the glare in which the perillous of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble; a praise not unworthy a great prince, and to which the present also has its claims. But how much nobler will be the sovereign’s boast, when he shall have it to say, that he found law dear and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, left it a living letter; found it in the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence!

ISAAC D’ISRAELI.

A taste for literary history and anecdote was diffused by Mr. Isaac D’Israeli (1766–1848), author of the ‘*Curiosities of Literature,*’ and a long series of kindred works and compilations. After some abortive

poetical efforts, Mr. D'Israeli in 1791 published the first volume of his 'Curiosities of Literature;' a second was added in 1792, and a third in 1817. A second series in three volumes was published in 1823. During the progress of this *magnum opus* of the author, he issued essays on 'Anecdotes,' on the 'Manners and Genius of the Literary Character,' a volume of 'Miscellanies or Literary Recreations,' and several volumes of novels and romances long since forgotten. At length, in 1812, he struck into his natural vein with 'Calamities of Authors,' 'Quarrels of Authors,' 1814; the 'Literary and Political Character of James I.,' 1816; 'Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.,' 1828-31; 'Eliot, Hampden, and Pym,' 1832, &c. Though labouring under partial blindness, Mr. D'Israeli in 1841 issued three volumes entitled 'The Amenities of Literature,' consisting, like the 'Curiosities' and 'Miscellanies,' of detached papers and dissertations on literary and historical subjects, written in a pleasant philosophical style, which presents the fruits of antiquarian research and study—not, however, always well digested or accurately stated—without their dryness and general want of connection. Few authors have traversed so many fields of literature, and gleaned such a variety of curious and interesting particulars. After a long life spent in literary research and composition, Mr. D'Israeli died at his seat of Brandenham House, Bucks, in 1848, aged eighty-two. In the following year a new edition—the fourteenth—of the 'Curiosities of Literature' was published, accompanied with a memoir from the pen of his son, the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, who has since published a collected edition of his father's works in seven handsome portable volumes. The family of D'Israeli settled in England in 1748. The father of Isaac was an Italian descendant of one of the Hebrew families whom the Inquisition forced to emigrate from the Spanish peninsula at the end of the fifteenth century, and who found a refuge in the Venitian republic. 'His ancestors,' says Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, 'had dropped their Gothic surname on their settlement in the Terra Firma, and, grateful to the God of Jacob who had sustained them through unprecedented trials, and guarded them through unheard of perils, they assumed the name of Disraeli [more correctly D'Israeli, for so it was written down to the time of its present political owner] a name never borne before or since by any other family, in order that their race might be for ever recognised.' This seems a poetical genealogy. Benjamin D'Israeli, the first English settler of the race, entered into business in London, made a fortune while still in middle life, and retired to Enfield, where he died in 1817, at the age of ninety. Isaac, his son, was wholly devoted to literature. His parents considered him moonstruck, but after various efforts to make him a man of business, they acquiesced in his determination to become a man of letters. He wrote a poem against Wolcot, a satire 'On the Abuse of Satire,' and then entered on that course of antiquarian literary research which

has made his name known to the world. His fortune was sufficient for his wants, his literary reputation was considerable, and he possessed a happy equanimity of character. 'His feelings,' says his son, 'though always amiable, were not painfully deep, and amid joy or sorrow, the philosophic vein was ever evident.' His thoughts all centred in his library! The 'Curiosities of Literature' still maintain their place. Some errors—chiefly in boasted discoveries and second-hand quotations—have been pointed out by Mr. Bolton Corney, in his amusing and sarcastic volume of 'Illustrations' (1838), but the labours of D'Israeli are not likely to be soon superseded. He was not the first in the field. 'Among my earliest literary friends,' he says, 'two distinguished themselves by their anecdotal literature; James Petit Andrews, by his "Anecdotes Ancient and Modern," and William Seward, by his "Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons." These volumes were favourably received, and to such a degree, that a wit of that day, and who is still (1839) a wit as well as a poet, considered that we were far gone in our "anecdoteage."*' D'Israeli's work, 'The Literary Character, or the History of Men of Genius drawn from their own Feelings and Confessions,' is his ablest production. It was a favourite with Byron—'often a consolation, and always a pleasure.'

REV. CALEB C. COLTON.

An excellent collection of apophthegms and moral reflections was published in 1820, under the title of 'Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words; addressed to those who think.' Six editions of the work were disposed of within a twelvemonth, and the author in 1822 added a second volume to the collection. The history of the author of 'Lacon' conveys a moral more striking than any of his maxims. The REV. CALEB C. COLTON was vicar of Kew and Petersham; gambling and extravagance forced him to leave England, and he resided some time in America and in Paris. In the French capital he is said to have been so successful as a gamester that in two years he realised £25,000. He committed suicide at Fontainebleau in 1832. We subjoin a few of the reflections from 'Lacon.'

True Genius always united to Reason.

The great examples of Bacon, of Milton, of Newton, of Locke, and of others, happen to be directly against the popular inference, that a certain wildness of eccentricity and thoughtlessness of conduct are the necessary accompaniments of talent, and the sure indications of genius. Because some have united these extravagances

* Those works are now rarely met with. The *Anecdotes* of JAMES PETIT ANDREWS (1737-1797) were published in (1789-90). He wrote also a *Continuation of Henry's History of England*, and other historical and antiquarian works.—WILLIAM SEWARD (1747-1799) published his *Anecdotes of some Distinguished Persons*, in two volumes, in 1794. He added three more volumes, and afterwards another work of the same kind, *Biographiana*, two volumes, 1793. Mr Seward was the son of a wealthy brewer, partner in the firm of Calvert & Co. Notices of him will be found in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

with great demonstrations of talent, as a Rousseau, a Chatterton, a Savage, a Burns, or a Byron, others, finding it less difficult to be eccentric than to be brilliant, have therefore adopted the one, in the hope that the world would give them credit for the other. But the greatest genius is never so great as when it is chastised and subdued by the highest reason; it is from such a combination, like that of Bucephalus reined in by Alexander, that the most powerful efforts have been produced. And be it remembered, that minds of the very highest order, who have given an unrestrained course to their caprice, or to their passions, would have been so much higher, by subduing them; and that, so far from presuming that the world would give them credit for talent, on the score of their aberrations and their extravagances, all that they dared hope or expect has been, that the world would pardon and overlook those extravagances, on account of the various and manifold proofs they were constantly exhibiting of superior acquirement and inspiration. We might also add, that the good effects of talent are universal, the evil of its blemishes confined. The light and heat of the sun benefit all, and are by all enjoyed; the spots on his surface are discoverable only to the *few*. But the lower order of aspirers to fame and talent have pursued a very different course; instead of exhibiting talent in the hope that the world would forgive their eccentricities, they have exhibited only their eccentricities in the hope that the world would give them credit for talent.

Error only to be Combated by Argument.

We should justly ridicule a general, who, just before an action, should suddenly disarm his men, and putting into the hands of all of them a Bible, should order them, thus equipped, to march against the enemy. Here we plainly see the folly of calling in the Bible to support the sword; but is it not as great a folly to call in the sword to support the Bible? Our Saviour divided force from reason, and let no man presume to join what God hath put asunder. When we combat error with any other weapon than argument, we err more than those whom we attack.

Mystery and Intrigue.

There are minds so habituated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, far-fetched, and usually not worth the carriage. Like the miser of Berkshire, who would ruin a good horse to escape a turnpike, so these gentlemen ride their high-bred theories to death, in order to come at truth, through by-paths, lanes, and alleys; while she herself is jogging quietly along, upon the high and beaten road of common-sense. The consequence is, that those who take this mode of arriving at truth, are sometimes before her, and sometimes behind her, but very seldom with her. Thus the great statesman who relates the conspiracy against Doria, pauses to deliberate upon, and minutely scrutinise into divers and sundry errors committed, and opportunities neglected, whereby he would wish to account for the total failure of that spirited enterprise. But the plain fact was, that the scheme had been so well planned and digested, that it was victorious in every point of its operation, both on the sea and on the shore, in the harbour of Genoa no less than in the city, until that most unlucky accident befell the Count de Fiesque, who was the very life and soul of the conspiracy. In stepping from one galley to another, the plank on which he stood upset, and he fell into the sea. His armour happened to be very heavy—the night to be very dark—the water to be very deep—and the bottom to be very muddy. And it is another plain fact, that water, in all such cases, happens to make no distinction whatever between a conqueror and a cat.

Magnanimity in Humble Life.

In the obscurity of retirement, amid the squalid poverty and revolting privations of a cottage, it has often been my lot to witness scenes of magnanimity and self-denial, as much beyond belief as the practice of the great; a heroism borrowing no support either from the gaze of the many or the admiration of the few, yet flourishing amidst ruins, and on the confines of the grave; a spectacle as stupendous in the

moral world as the falls of the Missouri in the natural ; and, like that mighty cataract, doomed to display its grandeur only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence.

Avarice.

Avarice begets more vices than Priam did children, and, like Priam, survives them all. It starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead ; and makes him submit to more mortifications to lose heaven than the martyr undergoes to gain it. Avarice is a passion full of paradox, a madness full of method ; for although the miser is most mercenary of all beings, yet he serves the worst master more faithfully than some Christians do the best, and will take nothing for it. He falls down and worships the god of this world, but will have neither its pomps, its vanities, nor its pleasures for his trouble. He begins to accumulate treasure as a mean to happiness, and by a common but morbid association, he continues to accumulate it as an end. He lives poor, to die rich, and is the mere jailer of his house, and the turnkey of his wealth. Impoverished by his gold, he slaves harder to imprison it in his chest, than his brother-slave to liberate it from the mine. The avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions as they successively decay. But, unlike other tombs, it is enlarged by repletion, and strengthened by age. This latter paradox, so peculiar to this passion, must be ascribed to that love of power so inseparable from the human mind. There are three kinds of power—wealth, strength, and talent ; but as old age always weakens, often destroys the two latter, the aged are induced to cling with the greater avidity to the former. And the attachment of the aged to wealth must be a growing and a progressive attachment, since such are not slow in discovering that those same ruthless years which detract so sensibly from the strength of their bodies and of their minds, serve only to augment and to consolidate the strength of their purse.

JOHN NICHOLS—ARTHUR YOUNG.

One of the most industrious of literary collectors and editors was JOHN NICHOLS (1745–1826), who for nearly half a century conducted the ‘Gentleman’s Magazine.’ Mr. Nichols was early put apprentice to WILLIAM BOWYER, an eminent London printer (1699–1778), who, with scholarship that reflected honour on himself and his *craft*, edited an edition of the New Testament, with notes, and was author of several philological tracts. On the death of Bowyer, Mr. Nichols carried on the printing business—in which he had previously been a partner—and became associated with David Henry, the brother-in-law of Cave, the original proprietor of the ‘Gentleman’s Magazine.’ Henry died in 1792, and the whole labours of the magazine and business devolved on Mr. Nichols, whose industry was never relaxed. The most important of his numerous labours are his ‘Anecdotes, Literary and Biographical, of William Bowyer,’ 1782 ; ‘The History and Antiquities of Leicester,’ 1795–1811 ; ‘Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century,’ eight volumes, 1812–14 ; and ‘Illustrations of the Literature of the Eighteenth Century’—supplementary to the ‘Anecdotes’—three volumes octavo. Additions have from time to time been made to these works by Mr. Nichol’s son and successor, so that the ‘Anecdotes’ form nine large volumes, and the ‘Illustrations’ eight volumes, the seventeenth—completing the series—having been issued in 1859. Mr. Nichols edited the correspondence of Aiturbury and Steele, Fuller’s ‘Worthies,’ Swift’s works, &c., and compiled accounts

of the 'Royal Progresses and Processions of Queen Elizabeth and James I.' each in three volumes quarto.

ARTHUR YOUNG (1741-1820) was eminent for his writings and services in the promotion of agriculture. He was one of the first who succeeded in elevating this great national interest to the dignity of a science, and rendering it popular among the higher classes of the country. He was for many years an unsuccessful theorist and experimenter on a small paternal estate in Suffolk to which he succeeded, but the knowledge thus acquired he turned to good account. In 1770 he commenced a periodical, entitled 'The Farmer's Calendar;' and he afterwards edited another periodical, 'The Annals of Agriculture,' to which King George III. was an occasional contributor. A list of his published letters, pamphlets, &c. on subjects of rural economy, would fill two of our pages; but the most important of Young's works are a 'Tour in Ireland,' 1776-79, and 'Travels in France,' 1787-89. These journeys were undertaken by the recommendation and assistance of government, with a view of ascertaining the cultivation, wealth, resources, and prosperity of Ireland and France. He was author also of surveys of the counties of Suffolk, Norfolk, Lincoln, Hertford, Essex and Oxford; with reports on waste lands, inclosures, &c. The French Revolution alarmed Young with respect to its probable effects on the English lower classes, and he wrote several warning treatises and political tracts. Sir John Sinclair—another devoted and patriotic agriculturist—having prevailed on Pitt to establish a Board of Agriculture, Arthur Young was appointed its secretary, with a salary of £400 per annum, and he was indefatigable in his exertions to carry out the views of the association. To the end of his long life, even after he was afflicted with blindness, the attention of Mr. Young was devoted to pursuits of practical utility. Some of his theories as to the system of large farms—for which he was a strenuous advocate—and other branches of agricultural labour, may be questioned; but he was a valuable pioneer, who cleared the way for many improvements since accomplished.

SIR JOHN CARR.

A series of light descriptive and gossiping tours, by SIR JOHN CARR (1772-1832), made considerable noise in their day. The first and best was 'The Stranger in France,' 1803. This was followed by 'Travels Round the Baltic,' 1804-5; 'The Stranger in Ireland,' 1806; 'Tour through Holland,' 1807; 'Caledonian Sketches,' 1809; 'Travels in Spain,' 1811. Sir John was also author of some indifferent poems and dramas. This indefatigable tourist had been an attorney in Dorsetshire, but the success of his first work on France induced him to continue a series of similar publications. In Ireland he was knighted by the Lord-lieutenant (the Duke of Bedford), and his Irish

tour was ridiculed in a witty *jeu d'esprit*, 'My Pocket-book,' written by Mr. E. Dubois of the Temple. Sir John prosecuted the publishers of this satire, but was non-suited. His 'Caledonian Sketches' were happily ridiculed by Sir Walter Scott in the 'Quarterly Review;' and Byron—who had met the knight-errant at Cadiz, and implored 'not to be put down in black and white'—introduced him into some suppressed stanzas of 'Childe Harold,' in which he is styled 'Green Erin's knight and Europe's wandering star.'

REV. JAMES BERESFORD.

A humorous work, in the form of dialogues, entitled 'The Miseries of Human Life,' 1806-7, had great success and found numerous imitators. It went through nine editions in a twelvemonth—partly, perhaps, because it formed the subject of a very amusing critique in the 'Edinburgh Review,' from the pen of Sir Walter Scott. 'It is the English only,' as Scott remarks, 'who submit to the same tyranny, from all the incidental annoyances and petty vexations of the day, as from the serious calamities of life;' and it is these petty miseries which in this work form the subject of dialogues between the imaginary interlocutors, Timothy Testy and Samuel Sensitive. The jokes are occasionally heavy, and the classical quotations forced, but the object of the author was attained—the book sold, and its readers laughed. We subjoin two short 'groans.'

After having left a company in which you have been galled by the raillery of some wag by profession, thinking at your leisure of a repartee, which, if discharged at the proper moment, would have blown him to atoms.

Rashly confessing that you have a slight cold in the hearing of certain elderly ladies 'of the faculty,' who instantly form themselves into a consultation upon your case, and assail you with a volley of nostrums, all of which, if you would have a moment's peace, you must solemnly promise to take off before night—though well satisfied that they would retaliate by 'taking you off' before morning.

The author of this *jeu d'esprit* was a clergyman, the REV. JAMES BERESFORD, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford (1764-1840). Mr. Beresford was author of several translations and essays.

BRYDGES—DOUCE—FOSBROOKE—ETC.

In the style of popular literary illustration, with imagination and poetical susceptibility, may be mentioned SIR EGERTON BRYDGES (1762-1837), who published the 'Censura Literaria,' 1805-9, in ten volumes; the 'British Bibliographer,' in three volumes; an enlarged edition of Collin's 'British Peerage;' 'Letters on the Genius of Lord Byron,' &c. As principal editor of the 'Retrospective Review,' Sir Egerton Brydges drew public attention to the beauties of many old writers, and extended the feeling of admiration which Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, and others had awakened. In 1835 this veteran au-

thor edited an edition of Milton's poetical works in six volumes. A tone of querulous egotism and complaint pervades most of the works of this author, but his taste and exertions in English literature entitle him to high respect. Sir Egerton's original works are numerous—'Sonnets and Poems,' 1785-95; 'Imaginary Biography,' 1834; 'Autobiography,' 1834; with several novels, letters, &c. Wordsworth praised highly the following sonnet by Brydges:

Echo and Silence.

In eddying course when leaves began to fly,
And Autumn in her lap the stores to strew,
As mid wild scenes I chanced the muse to woo
Through glens untrod, and woods that frowned on high
Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy;
And lo! she's gone—in robe of dark-green hue
'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew:
For quick the hunters' horn resounded to the sky.
In shade affrighted Silence melts away.
Not so her sister. Hark! For onward still
With far-heard step she takes her listening way,
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill;
Ah! mark the merry maid, in mockful play,
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!

The 'Illustrations of Shakspeare,' published in 1807, by MR. FRANCIS DOUCE (1762-1834), and the 'British Monachism,' 1802, and 'Encyclopædia of Antiquities,' 1824, by the Rev. T. D. FOSBROOKE (1770-1842), are works of great research and value as repositories of curious information. Works of this kind illustrate the pages of our poets and historians, besides conveying pictures of national manners.

A record of English customs is preserved in Brand's 'Popular Antiquities,' published, with additions, by SIR HENRY ELLIS, in two volumes, quarto, in 1808; and in 1842 in two cheap portable volumes. The work relates to the customs at country wakes, sheep-shearings, and other rural practices, and is an admirable delineation of olden life and manners. Mr. Brand (1743-1806) was a noted collector and antiquary.

ROBERT MUDIE (1777-1842), an indefatigable writer, self-educated, was a native of Forfarshire, and for some time connected with the London press. He wrote and compiled altogether about ninety volumes, including 'Babylon the Great, a picture of Men and Things in London;' 'Modern Athens,' a sketch of Edinburgh society; 'The British Naturalist;' 'The Feathered Tribes of Great Britain;' 'A Popular Guide to the Observation of Nature;' two series of four volumes each, entitled 'The Heavens, the Earth, the Sea, and the Air,' and 'Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter;' and next, 'Man, Physical, Moral, Social, and Intellectual;' 'The World Described,' &c. He furnished the letterpress to Gilbert's 'Modern Atlas,' the natural History to the 'British Cyclopædia,' and numerous other

contributions to periodical works. Mudie was a nervous and able writer, deficient in taste in works of light literature and satire, but an acute and philosophical observer of nature, and peculiarly happy in his geographical dissertations and works on natural history. His imagination could lighten up the driest details ; but it was often too excursive and unbridled. His works were also hastily produced, 'to provide for the day that was passing over him;' but, considering these disadvantages, his intellectual energy and acquirements were wonderful.

END OF VOLUME VI.

THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

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